AUSTRALIAN
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PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

BO DEREK
HOTTER THAN EVER!

DEEK FACES HIS ULTIMATE MARATHON

RICHARD NEVILLE ON SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

BOARDSAILING: HOW TO GET UP AND STAY UP

NEW FICTION BY RAY BRADBURY

HOW TO START A WINE CELLAR

YOUR TOTAL OLYMPIC GUIDE
IT'S BETTER THAN BEING THERE

PLAYBILL

AUGUST IS Olympics month and it may just be that you've been feeling a little sorry for yourself if you're not going to Los Angeles for the games. No Hollywood, no Malibu, no Rodeo Drive, no Sunset and Vine, no starlets or movie stars. No smog, no muggers, no hustlers, no crowds, no traffic jams, no greedy hoteliers, no scalpers either.

Following the Olympics on the tube from the safety and comfort of your own home, within easy walking distance of the fridge and the dunny, makes a lot more sense. All you need is a comfy chair, TV and our August issue. Quite honestly, though we hate to brag, our special coverage of the LA Olympics is the best you're going to get. We take you through all the big events in advance, explain the rules simply and briefly, tell you what special tricks and techniques the competitors must use, what to look for and what to watch. It's the most comprehensive guide to understanding and appreciating the Olympics you have ever seen.

If you've got Australian PLAYBOY as your companion at the Olympics, congratulations . . . you're a winner.

On the subject of winners we take a close look at a guy who had it made — fame, money, good friends — but threw it all away. John Belushi was barely known here when he died of a drug overdose in the self-made squalor of a Beverly Hills hotel two years ago. Bigger in death than in life, his movie *The Blues Brothers,* with Dan Aykroyd, attracts the same fanatical following once accorded *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* with members of the audience turning up in Blues Brothers suits, skinny ties, shades and pork pie hats. **Bob Woodward,** one of the reporters who broke the Watergate scandal which brought down President Nixon, has spent two years researching the days leading up to Belushi's death.

Bo Derek. The name has become part of the language. Like Brigitte, Sophia and Marilyn it evokes an instant erotic response. This is the girl who first rated a 10, remember? Bo and husband/photographer John Derek have been making a movie called *Bolero* about the exotic adventures of a not-so-innocent abroad. We've brought you the real goods.

Talking about censorship, one of the most censored figures of the '60s was Richard Neville, the wizard of Oz. Richard risked imprisonment for his belief in freedom of speech, freedom of expression, freedom of everything. Today he's back in Australia, a mellowed 43-year-old family man, serving low-key intellectualism to the blue-rinse set via *The Mike Walsh Show.* Senior Contributing Editor **Phil Jarratt** confronted this consummate survivor with his past, present and future.

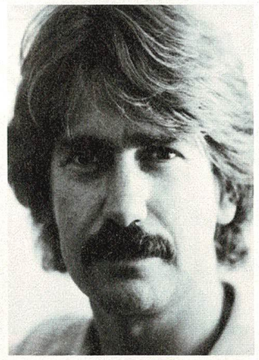
Boardsailing is one of the major growth sports of the '80s. Its attractions are obvious, the rush of wind and wave power in the same ride . . . and anybody can do it. The hardest part is getting up and staying up. It's trickier than it looks and acquiring the knack can take days and days of practice. **Nancy Crowell** has been boardsailing for years and offers some no-nonsense tips to help beginners shorten their learning time and easy riders to improve their technique.

While we're on the topic of water sports, Associate Editor **Paul Mann** observed Australia's relay swim team, The Mean Machine, in close-up action in Canberra during intensive pre-Olympics training. His report, compiled with one eye on the games, suggests the Americans haven't seen a machine anything like this before. **Peter Simons** took the picture.

One of the world's most popular sci-fi writers, **Ray Bradbury,** delivers this month's fiction, By The Numbers, a darkly ironic story about poetic justice in a less than ideal father/son relationship. Motoring Editor **Rob Luck** tells you how to build your own sports car. Byron Bay beach beauty Cheryl Dombrowski leads this month's local pictorials with photography by **Brent Melton.**

Our regular columns on booze, movies, music and looking good capped by **Bettina Arndt's** comprehensive answers to your sex queries make this an issue fit for Olympians.

SIMONS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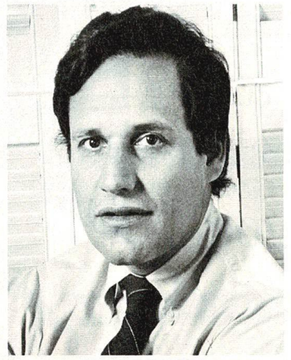
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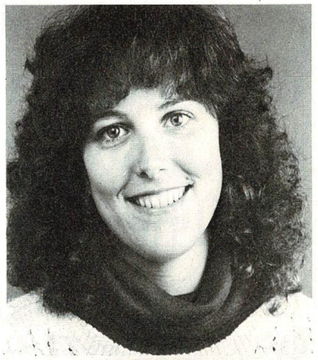
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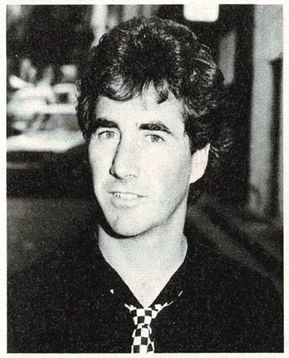
ARNDT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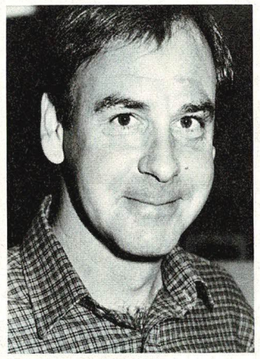
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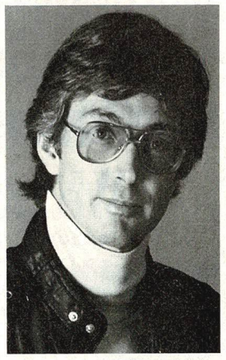
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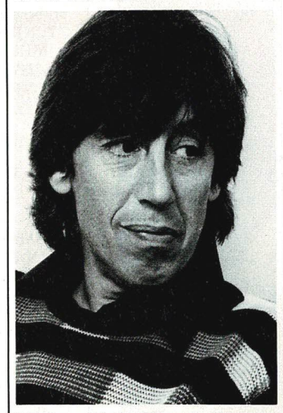

Richard Neville graduates from the school of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll.

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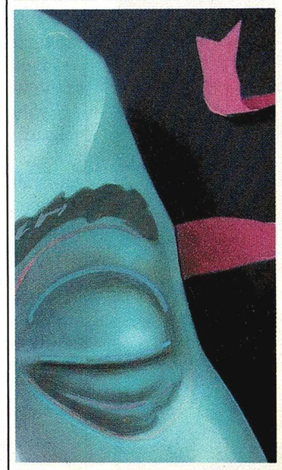

John Belushi was a funny man but he didn't die laughing.

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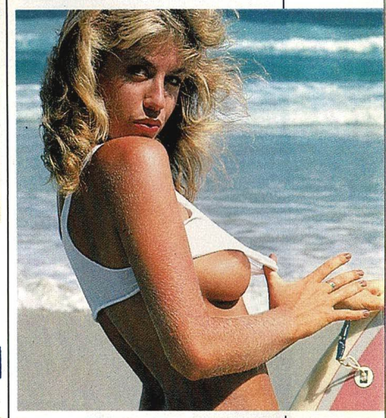

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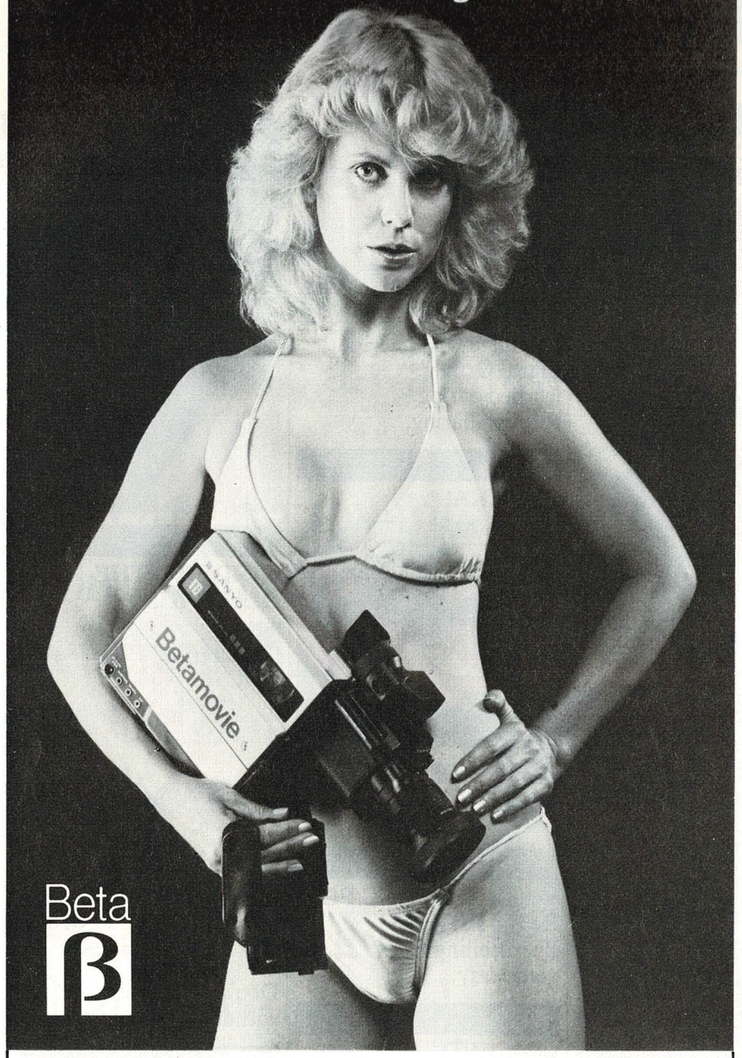
Co-star with our latest model.
(an affair with no strings attached)



She's featherweight and fast-loading. Designed for one handed operation. The tape is recorded inside the camera leaving you free to direct your 'epic' for up to 3 hours 40 minutes. That's 3 hours longer than any similar VHS camera.

The 6x power zoom lens with macro focus gives perfectly clear detail, even close up.

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CREDITS
Cheryl Dombrowski pictorial: swimwear courtesy of Annas Bikinis of Surfers Paradise, Qld.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

I read with interest the Prisoner article by Candy Raymond in your December issue and decided to take the opportunity to write and touch on some aspects of our jails and our supposed legal system.

Along with many others, I am currently a political hostage, or the meat in the sandwich, between the Corrective Services Commission and the striking prison officers. I am in Long Bay Jail at the time of writing and the strike is now in its 24th day. We have been locked up like stray dogs and have been fed "food" that would offend the same.

We realise that the community in general likes to lock us up and then forget us. The government most certainly does not care. We are only non-voting pawns in their political chess game. The best example in recent times of this has been the sensationalism surrounding the early release scheme and its subsequent abolition as a vote-gaining gimmick. The public was fooled and the scheme was a success. There were a few failures, as there is with anything, but let's face it, does the government abolish alcohol because there are drink drivers? The answer is no: if they did, they would lose votes and revenue.

We prisoners are fed up with continually being held to ransom by the prison officers. We don't have much except time, patience (which wears very thin) and emotion in quiet moments. We are expected to be "good blokes" and cope with and kick along with not seeing our children, wives, girlfriends and families. How, though, is a mother supposed to explain to her child that he or she is not allowed to see daddy?

It's well and good for the public to adopt the attitude that we are prisoners and have no rights but a lot of us are unconvicted and on remand awaiting trial. The majority of the community believes our justice system to be based on "innocent until proven guilty" but times have changed and now it is more a case of "guilty until proven totally innocent". Innocence has become almost impossible to prove since unsigned records of interviews and verbal police accounts have been admissible as evidence in a court of law.

The riots at Bathurst were a drastic measure undertaken by us to be heard and have certain reforms instigated and conditions improved. We do not expect understanding from everyone in the community because to hear of people in jail is an everyday occurrence. As a lot of people have come to realise, you can't even begin to imagine the isolation and loneliness that a person in jail goes through until one of your own family is thrown in the slammer.

Nice story, Candy. I'm sure that for anyone to pass through the system and stay for as short a time as you did would have been a somewhat novel experience.

"A Hostage",
Matraville, NSW.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

May I congratulate you gentlemen, as you have finally found The Perfect Pair.

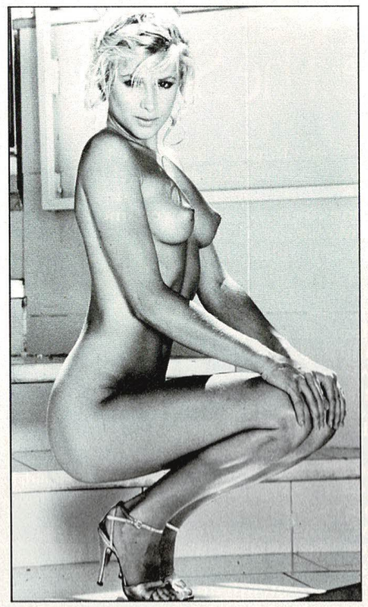
As a confirmed tit man, I have kept abreast of Australian PLAYBOY since your first issue five years ago with Karen Pini. While most of the girls have great bodies, you sometimes succumb to the American disease of always featuring girls with huge bristols. Now, there's little doubt that ginormous gazongas have a certain appeal but what they offer in bulk they often lose in aesthetic appeal.

When it comes to bazoombas, big is not always beautiful. Therefore it gave me particular pleasure to peruse the protuberances of Conie Pound, your June centrefold. Conie has the greatest rack of knockers I have ever seen. Exquisitely shaped, delicate pink nipples, nicely cantilevered with a captivating upward tilt.

In short, Conie has The Perfect Pair. Now, when are we going to see them in poster size?

George Melling,
Carlton, Vic.

Thank you, George, our cups runneth over. We'll think about your suggestion... in the meantime, here's another titillating taste of Conie Pound. — Ed.



UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Rob Luck's article in the March Booze column was most interesting. I think anyone who is caught on their second drink-driving offence should be imprisoned; there is no excuse for driving under the influence when adequate taxi services are provided. Anyone who causes an accident resulting in death should be hit with murder.

I admit I'm an avid fan of social drinking and the occasional toke but mixing that with a Dick Johnson effort to get home is total irresponsibility.

Perhaps police should spend time around parking lots shaming potential drink-drivers into taking cabs home rather than manning "Blue Light Entertainment Centres" doing random checks on the roadside and missing those drivers on alternative routes. Of course that would cut police revenue a great deal but what is the price of saving a life?

Simon Mole,
New Farm, Qld.

LIBIDO LIFTER

Wow! Lesa Ann Pedriana (May) is absolutely gorgeous. Why on earth wasn't she featured in the centrefold?

I'm constantly turned on by the women you feature in Australian PLAYBOY but Lesa Ann has done more for my libido than most of the others.

P. McKinnon,
Eltham, Vic.

MINISTER FOR MAKE-BELIEVE

So Barry Jones wants to send Australian troops to the South Pole to train "because it would be good for them".

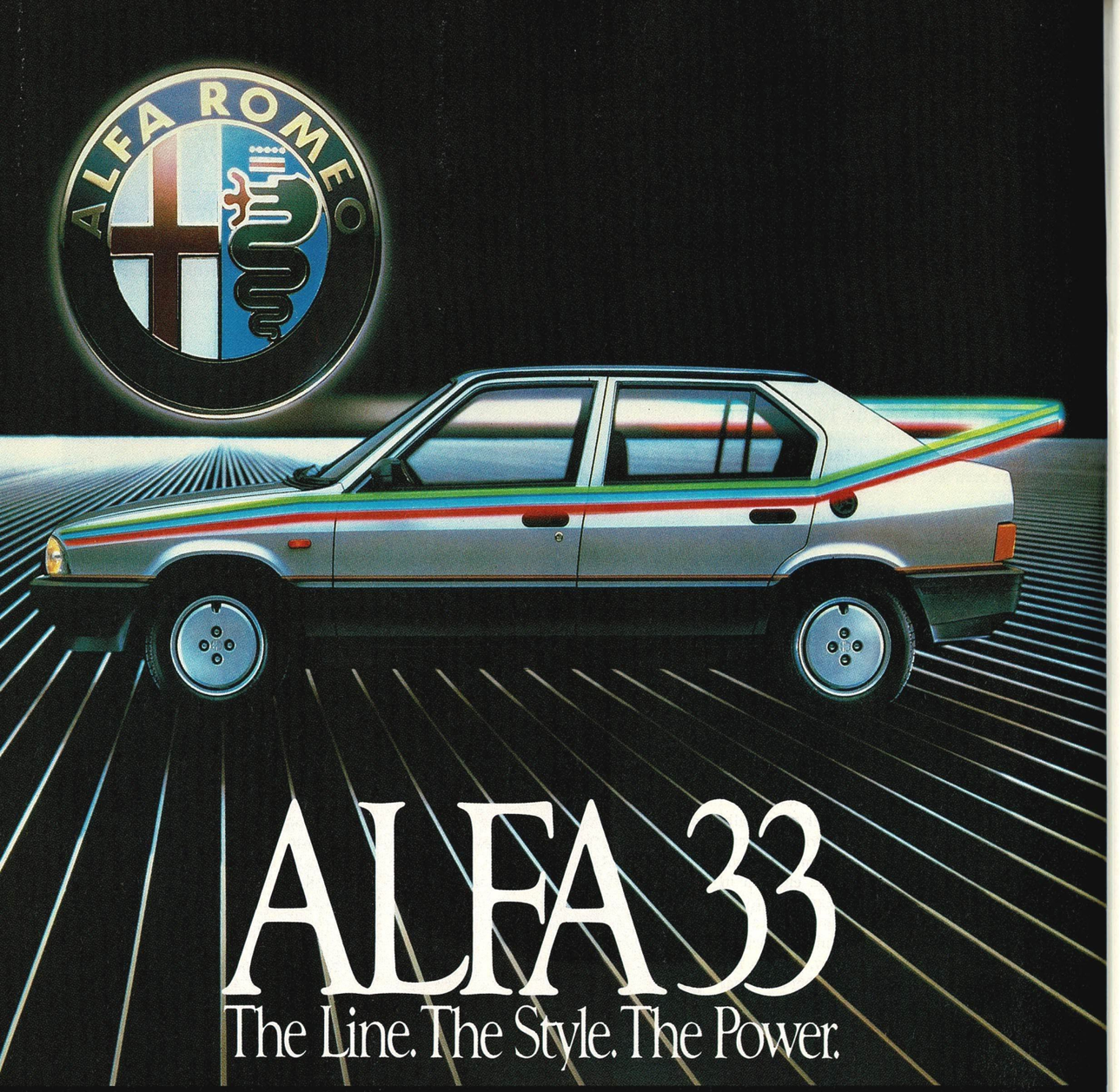
Bullshit! We've got a navy that keeps shooting itself in the foot, an army that can't defend itself against two payroll bandits and an air force that can't keep out Taiwanese fishing junks.

If we let this mob loose in a place as hostile as Antarctica where the Russians can keep an eye on them we'll be giving away Australia's best kept secret: that our armed forces are bloody useless.

Barry Jones isn't Minister for Science and Technology for Australia. He's Minister for Make-Believe.

David Bridges,
Rockhampton, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to us at the above address. We'll give a 12-month subscription to Australian PLAYBOY for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.



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The line and shape of the Alfa 33 have been designed not only to slip through the wind with ease, but to provide an extra-spacious cabin that can seat five adults, comfortably.

The on-board computer module performs 8 independent checks on essential systems functions and is also programmed for instant data feedback on fuel economy and distance travelled.

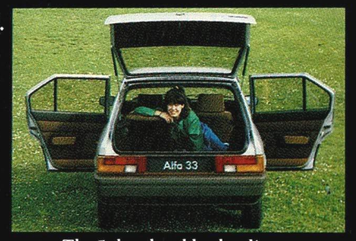
The on-board computer module.

Alfa Romeo's legendary 1.5 litre boxer engine and perfectly chosen ratioed five-speed transmission combine to deliver power, smoothness and response that are still unmatched.

The central locking system, interior operated dual side mirrors and high/low rear window demister give new meaning to safe, stress-free driving.

The AM/FM stereo cassette system, electrically operated front windows and ergonomically designed seats upholstered in superb Italian fabric wrap your senses in luxury.

A 12-month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6-year anti-corrosion guarantee give you total peace of mind, not just for a few short months but for many worry-free years to come.



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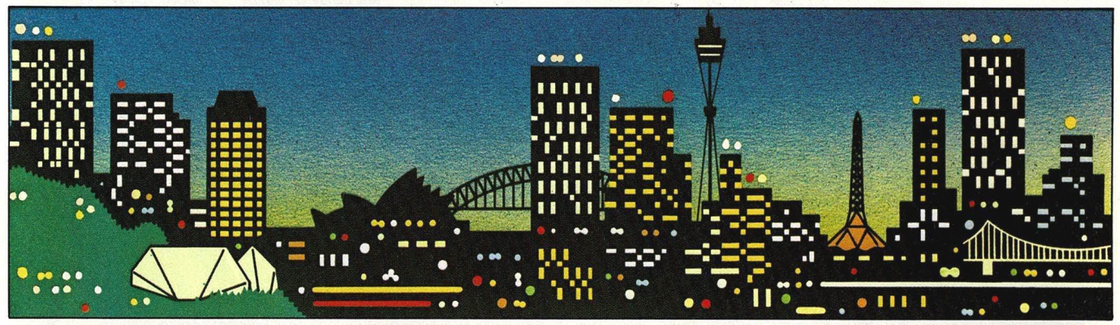
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DUD POKER

Good news and bad news department. First the bad news. Frank Maus of Stuttgart, West Germany, was a happily married father of two healthy children. Such a perfect father in fact, a couple next door having fertility problems paid Frank $2500 to impregnate the unfulfilled wife. It seems the husband was sterile and they thought Frank might be able to start their family for them.

Now how would you feel if you'd been offered $2500 to screw the woman next door, especially if she was a real cracker?

Exactly. Frank rooted her silly three nights a week for six months. But nothing happened. Eventually the couple decided maybe Frank should see a doctor. He did. Turned out Frank was sterile too. Which raised the interesting question of where his two kids came from. Well, fronting up to his wife as she tried to buy an air ticket to Madagascar, Frank learned his wife had played around to get the two kids. On top of all that the couple next door are suing Frank for breach of contract.

Right, that's the bad news. The good news? Well, he can play around now if he wants, and if he's still got the heart.

STICKY FINGER

Dickhead of the month award goes to the bank robber in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who jumped over the counter and shot one of his fingers off. He grabbed the loot and escaped, but police traced him through the prints from his severed finger.

CROC O' RED TAPE

Imagine. You're having a stroll beside a creek in North Queensland when a big croc decides to have a piece of your left leg. Do you shoot the brute?

Of course not. You're in Queensland, remember. There are laws against that sort of thing. What you do is apply to the National Parks and Wildlife Department for a permit which allows "fauna to be taken if it is injuring or likely to injure a person." Otherwise you invite a hefty fine.

Presumably you drag the croc down to the office while you fill in the form. Or at least you might have done until recently when somebody realised the law doesn't cover the consequences of unexpected attack. The act is being amended to deal with reality — a bold innovation for Queensland.

HUBBY WENT AWU-ING

A certain Mr Wu of Taiwan had a battle with the missus and stormed out of the house. Naturally he went to a bar, got blotto and decided to further revenge himself on his wife by checking into a motel, calling an escort agency and ordering in a whore. The agency sent her along all right. It turned out to be Mrs Wu. They're still fighting.

They know a thing or two about beautifully filled swimsuits on the Gold Coast. It's a wonder they don't get a bit tired of it all but radio 4GG deejay John Egan doesn't look the slightest bit blase about getting close to sweet Kate Miles and former centrefold Lynn Baron, does he? Kate, a 23-year-old part-time model won a contest to find the prettiest bathing belle on the Gold Coast. The event was held during the Stubbies Surf Carnival and conducted by the Playroom in Surfers Paradise. One of Kate's prizes is a test shoot for Australian PLAYBOY so you may just be seeing a lot more of Kate in a future issue.

FISH DINNER

A Brazilian bloke fishing in the Rio Negro river got his line snagged in a nearby tree and disturbed a swarm of wild bees. To escape the bees he jumped into the river . . . and was eaten by piranha.

ONE MAN'S ART

You'll never see any of these movies up for an Oscar, but the titles are in a class of their own. A list of currently available videos on the Aussie porn market includes these top drawer epics: *Red Cheeks Bonanza No 1, Blow-Job Betty, The Fanny Girls, Oral Madness, Swapping Analysts, Lady Fuck, Mud Humpers No 1, Two Brothers One Slut* and *Wild Sex Safari.* You won't see that lot at your local drive-in.

And who says there's no culture in Australia?

ROLL OVER SHAKESPEARE

Spotted on the window of a Sydney camping store holding a winter clearance sale, a sign proclaiming: NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCOUNT TENTS.

Specifications vary by model. Consult your Toyota Dealer for details.

New Toyota HiLux 4WD. Xtra luxury. Xtra style. Xtra vision. Xtra performance. And now new Xtra Cab.

Toyota announces a new HiLux 4WD range starring the all new Xtra Cab model.

The Xtra Cab provides extra storage space behind the seats plus more room for seat adjustment than ever before.

The new wedge-shaped Superview bonnet provides outstanding forward vision so it's easier to guide HiLux over rough stretches.

The suspension has been redesigned at the rear to incorporate bias mounted shock absorbers that give a smoother ride and improve stability and handling needed in a 4WD.

In the new HiLux Xtra Cab model get the feeling of Toyota's new 2 litre Super Responsive Petrol engine for excellent performance and economy.

The Standard Cab models are also available with new 2.4 litre diesel power.

All new Toyota HiLux 4x4 Xtra Cab

The new lightweight alloy five-speed gearbox, standard on all HiLux 4WD models, gives improved cruising performance and is easy to maintain.

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See the exciting new HiLux 4WD at your authorized Toyota Dealer today.

All new Toyota HiLux 4WD.

It gives you the feeling that somebody did it right.

Again!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

OFFICIAL SPONSOR 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM

TT116

MUSIC

Australian institutions like XXXX beer and *The Women's Weekly* seem unlikely bedfellows, yet both have been made internationally famous by six English singers, The Flying Pickets.

The beer and the *Weekly* both get a guernsey in the introduction to the Gershwin tune, Summertime, released on the rear side of the Pickets' first hit, Only You. Their a cappella style is well suited to both songs and tempts the deathly tag of "easy listening", but the rest of their repertoire puts paid to that. The late Marvin Gaye's Heard It Through The Grapevine, Springsteen's Working Life, Marley's Buffalo Soldier, Bowie's Space Oddity and Talking Heads' Psycho Killer all make the grade. No guitars. No synthesizers. Get away with calling that the latest and greatest from the Old Dart.

These days, thanks to The Flying Pickets, a cappella ain't quite the traditional combination of voices and handclaps that originally filled 16th and 17th century cathedrals. Nor is it reserved purely for '50s doowop revival bands. British commentators have said The Flying Pickets look like "a bunch of fashion-conscious pimps, wide-boys and second-hand car dealers", or "six suspects in a police line-up", and their political stance has set them apart from other pure-entertainment a capella groups like Canada's The Nylons, who made a name for themselves here earlier this year. They called their music rock-apella, and it went down a treat at the Perth Festival, a small stint at Karratha, a tiny mining town 1800km north of the WA capital, and sell-out shows in the eastern states.

The Flying Pickets did the rounds in Western Australia a year before their Canadian counterparts, and took in the minute goldmining town of Telfer on the edge of the desert. Despite the shock of arriving from an English winter, their affinity with the miners was strong . . . after all, the band first met in a play about miners, having all come from careers in political and community theatre.

"Yes, we are political animals," lead singer Brian Hibbard told Australian PLAYBOY after the band had just returned from a picket line in the recent English mine strikes. "But we appeal across the board, from arts festival crowds at the beginning to big venue audiences now with 10-year-olds to pensioners.

Shady UK lads singing "church" music; and the Jackson saga continues

"We hadn't heard of the term a capella until we'd been together for six months," says Brian, "and we sort of started by accident. Now there are quite a few bands in the style."

Their political commitment can be seen in a compilation album that also features Peter Gabriel, Tom Robinson and Ian Dury. All its profits will go to UK peace protesters.

But it would be a mistake to let this side of their nature put you off. Their follow-up single to Only You is an old Marvelettes tune, Young And In Love, and more of their set of songs, such as Tracks Of My Tears, Shopping For Clothes and The Girl Of My Best Friend, give a better indication of what they're all about.

Their other Australian connection is member Red Stripe, who spent six years acting and directing in community theatres in Australia, as well as dabbling in a bit of rock 'n' roll in NSW coal and steel city Newcastle.

Considering this affinity with mining communities, Australia could be just the right place for The Flying Pickets to stockpile a few fans — followers who probably never imagined they'd be listening to "church" music sung by a bunch of shady-looking street lads.

●

A capella has also popped up in the strangest places, including the backside of the latest single from Yes. The voice-only version is one of three different goes at the same song, Leave It, on two pieces of vinyl measuring in at seven and 12 inches. While this could mean a shortage of material, these rock stayers actually have just finished their first live dates in England in four years after one of the year's more notable comebacks with Owner Of A Lonely Heart.

Another return to the fray came from the Cars, who launched their fifth album, *Heartbeat City*, after a two-year stint in the doldrums. There'll probably be heaps of arguments on how this compares to their first batch of albums, but producer Robert Lange, with Foreigner, AC/DC and Def Leppard already on his belt, has got a pedigree worth watching.

On the homefront, Matt Finish made a splash after a two-year absence, but failed to set the world alight. And John Paul Young must have been the only bloke in the world to believe the songs on his latest album, *One Foot In Front*, were good enough to get down on vinyl before his persona became completely confused with English soul heart-throb Paul Young.

●

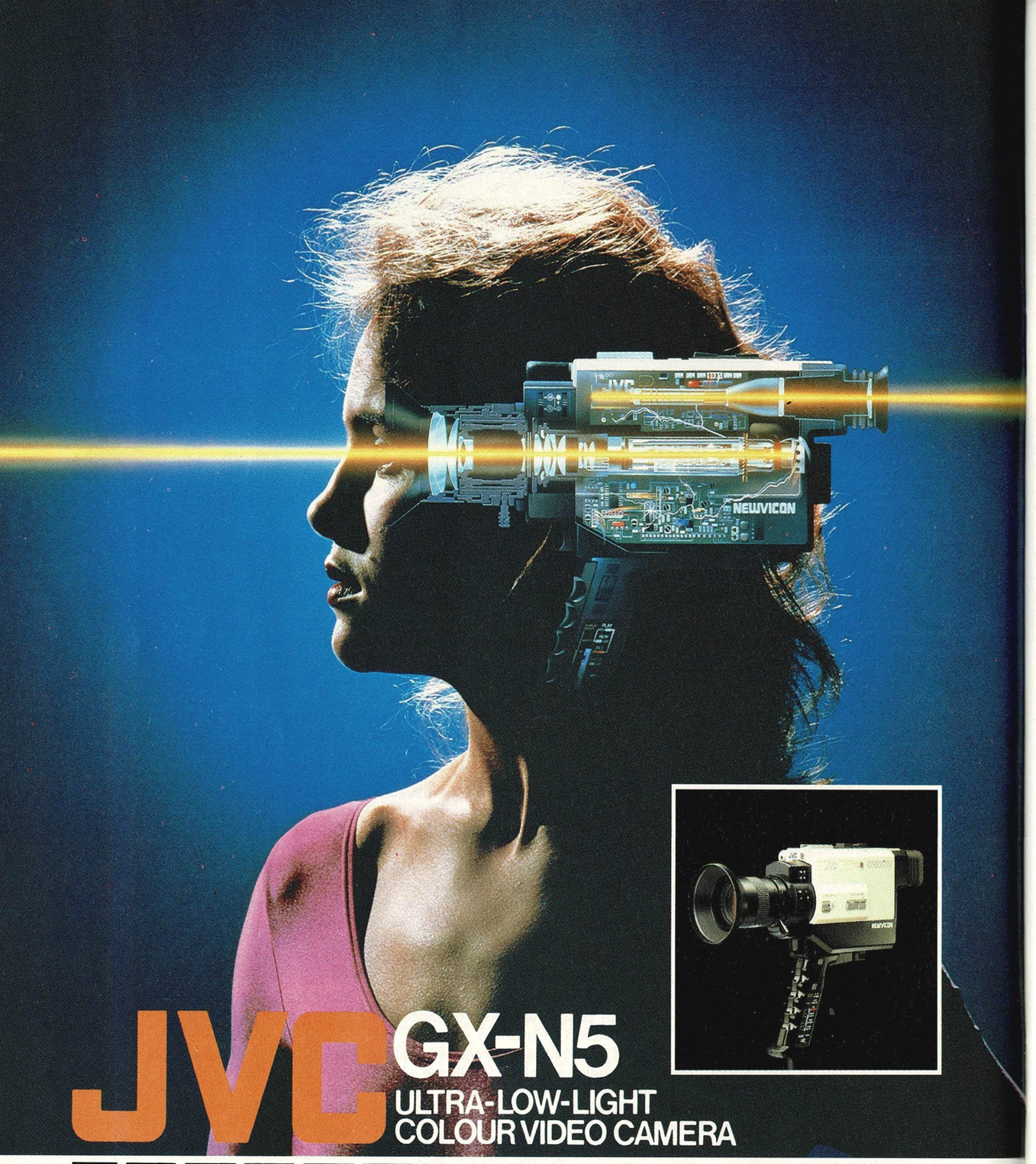
If you thought the Michael Jackson saga might soon fizzle out, bad luck. Now there's the book of the video of the album. The first of no doubt many biographies has come from the pen of Mark Bego, a noted American celebrity writer who has pieced together a portrait of the star through those who know him well (Jane Fonda, Quincy Jones and Diana Ross, to name a few). Bego also spoke at length with the man himself, in an attempt to shed some light on his mysterious private life. The book's called *Michael* and sells for $8.95.

●

Mark Knopfler from Dire Straits has been a busy boy of late, working on two soundtracks: the first for David Puttnam's new movie, *Cal*, and the second for Bill Forsythe's *Comfort Of Joy*. Puttnam is best known as producer of *Chariots Of Fire* and *Local Hero*, while Forsythe directed the latter film.

Knopfler also features on the latest Tina Turner album.Tina does two tracks with Dire Straits (one track written especially by Knopfler and with Jeff Beck on guitar). There are three tracks written by Terry Britten of Cliff Richard fame, two by Heaven 17, one by the Crusaders and two produced by Rupert Hine.

— TONY LOVE



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BOOZE

Ask a German if he'd like a "quickie" and the answer is likely to be a schnapp decision. Feeble jokes aside, in German schnapps is a quick cold drink of white spirits, ferocious enough to knock a man legless. Once used as a disinfectant to rub on wounds and to massage torn muscles, schnapps still plays this double role in some of Germany's mountain regions.

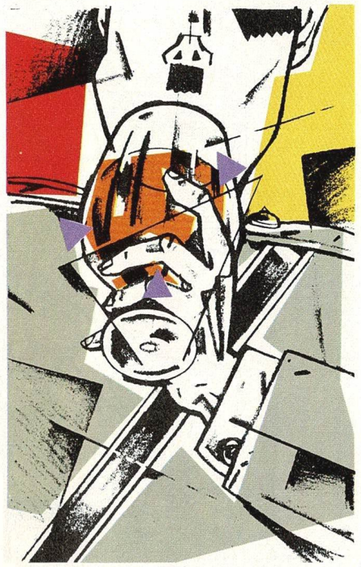
Schnapps is not a single drink but an all-purpose term that derives its origins from a word meaning "gasp" or "snatch" — a fairly accurate description of the effects of the drinks concerned and the straight-up manner of drinking. Many Germans like to drink one fast schnapps and follow it with one or more slow beers. Real schnapps experts can drink these two beverages at the same time, holding both beer stein and schnapps glass in one hand so that the schnapps flows gently and evenly into the beer as they drink.

In Germany, requests for schnapps are usually filled by korn. First mentioned in a monk's chronicle in 1507, it originated in the Harz mountain area of Germany and is the archetypal German spirit. Very pure and water-white, it is particularly popular in the North. Korn is also called *kornbrannt-wein*, but despite this secondary nomenclature, it has nothing whatsoever to do with grapes. Made predominantly from wheat and rye, a more fitting description sometimes attached to korn is *flussiges brot* (liquid bread). The reason is easy to discern when you consider that a 700ml bottle of korn generally contains more than 15,000 wheat kernels.

Under German federal legislation, korn is manufactured from wheat, rye, buck-wheat, oats and barley. But in practice, buckwheat and oats have long fallen by the wayside and barley is only present as barley malt in the fermented mash. Eighty to 90 percent of korn is now made from wheat, as indicated on the label by the word *weizen,* and the remaining 10 to 20 percent is manu-factured from rye *(roggen)* or a combination of rye and wheat *(getreide)*.

According to keen korn drinkers, wheat and rye korns are two very different animals. Wheat korn is softer and milder in taste, while the rye is stronger and spicier and bears a slight resemblance to American rye whiskey. The taste of both varieties is also influenced by the barley malt used in the initial stages of manufacture, the skill of the distiller and the almost obligatory secret recipe of each producer.

In the manufacture of korn, the grain kernels are first softened in hot water and steamed to a mash. The mash is then put into vats with barley malt, which converts the starch in the grain to sugar. When the malt enzymes have completed the conver-sion process, the mash is then combined



German spirits are always up to the mark

with yeast, which acts on the sugar to pro-duce alcohol and carbonic acid.

At this stage the ripened mash contains about the same amount of alcohol as ordinary wine. The alcohol is then distilled out to produce the first distillation known as *rohbrand.* The rohbrand is then re-distilled to make a much purer spirit known as *fein-brand.*

Korn is always served in small shot glasses, and aficionados maintain that chilling it to iciness and tossing it straight back is an unforgiveable sin. For full enjoy-ment you must taste the grain, therefore the korn should simply be cold, not glacial, and must be allowed to roll over the tongue. Although it is popular on its own, korn is also widely relished as a beer chaser.

Some German bartenders don't limit their choice to korn when their customers ask for schnapps. Another popular German spirit that is often pressed into service is *wacholder.* Wacholder is the German word for juniper, and because it is a clear spirit with the appropriate flavoring, it is often compared with *genever* (Dutch gin) or English gin. But in spite of the fact that all three drinks share a common ancestor, wacholder is very much a distinctive drink.

Unlike genever and English gin, wach-older has only one flavoring — juniper berries — used not only for taste but also as a fermentable material. It is this unusual production technique that makes wacholder something more than a German variation of gin. Like korn, wacholder is drunk neatly cold in small shot glasses and is sometimes accompanied by a beer chaser.

German brandy, or weinbrand as it is known, may not have the cachet of its French counterparts, but it has a long and illustrious history stretching back to medieval times. Weinbrands are softer, sweeter and more full-bodied than French brandies and, along with wacholder and korn, account for a good share of the German spirit market.

Although Germany is a wine-producing country, practically all the grapes used to produce German brandy are imported from France and Italy. When it comes down to brass tacks, the German wine industry is a far more profitable enterprise and locally-grown grapes are judged to be far too valuable. In lieu of domestic grapes, the best manufacturers prefer the highly acid grapes from the Charente region of France.

Although German brandy producers share the same grapes and many of the same techniques as French brandy manu-facturers the comparative softness of the German weinbrands is due to one vital step in the distilling process. Instead of heating the wine above an open flame like the French, the Germans prefer to use a kettle set over a warming element. This prevents yeast cells sinking to the bottom and burning.

Before 1971, production regulations in the German brandy industry were ill-defined. Since then, however, the German wine industry has introduced appropriate legislation to clean out the stables, and weinbrand is now subject to specific regulations. A distillate that does not meet the following regulations can only aspire to be *branntwein aus wein* (made from wine). The brandy must be blended and mixed at the same factory where it was dis-tilled and be 85 per cent German in ori-gin; a weinbrand must mature for at least six months in oak and contain 38 percent alcohol; if the word *alt* (old) is on a label, the brandy must have been matured for at least 12 months; all weinbrands must be nosed and tasted by government experts before they receive the legally required official control number, and only certain, strictly defined grape types can be used in weinbrand production.

The most widely known and respected German brandy on both the domestic and international markets is *Asbach Uralt.* Produced at a highly technical factory nestling into a hillside at Rudesheim, in the heart of the picturesque Rheingau wine area, it is the only German brandy commonly available in Australia.

— ELISABETH KING

VIDEO

Kelly Nichols, billed as America's hottest porn star, is the dream girl in every video home. She stars in *In Love,* a flick which is demurely described as "a passionate love story". *In Love* is X-rated and currently available from the upmarket porn section you may recently have noticed at the back of your local video store. In fact, you'd have to have been doing something that sends you blind *not* to have noticed the changes in the rear alcove of your store.

Glossy, art-brushed erotic covers are steadily replacing the typical smudged, sleazoid sex video. Explicit titles like *Lesbian Lovers*, *Bondage Blondes* and *Taken From Behind* are being replaced by more coy offerings such as *Up 'n' Coming* (with Marilyn Chambers) or *Intimate Lessons* (which take place in Copula Castle, the pleasure palace of Sir Aubrey Cocksworth). And the changes are not restricted to the packaging. New porn generally has the unmistakable stamp of professional duplication and even, comparatively speaking, professional direction, production and camera work.

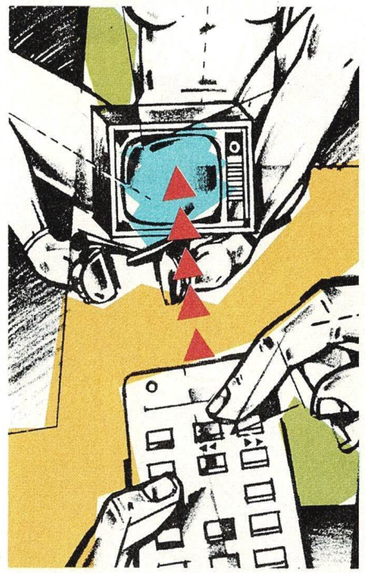
Acting? As usual, you have to take it as it comes (to coin a phrase) but more about that later. Talking of coming, you're probably aware by now that the product formerly guaranteed to show all now arrives in various stages of modesty. *Insatiable* (with Marilyn Chambers) is a case in point. First there was the R-rated version which, by the rules of censorship, featured no rampant members, close-up action or money shots. (Money shot is porn talk for male ejaculation, which traditionally happens in gloriously sticky close-up as proof that orgasm actually took place. The hard-core porn audience demands such visual verification — they've paid to see real sex and they want their money's worth!)

There's now also an X-rated version of *Insatiable* and a XXX-rated version with a profusion of money shots and lingering close-ups of Marilyn's pubes. In the R-version, when being screwed on a pool table Marilyn has to symbolise passion by clutching at a cluster of red snooker balls. In the XXX-rated version she gets to gleefully grasp a handful of the Italian gardener's nuts.

In Love also comes in three varieties and Kelly Nichols rather pooh-poohs what used to be a porn queen's bread and (KY) jelly — the hard-core version.

"The hard-core market is a bit antiquated these days," she says, "basically because porn is reaching a new market through cable TV and video cassette and those audiences — even the men — don't want the old formula of back-to-back sex. They relate a lot better to a story-line which features sex."

Once upon a time, porn stars could look forward to no more than an endless grind of two-day wonders. "They're called that," comments Kelly, "because they were usually shot on Tuesday and in the cinemas by Thursday. They run 15 minutes to half an hour and don't take that much longer to film. And the story-lines are usually real explicit — like a travelling salesman with a case full of sex aids ends up demonstrating the lot to a sexually liberated housewife and then her husband comes home for lunch and joins in.



X-rated erotica assumes more professional guise

"Women's roles are not as dumb as they used to be either. Once upon a time you had to be a dyke with a whip or a submissive come-machine. But these days you'll find actresses like myself playing real-people roles. And sex is being portrayed more naturally — *In Love* has some sequences where money shots would have been wrong for the story-line so we didn't use them.

"Porn always has been and still is non-union, but it's like a family. You soon get to know the people working in the business and their standards. And we do have a star system — I'm worth money today because my name will draw people and sell video cassettes. My old movies are being resurrected and exploited."

●

With five new erotic video titles worth looking at, including a remake of a classic, August 1984 looks like a big month for sexual athletes as well as Olympians. The biggie is *The Devil In Miss Jones Part 2*, which won three awards for best movie, best editing and best costumes at the 1984 Erotic Film Awards in Los Angeles.

The quality which set the original *Devil In Miss Jones* so far above other erotic releases 10 years ago was its raunchy good humor. The producers say they've gone for the sparkle of the original formula ... only more so. This time the burden of eroticism doesn't rest solely on the overworked body of Georgina Spelvin. According to the plot, we pick up Miss Jones (Spelvin) where we left her, in Hell. Not a girl to be kept down for long (unless she's enjoying herself), Miss Jones seduces the Devil and persuades him to let her return to earth in a series of bodies to fulfil her erotic desires.

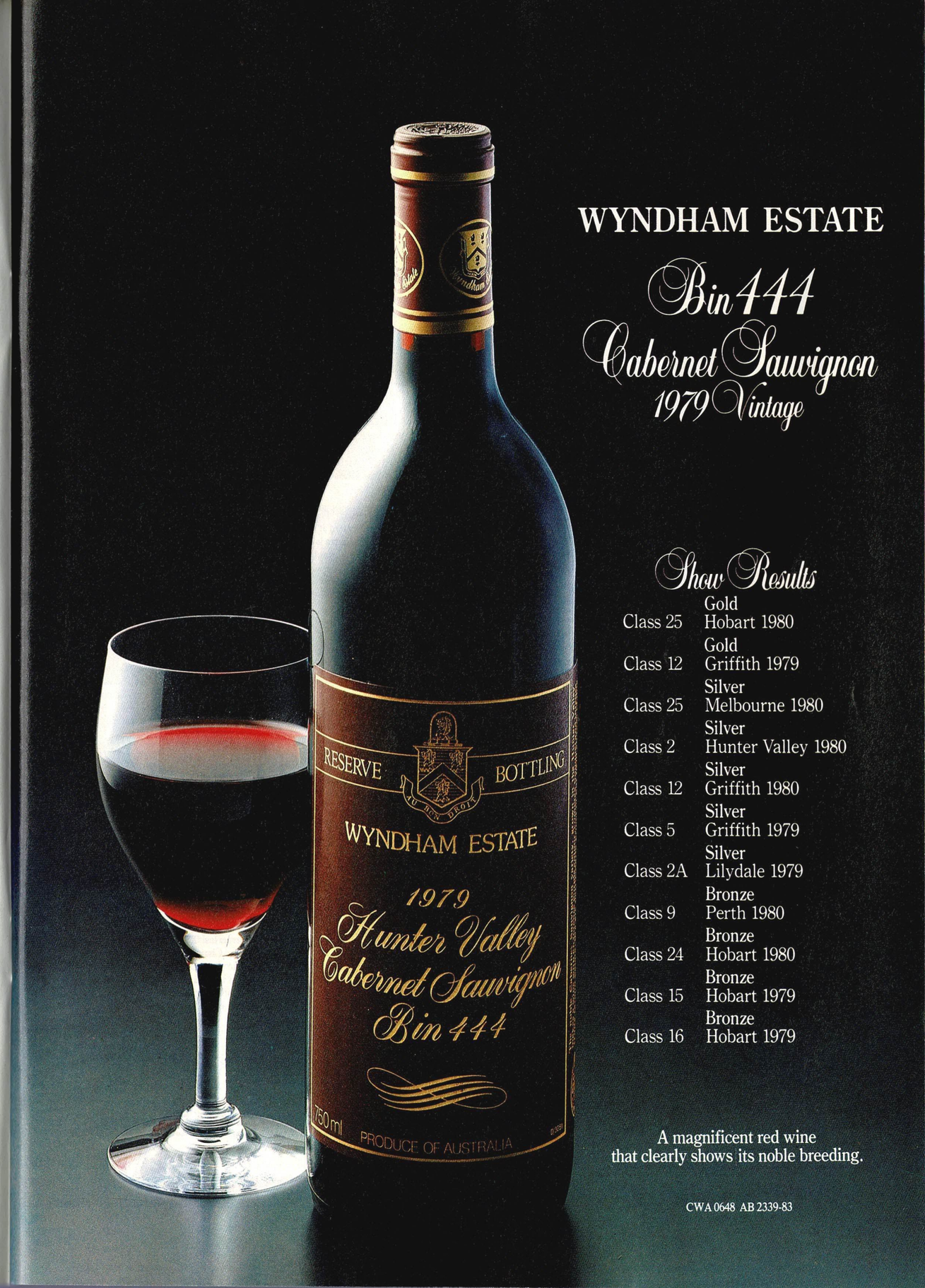
Black Venus must have one of the most literary references of any erotic movie ever made, based as it is on a short story by Honore de Balzac. Set in the Paris of the 1860s with an elaborate, vaguely faithful plot, this is definitely your upmarket soft-core porn. A former Miss Bahamas, Josephine Jones, now all of 21, plays the title lady of appropriate hue. And viewers in the know will be suitably intrigued by the appearance of Mandy Rice Davies in the video playing the role of, what else, a brothel madame.

Aficionados of celebrity skin will be eager to see *Lovescene*, which features Britt Ekland. It's an especially lush video about the mischief which starts when the cameras stop rolling on a real movie. Erotic movie buffs will be interested to see Julie Newmar in *Lovescene*, marking her progression from underground erotica to the major league. At some outlets you may find *Christina* offered as a sort of double-header with *Lovescene*. *Christina* is a visual treatment of the best-selling series of erotic novels.

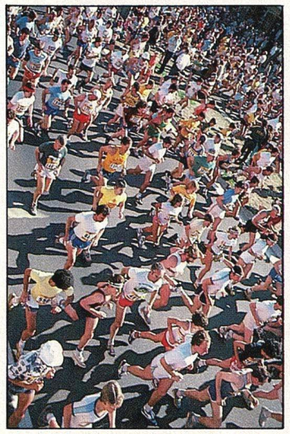
The new actress playing the demanding title role is Jewel Shepherd, who is quite stunning and, if you'll pardon the expression, a real up-and-comer.

For those who like their erotic fantasies dressed up in Victorian lace and melodrama, *Frank and I* is a collector's item. Based on a famous dirty book written during Queen Victoria's reign about life upstairs and downstairs in a great London brothel, it shows the benefits of having some serious dollars spent on it.

The book has sold more than two million copies and is considered a classic of late Victorian and early Edwardian erotic literature, though it has never been filmed before. Perhaps the producers were waiting for someone of the calibre of the quaintly-named Jennifer Inch before they began filming. A sweet and very saucy 18-year-old, Miss Inch is well worth seeing, er, inch by inch!



CAMEL



Sun City to Surf: Thousands of bodies will pound the bitumen to Bondi in the City to Surf foot race starting at 10am on August 5 at Sydney Town Hall. In those first few minutes William Street belongs totally to the people. The distance is 14km for the foolhardy.

Gabrieli Quartet: This chamber quartet made its London debut in 1967 and since then has become established as one of the most important of British chamber ensembles. They will tour Australia from August 1 to 23. Presented by Musica Viva.

Fencing Championships: The cut and thrust of fencing reaches its apex at the Australian Open Championships. These will be held from August 27 to 31 at the Melbourne Entertainment Centre — if that's the sort of entertainment you crave.

Impressionist Masterpieces: "The Great Impressionists" exhibition at the Australian National Gallery in Canberra is on until August 5. It comes from the Courtauld Collection in London and includes 100 impressionist and post-impressionist works by such notables as Cezanne, Seurat, Manet and Renoir. For the impressionable.

Shooting: The National Teams Shooting Championships using full-bore rifles take place on August 19 and 20 at the Belmont Rifle Range in Brisbane. Teams from each state will obviously be going full bore.

International Boat Show: The main feature of this lavish event is the giant man-made marina in the parade grounds of the Sydney Showground. There you can see the best and brightest. It's on from August 3 to 8 and everything that floats will be on show.

Polo Events: Tournament dates for NSW polo tournaments are August 3 and 4, Quirindi; August 11 and 12, Gunnedah; August 18 and 19, North Star; and August 25 and 26, Goondiwindi.

Ag-Quip '84: Australia's premier primary industry field days will be held in Gunnedah, NSW, on August 21, 22, and 23. Just about everything that moves on the land will be demonstrated.

Dirt Track Championships: Motorcycle riders will bite the dust in the National Dirt Track Championships at Barleigh Ranch, RaymondTerrace, in NSW on August 5. That's near Newcastle.

Beach Blanket Tempest: The Teen Goddess goes to Townsville, Mackay and Rockhampton in Queensland this month. The New Moon Theatre Company presents this rock musical about a clapped out rock star named Prospero.

Swimming: The Australian Winter Swimming Championships will be held at the State Swimming Centre in Melbourne from August 24 to 26. Teams and individuals will be plying the waters.

Gymnastics: The Senior National Gymnastics Championships will take place in Brisbane starting August 25. Areas of competition include Men's Artistic, Women's Artistic and Rhythmic — that's with the ball and stick. The two highest levels of gymnasts will take part.

Discover the
Camel experience

CALENDAR

Motor Sport: On August 12 a round of the Australian Sports Car Championship takes place at Winton, Victoria. On August 19 the Australian Endurance Championship continues at Oran Park, NSW. A round of the GT Championship gets underway on August 26 at Surfers Paradise. And a round of the Australian Off Road Championships will be held on August 26 at Waikerie, South Australia.

Dunlop/2GO: This international rally is on from August 11 to 14 in NSW and will include leading overseas drivers. Normally run in forest near Gosford, NSW, this year's event will extend to Newcastle and Taree.

Matches at VFL Park: Victorian Football League matches at VFL Park in Melbourne this month include Geelong vs Essendon on August 4, Fitzroy vs Collingwood on August 11, Hawthorn vs Geelong on August 18 and Melbourne vs St Kilda on August 25.

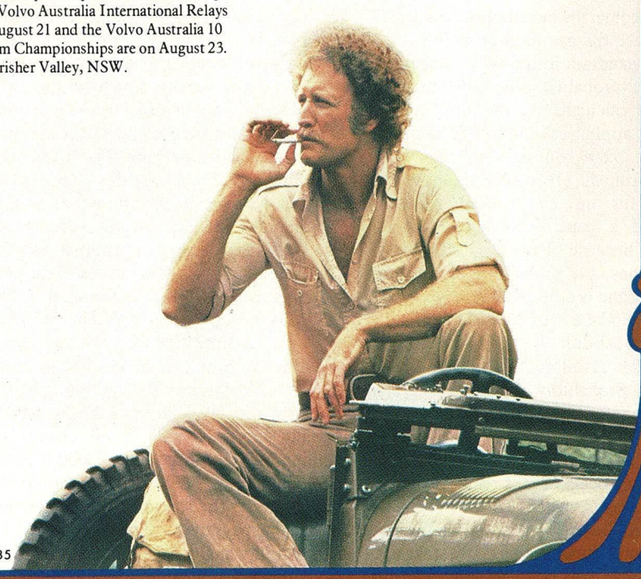
Rugby Union: August dates include the second Test in Australia vs New Zealand on August 4 at Ballymore, Qld; Queensland Country vs New Zealand on the Gold Coast on August 8, Queensland vs New Zealand at Ballymore on August 12, and the third Test, Australia vs New Zealand, on August 18 in Sydney.

Cross Country Skiing at Perisher: The Paddy Pallin Classic will be held on August 4. The Volvo NSW 5 and 15 km Championships are on August 12 and the national championships will be held on August 19. The Volvo Australia International Relays are on August 21 and the Volvo Australia 10 and 30 km Championships are on August 23. All at Perisher Valley, NSW.

Bartholomew Fair: Ben Jonson wrote this play as a challenge to the Puritan sects who wanted the Elizabethan playhouses closed down because they believed popular entertainment was sinful. It's presented by the TN Theatre Company and the theatre in Brisbane will be transformed into a carnival for the play. It opens on August 21.

Downhill Skiing: The ACT and NSW Alpine Championships including the slalom and the giant slalom are on at Guthega, NSW, on July 28 and 29. The Range Rover Victorian Alpine Championships are on at Mt Buller, Victoria, on August 4 and 5 and the Mt Buller Cup will be held on August 6. The Thredbo Cup is on August 9 and 10 at Thredbo, NSW. The Range Rover International Slalom and Giant Slalom series is on from August 13 to 17 at Guthega, NSW. Then the freestylers arrive for a round of ballet, bumps and aerial skiing for the Freestylers Championships on August 25 and 26.

The King of Country: This is a new country musical written by Tim Gooding, creator of "Rockola". It's set in Tamworth and traces the birth and growth of country music in Australia. It will be on at the Arts Centre at the Australian National University in Canberra. It's put on by Theatre ACT and will be on from August 24 to September 16.



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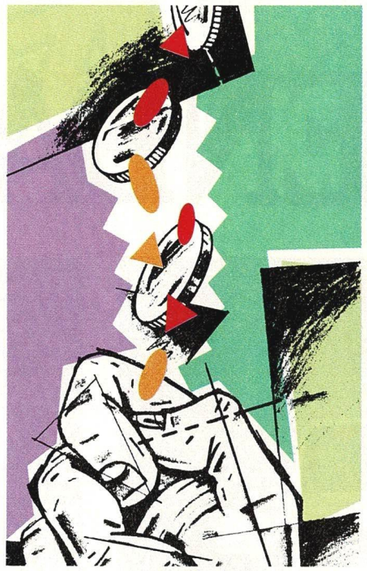

Odds on you win. . . odds on you lose

The name of the game is probability. Here is how it's played. All events are assigned a probability on a scale that goes from nought to one. Certainties (the sun will rise in the east tomorrow morning) are assigned probability values of one. Impossibilities (the sun rising in the west) are given probabilities of zero. Everything else has a probability that falls somewhere between these two extremes. For example, the probability of a tossed coin coming up heads (assuming it is not fixed, of course) is 1 out of 2 or .5 (½ = .5). On the other hand, the probability of guessing which of three upturned cups covers a coin is 1 in 3 or .33. If one million tickets are sold for a state lottery, the probability that the one you buy will be the winner is 1 in 1,000,000 or .000001.

See how simple it is? Now try this one. A man you know slightly meets you on the street. You get to talking and he mentions he has two kids. What's the probability that both are boys? If you think that the answer is .5, you're in good — or at least crowded — company. Most people answer this way. Unfortunately the answer is wrong. To see why, consider the possibilities. The man could have (1) two boys, (2) two girls or (3) one of each. Since there are three possibilities, only one of which is two boys, the correct probability is 1 in 3 or .33.

This is not useless information, you know. Suppose, for example, that you toss two coins in the air simultaneously. Again there are only three possible outcomes (two heads, two tails or one of each). So the probability that both will land heads is .33. Clearly, if you were the sort of person to bet on the outcome, the payoff must be at least 2 to 1 to make the gamble worthwhile.

If your economic interests extend beyond two-up, the probabilities become a bit more tedious to calculate but the same general principles apply. Take lotto, for example. There are 3,838,380 ways to choose six numbers from 40. (If you don't want to take my word for this, by all means get some paper and a pencil and try it out for yourself.) Because of the large number of combinations, the probability of choosing the correct one is only .0000003. Now, you don't need to be a mathematician to realise that the probability of winning if you don't buy a ticket at all is .0000000. In other words, the probability of winning is pretty much the same whether you buy a ticket or not.

Up to this point, we have been considering one-shot bets. Things really get interesting, however, when we look at more complicated bets. Let's try a simple one first. A hypothetical game has two stages. In the first stage you don't actually win any money. Instead, you spin a wheel of fortune in which three-quarters of the spaces are marked "bet ends" and one-quarter are marked "proceed to stage two". In probability terms, there are two possible outcomes: you can either "lose" with a probability of .75 (and the entire bet ends) or you can "win" with a probability of .25 and proceed.

In the second stage you must choose between $3000 with a probability of 1.00 (in other words, a certain payoff of $3000) or a .80 chance of winning $4000. The catch is that you must specify which of the two second stage bets you prefer before you spin the wheel. Most people choose the certain $3000 but mathematically this is not the optimum bet. If you play this game many times and you wish to maximise the amount of money you are likely to win, you should choose the .80 chance of winning $4000. The reason is that the two stages of the bet are not independent. There is only a .25 chance of getting to stage two. This must be taken into consideration when making a bet. Thus the "certain" win of $3000 is actually only a .25 chance of winning $3000. Similarly, the .80 chance of winning $4000 is really only a .20 (.25 x .80) chance of winning $4000. Since .25 of $3000 is only $750 and .20 of $4000 is $800, the savvy punter ignores the "certain" win in favor of the one that pays the most money.

Probability analysis is not only useful for calculating odds, it can also reveal how our thought processes work. Consider the following situation. A small-time punter is visiting his favorite racetrack and must choose between two possible $6 bets. One horse is going off at 1000 to 1 (in other words, the probability of his winning is .001); if he wins, the punter will receive $6000. The other horse carries odds of 500 to 1 (a probability of .002), so a win will pay $3000. Which should he choose, a .001 chance of winning $6000 or a .002 chance of winning $3000?

I've asked this question many times, typically finding that most people advise the punter to choose the first bet. But suppose we change the situation. It's another day and our punter has had a good run of luck. He now has $2400 to bet. Once again he must choose between two horses. One at odds of 5 to 2 (.40 in probability terms) will pay $6000 for a win. The other at odds of 5 to 4 (.80) will pay him $3000 for a win. Which should he choose now, a .40 probability of winning $6000 or a .80 probability of winning $3000?

In this situation, most people prefer the latter bet. But have a closer look at the numbers. On both occasions, the choice is between two very similar bets. One bet is half as likely as the other but pays twice as much. Yet on the first occasion we prefer the longer odds and the larger payoff while on the second we prefer the favorite and the smaller payoff. In purely mathematical terms, reversing preferences this way appears inconsistent, but it is psychologically understandable. The reasoning appears to go something like this: when the odds are long and a win unlikely, you may as well go for the bigger price but when favorites — and a large bet — are involved and there is a good chance of winning, bet on the more likely winner. In other words, we are prepared to lose $6 but when a large amount is involved we minimise the risk.

If I offered you 2-to-1 odds on the outcome of a coin flip — heads you win $10, tails you lose $5 — would you take the bet? Assuming I'm for real, and armed with your present knowledge of probability, you would surely take the bet. Well, you lost. But I'm about to give you another go. This time, heads you win $1000, tails you lose $500. Will you bet? You should if you can afford to, the odds are tilted in your favor. Now what if I raise the stakes to some real money: heads you win $500,000, tails you lose $250,000. It's still great odds but how many will play?

Unfortunately, uncertainty is a part of life, particularly economic life, and we must all learn to deal with it. In order to do so, we need to understand the mathematics of uncertainty — the laws of probability. Ignore probabilities and the odds will definitely be against you.

— SETH GREGORY

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WOMEN

Ever wondered just what women really talk about at those corner tables in the local pub or wine bar? You know the scene: three or four females in a conspiratorial huddle over glasses of house wine, the occasional shriek of laughter, hands upraised and voices becoming increasingly more shrill.

I imagine it must be infuriating for men. The conviviality of most bars lends itself to making new friends, joining in group raps, having a few good laughs. Women tend to wrap themselves up in a cosy cocoon of gossip and giggling and it's a brave man indeed who sallies forth to break up the hen party. And what are we talking about anyway? Are we discussing the exploits of our lovers or are we really just raving about fashions and families?

Okay, I'll let you in on a few secrets. Pretend you're a fly on the wall, a mossie in our feather ear-rings, whatever. Just listen in.

It's a warmish night at my local wine bar. Two of us sit in the corner, as usual, awaiting the arrival of a third. Five or six of you sit or slouch at the bar, chatting to the barmaid and watching us discreetly through the mirrors that line the far wall. Here goes.

A plump woman in black leather pants wriggles across to the bar. "Don't you sometimes wish," I whisper to Julia, "that you could ask certain people 'Can we discuss what you're wearing? I think you should invest in a full-length mirror.' "

"You're right," she murmurs, "she's got an arse like the back of a bus. I see her in a caftan."

"Hi there," smiles Jan, late as usual. "What's up with you two? Hey, did you see those black pants? Someone should tell her."

"Enough!" I squawk. "I've got to write a column. I think those men out there should know what women think, what we really talk about."

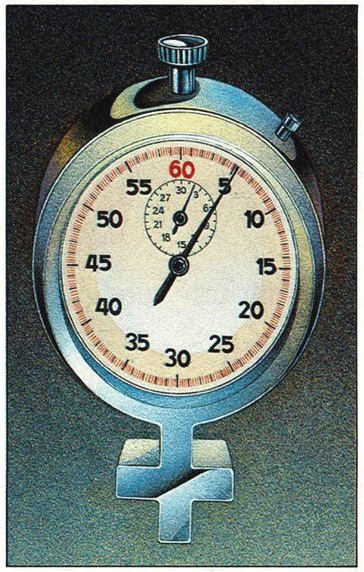
"You're a traitor, you tart," scoffs Jan, pouring from a carafe of the house white. "This stuff tastes like paint stripper. Can't we get one of those goons to buy us a decent drink?" Her eyes wander to the bar.

"Yeah," says Julia. "You're an anti-feminist creep. I bet you really get off washing socks and roasting legs of lamb."

"You're both being difficult," I reply. "Why must the sexes be enemies? Men and women need to understand each other, to like each other, to be warm and generous ."

"Excuse me, girls," says a guy with matching tie and pocket handkerchief who has appeared, miraculously, out of the mirror, "may I join you for a drink?"

"Shove off!" I hiss. "Anyway, as I was saying, it would help if men knew what holds our heads together and what we really think. If they appreciated our little faults."



Ever wondered just what makes females tick?

"Faults?" yells Jan. "What faults?"

"Well, maybe faults is a bit strong. Foibles? Idiosyncrasies? All our endearing little qualities that they always complain about. Y'know, how we can never make up our minds, that we don't care about the footie scores, how we get our knickers in a knot when they want to watch blue movies with their mates, how all we care about are clothes and eating out, how we don't want to screw at all hours of the day or night. . ."

"Let's not talk about screwing," says Julia. "Let's talk about clothes. I love talking about clothes."

"Actually I don't mind screwing all hours of the day or night," muses Jan, turning her attention to the mirrored images.

"We're not here to talk about sex," I say. "We're here to discuss men and women and a meeting of minds. I want to let men know what we're really thinking about. . ."

"I think you should let those guys buy you a drink," announces the waitress, delivering a fresh carafe. "You can't go on drinking this shit for much longer."

"I'm a bit short-sighted," Julia confides to the waitress. "Which one do you think I might fancy?"

"The one talking to fatty in the black pants," she replies. "Someone oughta tell her."

"Let's talk about relationships," offers Jan, hoeing into the paint stripper.

"My last boyfriend broke it off because he said I was too possessive and jealous. All because I steamed open his mail, went through his briefcase and listened on the extension to all his phone calls. At least I didn't have him followed."

"Such behavior is not uncommon," states Julia. "Why shouldn't we be jealous? Men want to fuck everything that moves. That's common knowledge. The only reason they don't is because they know their wives or lovers would murder 'em. They still try for a bit on the side, though."

"You're right," I comment. "It's not our fault we get jealous. Men want to play around and women want to make nests. Well, some women do. Not me. Been there, done that."

"Oh yes, you do," smiles the waitress, bustling up with a bottle of Bollinger and three glasses.

"Have we met?" I coolly inquire.

"I've seen you in here with your boyfriend. Another woman looks at him and you glare back as if you could rip her tits off. Not that I blame you. Fancy him myself. The drinks are on the lounge lizard with the poofy handkerchief."

"I'll rip *her* tits off," I snarl when she's out of earshot.

"May I interrupt, girls?" says our champagne benefactor, sidling up to the table. "I couldn't help overhearing a bit of what you've been saying. You're wrong, you know. Men may like to screw around but their jealousy is far more awesome than any woman's. No, women have only one major fault."

"What?" we chorus.

"Females are greedy and like to manipulate their men."

All heads turn as our indignant squawking rises to crescendo level.

"Calm down!" he continues. "Listen to me. I work in advertising. I've got a bit of money to splash around. Every woman I go out with expects me to spend a mint on her. Fancy restaurants, clothes, furs. I kind of like this tacky wine bar but they all want to go downtown and drink margaritas at some swanky hotel. You women demand to be treated as equals but you still want to be taken care of. It makes me so mad!"

"I'm not like that," purrs Julia.

"Me neither," confirms Jan.

"We didn't *ask* for the champagne," I smile.

"Hang on while I find myself a chair," he says, striding off.

We stare. "How rich do you reckon he really is?" muses Jan.

"Do you think he really buys *clothes* for women?" asks Julia.

"You don't think he could be right?" I whisper, fingering my champagne glass.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

MEN

A mate of mine named Dave has a racket: he leaves his calling card in ladies' toilets all over town.

The card says: DAVE GIBBS IS THE BEST FUCK IN THE COUNTRY and it lists his phone number and address. He claims he gets a lot of calls and I guess I have no option except to believe him.

Dave proves that shrewdness and imagination have a lot to do with successful seduction. The right bluff wins out over the right stuff more than most of us would care to admit.

J.D. is a case in point. He's no more attractive than Dave but does that stop him? No way. J.D. puts on his Texas-style cowboy hat every Friday night, drives to a downtown singles bar, walks up to the first good-looking chick he sees and drawls, "Now before you tell me to piss off, little darlin', let me explain that I have a brand-new Mercedes convertible outside and I own enough land to keep you riding for days."

Once, J.D. got a drink thrown in his face with that line but that was only once out of, say, a hundred times, and those aren't bad odds, especially when you realise that the Mercedes is rented and J.D. hasn't got any land outside his window box. He just watches *Dallas* a lot and practises drawling and smiling in front of the bathroom mirror.

When it comes to sheer originality, I favor Wayne's approach to a possible lonely weekend.

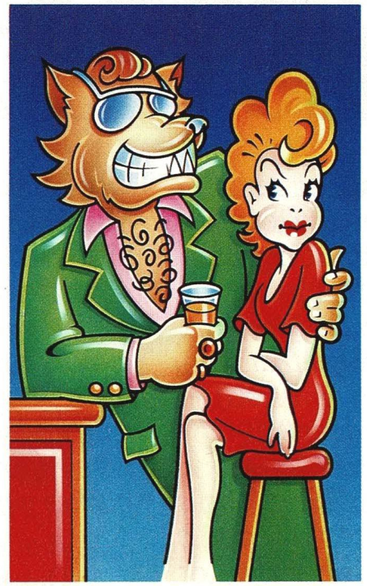
Wayne takes his briefcase and shoulder bag with him on the airport bus, goes straight down to the incoming-baggage section at the terminal and walks around as if he's waiting for the rest of his luggage, just like everybody else.

When he sees a likely lady he goes into his routine: rotten flight, rotten food, let me help you with your bags, mind your step on the escalator, would you like to share a taxi into the city?

"The great thing about it is that if you get turned down, you just wait for another flight to come in," Wayne says. "You'd be surprised how many women are feeling truly lonely right about then. There I am, a fellow traveller, dying to help. Piece of cake. Sure, the bus costs me a few bucks, and splitting the cab ride back does, too. But there are no distractions during that ride and I'll take my chances. If I ever have to change jobs, it's got to be to another place with a big airport. I couldn't live without one."

Geoffrey is into pain. I don't mean the whips-and-chains business. But what Geoffrey does better than anyone else I've ever seen is convert himself into a case of the walking wounded.

"An eye-patch is terrific," Geoffrey says. "It stands right out there, it looks good, it seems mysterious and you can invent lots of different ways you lost that eye: a knife fight, shrapnel, a childhood accident — take your pick.



It sure helps to have the right bluff when it comes to getting laid

"You can really play it up to be dramatic. Females are all maternal at heart and it brings out those qualities. They all want to mother me; they become so caring and solicitous.

"Women always want to see it," he adds, "but not until you're naked together. Then you're on your own, anyway, right?

"Sometimes we'll be lying there after the fact and a woman will ease the patch off and stare down into that eye and I'll count up to 10 and then wink. Oh, sure, that makes her mad for a minute. But never more than a minute."

Then there's my friend Jacko. He's very tall and rugged and looks like a professional footballer.

It should come as no surprise that he happens to know what he looks like, and he capitalises on it every chance he gets.

Jacko wears a designer-brand tracksuit and carries a football wherever he goes. He just sits around waiting for women to ask him if he plays for a first-grade team.

"The only problem I ever have is that too many guys want to talk tactics," Jacko reports.

"Some of them even think I'd like to pass a few balls."

That would be a disaster, of course, because Jacko can't kick and couldn't run a bath. Never mind, he sure looks the part of a football star and he's been rewarded for that fact.

I think the 1984 bluff-of-the-year award has to go to Joe Andretti. He has an act that few of us would dare follow. When I see Joe in his dancing shoes, tights and long silk scarf, I sometimes forget that this is the guy with whom I used to move wardrobes and pianos.

"Hiiii, girls," Joe chimes as he glides into the jazzercise class at the local gym. The dancers all feel very safe with him and they chime right back.

Usually, when I'm lifting weights or working the Nautilus, I'll hear some guy say, "Would you look at that creep?"

That so-called creep has managed to do very well for himself indeed. He lost 20 kilos, bought every dance book he could find, studied and read and stretched. He had what you might call a fruitful insight: instead of coming on like the Italian stallion (which is how he used to do it, complete with crushed beer cans and belches), Joe does a minor camp number.

He boogies and discos and bops through the jazzercise class with an extra twitch here, a smiling twirl there, and while the guys in the gym stand outside the door and mock him, Joe's laughing all the way to the bedroom.

"I'm going to hate it if you write this up," he laughs.

"I have got such a racket, man! You would not believe how easy it is when women trust you.

"They always begin by talking to me about the same thing: men and how awful they are; how locked in they are; how I'm so sweet and understanding; there I am, willing to take dance, willing to try things their way.

"Then I do my number: men and how all I want to do is express myself through dance; how all my life I've been bullied because I'm different.

"And then finally we get the big scene, the conversion of Joe Andretti. 'Oh, wow,' I say, 'look at that. This has never happened to me with a woman before. I don't understand.'

"And you know, all the while I'm pulling down my tights and slipping off my shoes. You can't believe how it turns them on when they think they're making me straight. It is so good when they think they're saving you for womankind. The energy, the joy, the positions!"

Joe Andretti is proof positive that some men will stop at absolutely nothing to get laid.

— ASA BABER

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With its breathtaking acceleration, turbocharged power and low price tag*, new Cordia Turbo must be what true sports performance is all about.

"The Cordia nonchalantly rolls off a set of two-way averages that produces a new pole-sitter in the traffic light grand prix. The Cordia's 0-60 km/h races by in a mere 3.37 seconds and 100 km/h comes up in 8.34 seconds . . ."

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—Motor Manual

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"The suspension absorbs bumps on made and unmade roads very well—better, in fact, than many sedans . . ."

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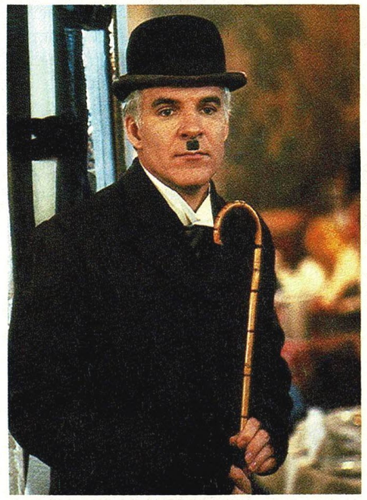
MOVIES

Bounty remake flounders; Martin makes us laugh



Steve Martin puts a little Chaplinesque pathos into The Lonely Guy.

The fact that Hollywood still thinks bigger means better has given Roger Donaldson the budget to take a few liberties with *HMS Bounty*, a lavish remake of the two previous *Mutiny On The Bounty* efforts. Instead of just Captain Bligh being adrift, the new $25 million version shows almost everyone adrift . . . producer, director and such fancied talent as Mel Gibson included. Producer Dino De Laurentiis must have seen the production as the ultimate South Seas showpiece with a New Zealand director in Donaldson, an Australian star in Gibson, and reels of Pacific paradise scenery.

But what he has ended up with just might be the biggest bomb Mururoa Atoll will ever see. Certainly the components are there . . . it's just the chemistry that's missing. With something like the tea money for this production, Donaldson made the searing *Smash Palace* . . . conspicuous proof of his talent. And screenplay author Robert Bolt had access to what is now believed to be the new, true account of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian. Well, if truth is stranger than fiction, it just as often lacks the color.

Clark Gable in 1935, and even Marlon Brando in the underwhelming 1962 version, injected more into the Christian role than Gibson can manage. He appears to have the show confused with *The Pirates Of Penzance* and plays the mutineer as a bit of a lad with an obsession for anything in a grass skirt. Anthony Hopkins is a happier choice as Bligh, but he's not the Bligh of old. Far from the thundering bully of Charles Laughton's portrayal, he comes across as much more the modern analyst's perception of persecution complex paranoia.

As if aware of the pitfalls of leaving these two on the screen for too long at a time, Donaldson mixes in some choppy court-room sequences which, although clumsily shuffled, at least feature Lord Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox in full pomp and posture. Big budget, then, doesn't mean big breakthrough for Gibson or Donaldson, but then it wasn't the right production for either of them in the first place.

●

The legend of Bulldog Drummond has endured 65 years of British chauvinism, but the chances of it enduring 85 minutes of manic parody are slim indeed. Hollywood failed to make Drummond great in 1929, Ronald Colman's suave portrayal of the adventurer having about as much authority as Woody Allen at Nuremberg. Now, Dick Clement's *Bullshot* with Alan Shearman as Captain Hugh "Bullshot" Crummond, plunders the original plot for every considerable opportunity for satire.

Bulldog Drummond emerged just after the end of the Great War, alleviating the boredom of peacetime and exploiting the surfeit of jingoism, by crusading against arch villain Carl Peterson and his plans for world domination. Shearman, who also wrote the screenplay for *Bullshot*, is a little more ethnically specific . . . his arch villain is Count Otto von Bruno, played with inspired madness by Ron House. Shearman's script revels in the unabashed British chest-thumping of the early Drummond novels and the momentum of its frenetic farce produces a giant snowball of nationalistic cliche.

There's the heroine (Diz White) trying to save her abducted professor father (Michael Aldridge) before his secret formula falls into the hand of the evil Count. Crummond, of course, is fearless, valiant and chivalrous in delivering free people everywhere from the dark forces of oppression.

Anyone who remembers America's favorite ingenue of the day, Joan Bennett, as the tormented heroine, will delight in the way Diz White stampedes across the delicate filigree of her memory. And the production also benefits by the demented contributions of Billy Connolly and Mel (*Not The Nine O'Clock News*) Smith.

Legends might be sacred in their own lifetime, but Clement and Shearman manage to exhume this one and bury it again forever in one swift hit.

●

Woody Allen's old formula of self-effacing humor in poignantly personal situations also works for another great American comedy talent, Steve Martin, in *The Lonely Guy*. It's almost a *Play It Again, Sam* scenario with Martin as Larry Hubbard, a greeting-card writer, capping off a jaunty day with the trauma of finding his girlfriend (Robyn Douglass) in bed with another man and the desolate prospect of having to re-establish himself domestically and emotionally. Often touching, but always funny, *The Lonely Guy* generates constant and copious streams of that therapeutic laughter that comes from extruding serious situations to their illogical extensions. Rookie lonely guy Martin, accompanied by experienced lonely guy Warren Evans (Charles Grodin) and experienced playboy Jack Fenwick (Steve Lawrence), hacks a trail through the personal relationship jungle and Martin's brisk timing and unerring instinct for the wisecrack give the whole production an energetic assurance. The movie looked likely from its conception. The screenplay, based on Bruce Jay Friedman's very funny *The Lonely Guy's Book Of Life* was adapted by Neil Simon, who has a knack for portraying personality autopsy on the screen. Martin's reputation still has its foundation stone in *The Jerk*, but the less successful *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* extended, rather than just confirmed, his comic genius. *The Lonely Guy's* deliverance comes with lonely Larry deciding to exploit his misfortune and to write a guide to loneliness for guys in similar situations. It's a runaway success and his desolate lifestyle blooms into fame, fortune and sex-symbol status. But does it make him happy? You betcha. Producer/director Arthur Hiller, with *Silver Streak*, *Plaza Suite* and *Romantic Comedy* among his more relevant credits, obviously has a deft touch for this style of film although it's difficult to tell if Martin's total mastery is good direction of good acting or merely a runaway virtuoso performance.

●

First-time feature director Tim Hunter's *Tex* is notable for somehow managing to rise above his film's modest ambitions as yet another starring vehicle in the charmed career of Matt Dillon. The story is another S.E. Hinton teen saga (Dillon also starred in the film of Hinton's first book, *The Outsiders*), a realistic if emotional depiction of adolescent growing pains.

To date, Dillon's acting talent hasn't developed far beyond the ability to look moody and in this film all the acting is done by Jim Metzler who brilliantly plays the thankless role of the nicer, older brother.

What makes *Tex* rise above the now-familiar school/home/sex/drugs drama, is director Hunter's sensitive treatment. His direction glides lightly over the tawdry plot episodes and saves its close-ups for Dillon's

troubled intensity (deep-set eyes).

Dillon actually gets by merely by reacting to the silver-plate service lavished upon him by his director and co-star. But without stopping the narrative to underline any significant development, Hunter manages to build the realisation that what we are seeing is a coming-of-age.

It is the director's clever pacing of this production, and his restraint in not tidying up the episodic ramble of the screenplay, that gives *Tex* its chance to stammer out its statement.

ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

TALENT TIME: Singer **Debbie Byrne,** who these days lists herself singer/dancer/actress Debbie Byrne, has landed herself the starring role in the major new Australian feature film, *No Names, No Pack Drill.* Based on the acclaimed stage play by **Bob Herbert,** *No Names, No Pack Drill* will be directed and co-written by **Michael Jenkins** who won *AFI* and *AWGIE* Awards for his screenplay for *Careful He Might Hear You.* Jenkins also recently directed the controversial *ABC-TV* series, *Scales Of Justice.* Commenting on the casting of Debbie Byrne, Sydney producer **Phillip Emanuel** said, "Debbie is a wonderful performer who has the potential to become a true international superstar. The starring role of Kathy calls for someone to demonstrate real star quality when she sings and dances, but also to project great vulnerability in a sensitive acting role. I think Debbie will give us a unique and charismatic screen performance." *No Names, No Pack Drill* will begin shooting in late July in and around Sydney and will be distributed by Roadshow Distributors, who are also executive producers.

BYRNE

STING

OUTER SPICE: Christmas will see the release of Universal's long-in-the-making, big budget, cast-of-thousands adaptation of **Frank Herbert's** sci-fi classic *Dune.* Starring lots of people, including **Max Von Sydow, Brad Dourif, Jose Ferrer, Jurgen Prochnow, Dean Stockwell** and **Sting,** the flick promises to be a special-effects phantasmagoria, as it concerns the weird planet of Dune where mile-long monsters devour men like insects and sandstorms turn flesh to dust in moments. A dry, desolate place, Dune does have one attractive resource, an addicting, life-prolonging spice called "melange", which also happens to be the key to cosmic power. To make a very long and intricate story short, the flick revolves around the struggle for this odd and powerful substance.

●

BLASTS FROM THE PAST: The active Australian production team of Hoyts and **Michael Edgley** have two extravagant epics on their drawing boards: the celluloid reconstruction of the stories of *Burke And Wills* and *The Lighthorsemen.* The cost for both, around a cool $16 million. **Graeme Clifford,** the Hollywood-based Australian film director who created so much interest with *Frances,* admits that his new project, *Burke And Wills,* has had an enduring fascination for him. "There are quite uncanny parallels with the tragic story of Frances Farmer's life," he says. "The treatment of King, the expedition's only survivor, was outrageous. He got back and tried to tell the expedition's backers, the Melbourne Committee, about the way Aborigines had helped him to survive in the desert. The committee declared him mentally insane and incapable of giving evidence at the inquest." Clifford says his new movie is "a voyage into a spectacular continent... but also a voyage into the depths of men's souls".

The Lighthorsemen seems destined for success with **Ian Jones** as its director and writer. Authenticity guaranteed with this flick: Jones was commissioned by the 4th Light Horse Regiment to compile their official history. Producer **Gil Brealey** promises the film will include the most remarkable and ambitious action sequence ever to be filmed in Australia with the re-creation of the light horse charge at Beersheba. More than 800 men and horses will be used to depict the last great cavalry charge in history complete with shellfire and machine-gun crossfire and aerial bombing. South Australia's tiny country town, Hawker, will never be the same after location shooting has finished.

●

REPAVING THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD: Yes, fans, it's finally going to happen, Dorothy will return to Oz in Walt Disney Pictures' follow-up to the 1939 classic, simply titled *Oz.* Based on a set of **L. Frank Baum** stories written at the turn of the century, the flick stars **Nicol Williamson** as the evil Gnome King, **Jean** *(Master Of The Game)* **Marsh** as the chief villainess, **Piper Laurie** as Aunt Em, **Matt** *(Country)* **Clark** as Uncle Henry and nine-year-old Canadian schoolgirl **Fairuza Balk** (who was discovered after an exhaustive talent hunt) as Dorothy. *Oz* differs from the original in that it will not be a musical, but is simply described as a "fantasy-adventure". Also, new film-making technology, not available in 1939, promises to make the *Oz* of 1985 a visual feast. Old characters such as the Tin Man and Cowardly Lion will return in minor roles, but basically *Oz* has Dorothy meeting a new set of fantasy characters, when she returns to the enchanted land.

●

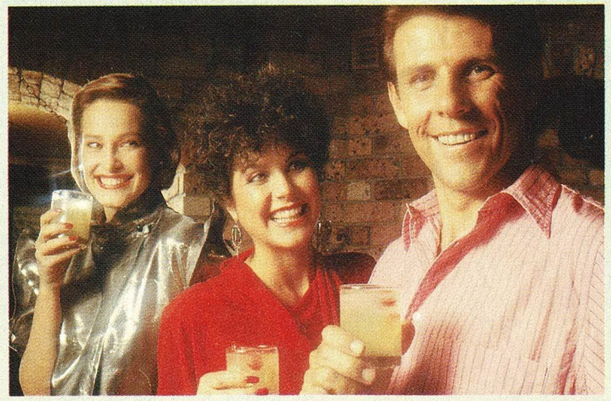
IDOL GOSSIP: Due to what Hollywood euphemistically calls "creative differences", **Blake Edwards** is out as director of the **Burt Reynolds-Clint Eastwood** private-eye flick *City Heat* (formerly titled *Kansas City Blues).* Replacing Edwards on the project is **Richard** *(My Favorite Year)* **Benjamin**... After years of delay, *The In-Laws* co-starrers **Alan Arkin** and **Peter Falk** will reteam in **Big Trouble,** written and directed by *In-Laws* scripter **Andrew Bergman**... Remember the 1973 French farce *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe,* a comedy about a concert violinist mistaken as a spy? Well, you guessed it, an American remake is on the way with **Stan** *(Mr Mom)* **Dragoti** directing... The *Porky's* saga will undergo a third sequel, one titled *Porky's Revenge,* to be directed by **James Komack,** creator of *Welcome Back Kotter*... **Faye Dunaway, Peter O'Toole, Mia Farrow, Peter Cook** and 19-year-old newcomer **Helen Slater** star in *Supergirl,* a fantasy adventure about a female alien (Slater) from a planet called Argot City, who comes to Earth to rescue "The Power", needed to restore her planet to its rightful status.

DUNAWAY

O'TOOLE

BOMBS AWAY: ABC's controversial *The Day After* may have started a chain reaction of nuclear war motion pictures. One of these, now in production, is *Radioactive Dreams.* Set in the year 2000, it involves two 18-year-old boys who have spent the past 14 years in a bomb shelter with only a pile of 1940s detective novels to read. When they emerge, they set off on a journey through the post-nuclear world, one that is far different from the one we know today and includes mutant midgets, monster rats, '50s bikers and '80s punks. **John** (*Christine*) **Stockwell** and **Michael** (*Bachelor Party*) **Didikoff** star. Two other "nuclear" projects also in the works are the BBC's *Z For Zacharia,* starring **Anthony Andrews** as a post-nuclear scientist who discovers a valley untouched by fallout, and *The Day Before,* about how individuals can prevent nuclear holocaust.

"Bacardi rum punch is almost as much fun making, as enjoying."



"I call it my instant party pleaser. Half the fun is in the making... making sure the punch tastes just right. Some friends have suggested that I taste more than I serve. Well, it's my party."

BACARDI rum Fruit Punch (illustrated). Into a large container pour 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) orange juice, 4 fl. oz. (120ml.) pineapple juice, and 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) lemon juice. Add 25 fl. oz. (750ml.) of Bacardi rum and a tablespoon of sugar. Stir. Chill. When ready to serve, add ice cubes and cold dry ginger ale (about 30 fl. oz. /900ml.), and decorate with fresh fruit. Serves 10 people twice.

BACARDI rum Bride's Bowl. Peel, core, slice and wedge a quarter pineapple or equivalent canned pineapple. In a large container mix pineapple, 5 fl. oz. (150ml.) lemon juice, 10 fl. oz. (300ml.) unsweetened pineapple juice and 20 fl. oz. (600ml.) of Bacardi rum. Dissolve 2 tablespoons of sugar in a little water and blend in the large container. Chill for two hours and pour over ice in a bowl. Add 30 fl. oz. (900ml.) of soda water and two punnets of sliced strawberries. Stir gently. Serves 10 people twice.

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Are we killing our champions? The question needs to be asked in this Olympic year. Is it just possible that sport, which was devised as a means of recreation, play and enjoyment, has become — at the top levels of competition — a hazard to health and even life for those who aspire to be the best?

Ron Clarke was the greatest long-distance runner of the 1960s. The tall, dark Australian set 17 world records at distances ranging from two miles right through to one-hour, continuous running. In Mexico City in 1968, Clarke pushed himself to the limits of his capabilities. The rarefied atmosphere with far less oxygen than is found at lower altitudes, plus his determination to win a gold medal in the Olympics, led to his collapse after the 5000 metres. Australian team doctor Brian Corrigan cried in anguish as he knelt beside an almost inert Clarke on the inside of the track. Clarke never won a gold medal in either the Commonwealth or the Olympic Games, and he was often denigrated for this by his countrymen and the local media. Yet he probably gave part of his life in that supreme effort in Mexico City.

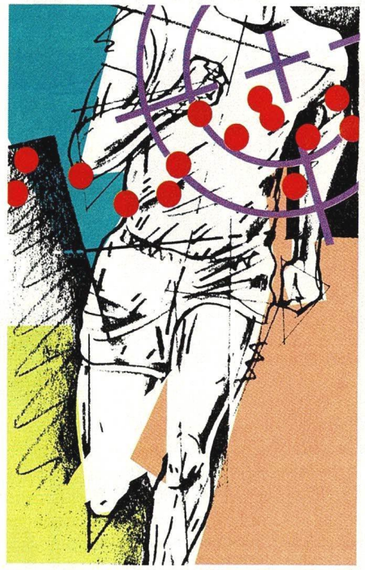
A medical examination for life assurance purposes a few years after retirement showed Clarke to have a heart abnormality. He was uninsurable. The problem, a leaky heart valve, eventually required open-heart surgery to replace the worn-out valve. Clarke today is fully fit and even regularly running long distances, though not quite as fast as he did in his competitive days.

Ron Clarke blames his heart problems on his running, in Mexico City particularly. He had regular electrocardiographs taken at various times during his career. In the lead-up to Mexico City, when he was testing himself in training to handle the rarefied atmosphere, Clarke had many ECGs, all of which proved that he had an excellent heart. Yet a few years after retirement, the same fine heart had become diseased like that of a hard-living heavy smoker who ate plenty of the wrong foods as well as drinking too much hard alcohol (of which Clarke is not guilty).

No one can prove Clarke's claim about Mexico City being the cause of his problems; nevertheless he is quite certain it *was* the major triggering factor.

Betty Cuthbert won three gold medals in the women's sprints in Melbourne at the 1956 Olympics, set numerous world records and ended her career with yet another gold medal in the inaugural women's 400 metres in Tokyo at the 1964 Olympics.

Five years later Betty suffered strange symptoms which eventually were diagnosed as multiple sclerosis. Today, at 46, Betty walks with a pronounced limp and much of her energy is devoted to her battle against this debilitating disease. She is keeping it at bay, but the enemy never fully lets go.



Is the price of sporting success a bit too high?

Betty, too, suspects that her running career may be partly to blame. She has a twin sister, Marie, who was a good club-level competitor but never world-class or as highly competitive as Betty. "Midge", as the Cuthbert family call Marie, is as fit as a fiddle today; she jogs, plays plenty of sport, and enjoys a hard-working and varied existence. Coincidence? Probably, but there are other worrying cases.

Australian sprinter Hector Hogan won a bronze medal in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics after having equalled the world 100 yards record of 9.3 in 1954 during the early stages of his brilliant but short career. In the late '50s, Hec Hogan seemed unable to maintain his consistency in competition, winning many races but losing equally often. He died of leukaemia on the very day the 1960 Olympic final was held in Rome, just four years after his own day of glory in Melbourne.

There are others — world and Olympic champions — whose lives seem to have been either shortened or else hampered by recurrent illness after their careers had ended. A prominent Australian Olympic official told me recently that the federation had received many requests for aid from former Olympians with financial hardships due to illness which several felt may have stemmed from their athleticism.

We thought the '50s were the era of the ultimates in sport. Athletics saw the achievement of the four-minute mile, the 10-second 100 metres, the 60-foot shot put, the seven-foot high jump, and many other milestones. Athletes knew they trained hard because older, retired competitors all expressed amazement at the latest efforts in preparing for competition, as well as at the results and achievements.

Today adolescents and schoolchildren are able to achieve results that were world records or equal to Olympic results in the '50s. Murray Rose's gold-medal-winning 4.27:3 seconds for the 400 metres freestyle in Melbourne wouldn't even get him into a women's final in Australia today. Dawn Fraser's 62.0 for the 100 metres freestyle in Melbourne is the average school-carnival prerequisite for a ribbon in 1984.

The human body hasn't changed so radically in the past 25 years. It's just that kids train harder and have better coaching than many of the champions in those glorious days of the '50s, when many of today's heroes and heroines made their names immortal by winning gold medals and setting world records which now appear puerile.

As I approach my mid-century, my own body aches daily, particularly in the early mornings, from the old injuries suffered in sports like sprinting and soccer. But I consider myself fortunate in comparison with other old-timers. At any gathering you can hear former champions, whose names and fame remain forever young and bright, talking about their own illnesses.

What I wonder now is whether the new superstars, whose performances far outdo any of the achievements of the '50s and much less the '60s and '70s, will pay equally or even more for their success.

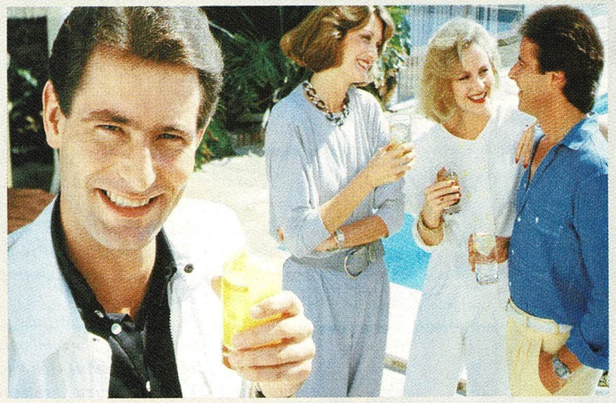
While the limits of human potential and achievement in measurable and comparable efforts of physical endeavor seem almost limitless, are we pushing too far? Today's champions probably won't know for another 20 years, just as none of those who led the way to new levels of achievement in the '50s realised what the toll would be on their own bodies and even their lifespans.

I think it may be time to stop and re-assess matters in sports where breaking and setting records has become more important than beating others. While Robert de Castella and Carl Lewis may both become millionaires from their respective running abilities, will the possible physical toll on their health and lives outweigh the financial benefits?

The next 10 to 20 years will tell, by which time I suspect it may be too late to undo the damage for those now following in their footsteps.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

"...at that time of day a long, cool Bacardi was called for."



"What better way to take the edge off the noonday sun? Bacardi rum and orange, or cola, or dry, or tonic or... who says you can't please all of the people all of the time?"

BACARDI rum and Orange. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice in a tall glass. Add three parts orange juice. Stir. Garnish with a slice of orange. Also try pineapple, grapefruit or other favourite juices.
BACARDI rum and Cola. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add three parts cola (or diet cola) to fill the glass. Stir.
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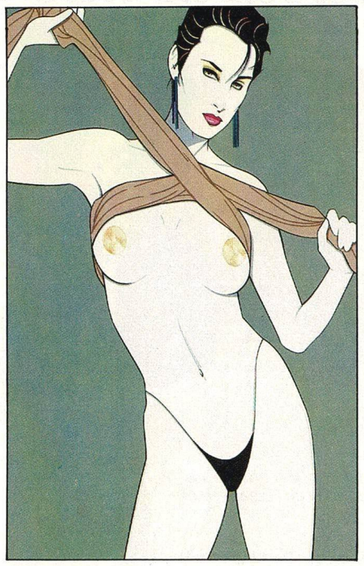

Replacing your stylus or your nicotine stains

Listening to some records recently, I began to wonder how often does the needle need replacement and how much will it cost? Mine is a diamond needle.

— P.A., WA.

Your stylus, or needle, like most fitted to today's high-fidelity cartridges, is manufactured from an industrial diamond. Although hard wearing, it will not last forever. How often it needs replacing depends on two factors: tracking force and stylus shape. A good quality cartridge has a tracking force of one to two grams. The higher the tracking force, the greater the stylus wear.

If your cartridge is just a run-of-the-mill type, it's probably fitted with a conical stylus (miniature inverted cone with a rounded-off point, radius of 0.7mm). Stylus shape in the better quality cartridges will be more complicated: those styli are usually referred to as bi-radial, elliptical or Shibata.

The fine modulations of the record groove are better traced by this type of stylus but, because they have finer contours, they are more prone to wear.

After a fair amount of use, a stylus will begin to wear flat at the sides due to the abrasion of the record groove. Record performance will be affected by this stage, due to significant wear and tear on the records. It is primarily for this reason that it is better to replace a stylus too early rather than too late.

Most retail hi-fi dealers recommend that a conical stylus be replaced after 1000 hours use and an elliptical one after 500. Translated into the number of records one may play, it roughly means that a conical stylus has a lifespan of 1300 albums while an elliptical stylus will last for 650.

An elliptical stylus is more expensive than a conical one because of the greater production cost of polishing a diamond to a more complex shape. The stylus actually costs almost as much to replace as the whole cartridge, so why not consider a new cartridge? If you are the owner of a rack system, this is a particularly good idea because, for a relatively small amount, you can upgrade the quality of your systems output. Fairly good cartridges are available for around $45, but paying more will generally buy you better quality. Remember though, that after the $100 mark the quality varies so slightly that only the best systems would be able to detect the difference.

●

I've recently noticed an advertising campaign for a salt which is not really a salt. We've been hearing for years just how harmful excess salt can be, but I was wondering if all the old theories still stand? Should one change to a salt substitute?

— P.J., NSW.

Yes, we believe the old arguments still hold true. High blood pressure, heart attacks, strokes, kidney disease, fluid retention — excess salt increases the risk of all these. This doesn't mean you must stop using salt completely, but you must learn to moderate your salt intake. Australians, by the way, have been estimated to consume 10 to 20 times too much salt per year.

It's not essential that you switch to a salt substitute, unless you just can't cut down on the amount you're using. Never pour salt all over your food before you taste it. Begin to savor what the food really tastes like; gradually ease off the amount you use and you may find that food can be just as enjoyable, if not more so, without salt. If your addiction is well and truly established, do switch to a salt substitute. It could even mean the difference between life and death.

●

I've heard about a new type of board that has been developed that allows you to surf behind a boat. Where can I buy one and what is the cost? Also, exactly how does it work?

— S.D., NSW.

Two Sydney surfers, Bruce McKee and Mitchell Ross, spent three years developing a board which could be ridden behind a boat. Five feet long and one and a half feet wide, the McSki is constructed from a roto-moulded, cross-linked polyethylene skin injected with polyurethane closed-cell foam and is shaped to resemble a highly refined surfboard. What this means is that the board is capable of withstanding the toughest of conditions for many years of service. The board is used by 12 and 60-year-olds alike and safety has not been overlooked. Sharp points and edges have been eliminated and the McSki is designed so that, after a fall, it is not only buoyant enough to support you, but you'll be at a high enough level for other boats to see you. The deck is finished in a non-slip surface which cuts down on the number of falls.

The bottom design is fairly complex: concave with two flutes, it is designed to compensate for the weakness of a boat wake. The McSki performs well, however, at low speeds due to its large surface area and hydrodynamic shape. A keel-styled fin allows for easy manoeuvrability. Complete flexibility is achieved by the adaptation of foot-straps which allow for a side-on stance.

Skiboarding is not meant as a substitute for either surfing or waterskiing but, by combining the best attributes of both, it makes for some fantastic riding. The rider is allowed extreme flexibility of the upper body and, as McKee says, "Your only limit is your imagination." The rider is able to make 10 times as many turns every 100 feet as a waterskier: backhand and forehand turns, five foot jumps off the wake, body-horizontal high-speed arcs and wake-destroying snapbacks can all be performed at far greater speeds than on a conventional surfboard.

If you remove the fin, you can ride a McSki down the snow-covered slopes of Kosciusko in much the same way as a surfer can ride the face of a wave.

The recommended retail price is $239 and it's manufactured by Skiboards Australia, 65 Bungan Head Road, Newport Beach, NSW, 2106. Tel: (02) 997 7526. The board is available nationally through Mick Simmons, Fleets and other major sporting and surfing outlets.

●

I've been a two-pack-a-day man for more years than I can remember and I thoroughly enjoy my "disgusting" smoking habit and have absolutely no intention of giving it up. I am prepared to put up with the nicotine stains on my fingers, but it would be good if I could remove or lighten them. Have you any suggestions?

— G.R., NT

Okay, we won't lecture. To remove the stains on your fingers, simply soak your hands in household bleach for a minute. Immediately clean your hands with soap and water to prevent burns. If your fingernails are stained, they will benefit from a nail buff, which should restore their natural color.

●

The PLAYBOY ADVISER will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to PLAYBOY ADVISER, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

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"Isn't it time we made a move."

"What a Sterling idea."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RICHARD NEVILLE

A candid conversation with the clown prince of Oz, spokesman for the '60s and voice of a noisy generation on sex, drugs and rock'n'roll after 40

Most of us, in the wild, hot flush of youth, do and say things we later regret. But for most of us it is a very private regret; we don't spend too many sleepless nights worrying about wild oats.

Richard Neville put his wild oats into print and influenced a generation. As the "copywriter for the revolution", he and his magazine ***Oz*** *came to symbolise the outright rejection of parental values in such matters as sex, drugs and freedom of expression. Between 1963 and 1971, he was the voice of youth rebellion, broadcasting at first from Sydney and later from London to the whole world.*

Neville's celebrity reached its apex as the swinging '60s turned into the Me-Decade. London ***Oz*** *produced an issue devoted to the sexuality of schoolchildren and Neville and friends found themselves brief guests of Her Majesty while matters were resolved at the Old Bailey. Shortly thereafter, the Neville image was further cast somewhere between hell and a warm place with the publication of his book,* ***Playpower****.*

A caustic and brilliantly executed document of the youth revolution of the late 1960s, ***Playpower*** *immediately polarised western society — if you were under 30 you loved it, if you were over 30 you locked up your daughters and campaigned for Richard Neville's public execution. Neville, always the eloquent spokesman for his generation (he was described at the Old Bailey trials as "the young Oscar Wilde"), revelled in his notoriety for a time, but as the sparkle of the '60s wore off, he tired of London and drifted to New York, and then home to sample Gough Whitlam's new Australia.*

During this period Neville did more thinking than writing, but whenever he picked up his pen it was with a flourish. He was, and still is, an artist of language.

For a brief time Neville re-emerged in Australia as editor of ***Living Daylights****. But it wasn't until 1980 and the publication of* ***The Life And Crimes Of Charles Sobhraj*** *that Neville again bathed in the international spotlight. The biography of the killer of the Overland Trail, co-authored with Julie Clarke (later to be Mrs Neville), was a bestseller.*

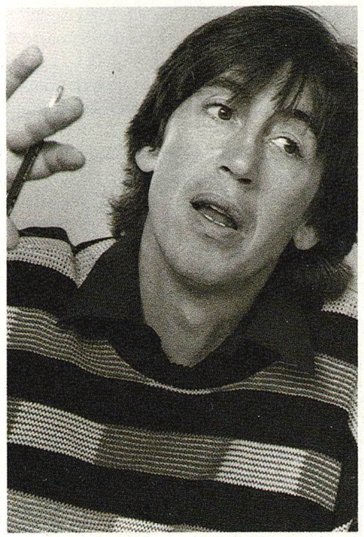
But he chose not to pursue fame and fortune despite a fascination with the world of media megabucks. Instead he bought a cottage in NSW's Blue Mountains, married Julie Clarke and accepted a part-time job bringing bite-sized chunks of social comment into the wasteland of daytime television.

Neville takes his job on ***The Mike Walsh Show*** *very seriously. He never talks down to his audience of housewives, shiftworkers and unemployed.*

He and Julie and baby Lucy come down from the mountains a couple of days a week to pay the bills, but they are clearly happiest in their secluded cottage, shrouded by mist at the edge of an escarpment. It was in this setting that Australian PLAYBOY's senior contributing editor Phil Jarratt conducted the interview.

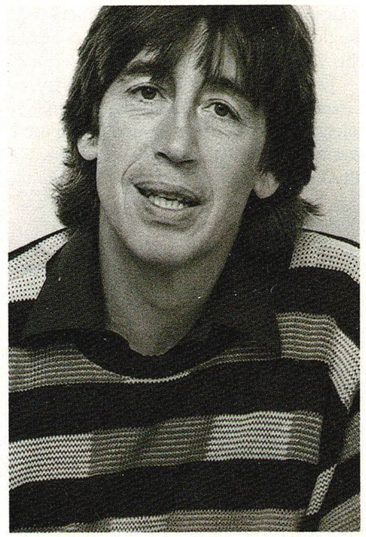
Says Jarratt: "Richard's a real fusspot, a fact I've been aware of since I helped him build a latrine at Byron Bay in 1974. He's fussy about his speech, his dress and his image, but he really doesn't need to worry about any of them. In the few brief encounters I've had with the man over a decade, I've found him to be the quintessential rogue dandy, elegant in manner, brutally frank in message.

"Richard was concerned that this interview should take place in his environment. He said I wouldn't understand the true nature of the man unless I saw him at home with his computer and his misty gardens. Before driving out to his cottage we took lunch at The Paragon in Katoomba, a national treasure frequented by tourists, and ladies almost as old as the architecture."

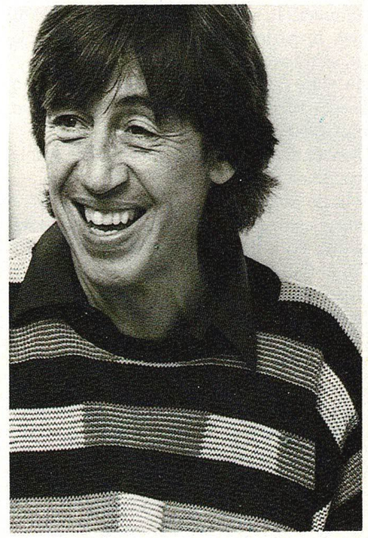


PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

"In Australia the first issue of Oz *sold out in minutes. From that moment on, I knew there was a hunger that hadn't been satisfied."*



"We rooted like rabbits in the '60s because in the '50s we were told not to. People have done that. You dance a while, then you sit down."



"I went to boarding school and I didn't even see a woman until I was far too old, and when I did, I decided I wanted as many as possible."

PLAYBOY: Wandering around up here in the mist it's quite easy to see you as Heathcliff from *Wuthering Heights*. Do you have that fantasy?

NEVILLE: I love the image and, yes, I *do* have an affinity with the Heathcliff fantasy.

PLAYBOY: Is this a good place to live out literary fantasies?

NEVILLE: Well, the air is cool and bracing and walking becomes part of your natural life, rather than going to restaurants. The bush is prehistoric and vast, and the cliffs are a terrific reminder of eternity, so you're being hit with a number of images all the time. I hope to create what people will accept as literature, and I write while I'm here, when I'm not gardening or renovating or whatever else I do.

PLAYBOY: In the book you're working on now, you're transporting yourself back to the 1960s yet again. Are you viewing the period with new eyes?

NEVILLE: Actually, for this book [*a history of the Oz years*] I'm transporting myself back to the late 1940s and early '50s, because to explain the '60s one has to explain oneself. How is it that three strangers met in Sydney as teenagers and decided to produce a satirical magazine from which certain events stemmed which were ricocheting around London 10 or even 15 years later? I'm looking anew because today's eyes are always different from yesterday's.

PLAYBOY: How important to the world was *Oz* magazine?

NEVILLE: In Australia the first issue sold out literally in minutes when it came out in April 1963. From that moment on, I knew there was a hunger that hadn't been satisfied, a chord that hadn't been struck. I think the idea of people who were not part of the Establishment doing a magazine that poked fun at authority figures had great appeal at that time. It raged through Sydney like fires do around here in the summer. It was the stance, the attitude of the magazine, that convulsed a whole generation of people.

PLAYBOY: Why did you feel the need to move the whole operation away from Australia?

NEVILLE: We didn't move the whole operation. Two of the three editors — Martin Sharp and I — moved. There were many contributors to *Oz* at the time so we didn't even think of it as taking it away. I think that like a lot of people in their early twenties I felt that Australia didn't represent the full spectrum of possibilities. There was a desire to travel.

PLAYBOY: The grand tour?

NEVILLE: Yes, exactly, and that's been going on since the Middle Ages. People want to strike out and see what the rest of the world is like. I told everyone I'd be back in six months and I believed it. Martin wanted to fly straight to England because he was infected by all that "swinging London" publicity, but I wanted to stop off in Asia and as soon as I set foot there I loved it. I think I later romanticised to a ridiculous extent the idea of the drifter on the road, but I do like that feeling of very little money, a rucksack, one night in a cheap hotel and a whole new environment.

I drifted from Singapore, well, right across. Martin lasted until Kathmandu, where he got hold of a copy of *Rave* magazine with pictures of The Who looking fabulous and he just got on a plane. He couldn't resist anymore. He wanted to be in those discos. I climbed mountains or sat around, delighted to be doing nothing, which is that great excuse that travel gives us. It's possible that Martin and I talked idly about producing *Oz* in London, but it was more the sort of thing you'd say late at night over a hookah in a Calcutta bazaar, rather than with any serious intent.

PLAYBOY: Had the grapevine made you an underground celebrity by the time you reached London?

NEVILLE: Not at all, but after I'd been there a few weeks a diary columnist from *The Evening Standard* came to interview me, having gotten a telex from Sydney about this young satirist who'd been sent to jail. I felt nervous that I had nothing to tell her so I waxed lyrical about my intentions — which materialised in my mind as I spoke — of publishing a satirical magazine in London. When the diary piece appeared it had a terrific impact and printers and would-be contributors started phoning. In this way I began to meet a lot of expatriates — people like Clive James and Germaine Greer. There seemed to be this repository of talent with nowhere to go and I suppose I was a victim of my own propaganda.

I resisted taking acid for a long time . . . when it happened it was put in my tea. People thought I was so obnoxious that I really needed it.

PLAYBOY: When the magazine took off did you begin to see yourself as a long-term expatriate?

NEVILLE: I think that happened — excuse the pun — by osmosis. The first issue, like most first issues, wasn't very good. But in the second we had a long and rivetting article by a lawyer called Mark Lane saying there might have been more than one assassin of President Kennedy. He'd got short shrift from the BBC but we gave him a go, so a lot of the alienated intelligentsia of London began to use *Oz* as their medium. We began to be a symbol, too, for the people wandering up and down the King's Road in old navy uniforms. There was a terrific satirical streak in people's sartorial expression at that time. London in 1967 was a melting pot for the alienated, the curious, the courageous and the adventurous from all over the world.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have been very taken by the idea of a brotherhood of man. In *Playpower* you talked about "a spontaneous internationalism, a gut solidarity, sharing common aspirations, inspirations". You said, "Long hair is their declaration of independence, pop music their esperanto and they puff pot in their peace pipe." Did that solidarity really exist?

NEVILLE: Well, that came partly from my time on the road, where I'd learnt to sit around and talk with people from everywhere. And partly too, I think, from a guy called John Wilcock who was an underground editor from America and a transatlantic influence. There were Liverpudlian poets and Italian revolutionaries and I was very taken with all of it. I'd come from a very homogeneous culture and suddenly I was confronted with something which was more cosmopolitan, so I tended to romanticise it.

PLAYBOY: Did the global underground really think that everything could be fixed by putting acid in the water supply?

NEVILLE: I don't think I personally ever went that far, although London *Oz* may have published articles by people who were under that illusion. I resisted taking acid for a long time because I was always the last to do anything. When it happened it was actually put into my tea. People thought I was so obnoxious that I really needed it. But I never personally proselytised drugs as potent as acid. I think I said in *Playpower* that drugs are like electricity — they can be very, very dangerous. But I did like the manifestation of acid on some people, the way their stance was altered.

Acid freaks wrote for *Oz* and so did very solid people like Edward de Bono, Colin MacInnes, Alex Cockburn and a lot of new left heavies. It really was a broad spectrum magazine, although when the trial came, it forced *Oz* to be symbolic of a rather narrow side of the underground.

PLAYBOY: How did *Playpower* come about? Did you feel the need to put down your manifesto?

NEVILLE: I think in writing it I became more radicalised by having to think about, say, drugs, politics and sex. Were there implications about drug-taking beyond pure hedonism? I was taken with the originality of the American Yippies. The French mixture of surrealism and politics appealed. Now, in a television show like *Time Was*, they might show a whole decade in half an hour and you'll see three seconds of people being beaten up at the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1968. But those people being beaten up were my friends, people I felt strongly about. I didn't like to see people have their heads split open by cops wielding truncheons. I didn't like to have my friends raided by London detectives and have drugs planted on them. I got angry and when you get angry you get radical.

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PLAYBOY: Three years after you wrote *Playpower* London was very much an Arab city.

NEVILLE: That's true. The underground simply didn't pull the strings at the Bank of England. We had no real power, only the power of rhetoric.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, does it all seem a bit futile?

NEVILLE: I don't think fun is ever futile.

PLAYBOY: Was it fun first, revolution second?

NEVILLE: I think the title of the book is indicative of my feeling. I don't think I was ever one for bloodshed or hurting people, which is what you tend to associate with revolution.

PLAYBOY: But at the same time you and *Oz* lionised the students in Paris.

NEVILLE: They were brave rebels. One tended to see things in black and white. The first political group I ever joined, in London, was The Free France Committee where we raised money to help students who were being hounded by the police to get out of the country. To say that I lionised the French students is inaccurate but I did identify with their suffering and I felt that their arguments for change in French education were overwhelming.

On the broader question, it just seemed that we had the music, the drugs and the ideas and it was logical that after that would come a new way of living, of organising society. It did not come to pass. Society is still functioning, the Houses of Parliament are still standing. But I think the impact of that era is still reverberating. For example, in a recent *New York Times* there was a cover story in the business section on the New Entrepreneur, about the kind of people who start a company called Apple in the back of a VW. I think that is heroic and terrific. There's a quote from the article, "money is the long hair of the '80s", and it goes on about young people in business who haven't gone the way of the big corporations.

I think these people are actually applying a lot of the old ideals of the '60s to entrepreneurship. They're trying to humanise it and they're less obsessive; small is better. A change in my position, I suppose, is that I don't think profit is dishonorable. I didn't think everyone should drop out and do nothing. I recognise there are other ways to contribute. Computers, a good symbol for all of this, have eliminated so much of the drudgery of life. Their development has been a story of initiative, coming not from the corporations but from the backyarders. Where do the backyarders come from? Straight out of the '60s.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever regret having laid down an edict for a generation at the tender age of 30?

NEVILLE: Well, I don't read my past very much. My wife Julie sometimes reads me stuff that seems ludicrous, particularly the sexism. I regret that.

PLAYBOY: You wrote in *Playpower* that "the way to a girl's mind is through her cunt. . ."

NEVILLE: Yes, yes. Well there you are. I don't think I meant anything profound, except that in those days you got to know people very quickly by sleeping with them and you had passionate relationships upon which friendship was later built. The bedroom was as good an arena in which to build a friendship as a dinner party. But I recoil from that line now. I find it quite disgusting.

PLAYBOY: Now that you are the father of a daughter, how do you feel about the episode in *Playpower* in which you describe a fuck you had with a 14-year-old while watching television?

NEVILLE: Well, if Lucy wants to do that when she's 14 then it's all right with me if it's all right with her.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

NEVILLE: Oh . . . [*laughs*]. There'd be a loaded shotgun in easy reach [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: More broadly, has being a parent changed your outlook on life?

NEVILLE: That's so broad it's difficult to answer. If you want to talk about sexuality in men and women then, like a lot of people, I've been slowly evolving since the '60s, but I'm not ready to lay down any kind of edict as to how my daughter should behave. But you'd have to come back when she's 12 or 13 to see if I'm consistent in that.

PLAYBOY: Would you hope that when she's 14 some wretched layabout student editor type didn't. . .

NEVILLE: I think the more likely scenario would be that some Hell's Angel type covered with bike chains would whisk her off to an orgy [*laughs*]. It'd serve me right!

PLAYBOY: You dedicated *Playpower* to your mother and father. Were you being facetious?

NEVILLE: A lot of people thought so at the time, but I felt that I'd written a good book. They brought me into the world and I was saying thank you. The fact that some of the hypotheses of the book wished to demolish the nuclear family didn't lessen the fact that I respected the effort that they'd put into creating it.

PLAYBOY: Did they feel equally proud of their effort?

NEVILLE: Oh, I think my mother was horrified by the book. My father didn't absorb its ideas really. It was just something that his son had done in London. But my mother was certainly horrified by its language, tone and irreverence.

PLAYBOY: Was parental acceptance important to you?

NEVILLE: If it had been terribly important I would have left school and become an accountant, which is what my father wanted me to do. No, my parents produced three very strong-minded children who didn't have that craving to be accepted. I've always felt very grateful that I've never had to cut my cloth to suit their attitudes or conventions.

I went to boarding school, you see, and I didn't even see a woman until I was far too old, late teens, and when I did see them I decided I wanted as many as possible. I didn't cut a devastating figure as a teenager so I didn't have a lot of success with women, so when I got to London and the whole nature of the youth revolution was beginning to free up that area, I thought it was wonderful. A lot of terrific women passed through my life and all of them seemed to be quite happy to have sex. That's all I was trying to express in *Playpower*. Nowhere in it did I say that a woman should be fucked against a wall. I found the attitude of easy sexuality very exciting and I wanted a lot more of it. I could only recommend it to people.

PLAYBOY: Some of your advice to travellers in *Playpower* must have only exacerbated the hippie problem in third world countries. You said, "Begging works in the outer city areas and especially in countries where Europeans are considered a novelty. You can assuage your guilt by dashing off a few pavement drawings, earning up to 15 shillings a day. In emergencies girls can fuck repressed Moslems for a fortune. Couples can make money by letting them 'just lookee'. Throughout the Arab world the youthful male is regarded as having charms quite equal to those of your overworked girlfriend."

NEVILLE: Now wait a minute. That's from a tongue-in-cheek survival guide. Perhaps the irony and mock bravado haven't travelled well over the years. *Playpower* was above all a documentary of the underground. People were doing anything they had to in order to survive on the road without money, and I simply described that. I survived myself by writing film reviews for *Rising Nepal*, but I think I was one of the first journos to travel in those countries and see people behaving in these extraordinary ways and I reported it.

PLAYBOY: So many of the people who were involved in *Oz* or who supported it in the London trials have gone through changes and emerged from them in ways you could never have guessed. Would you care to comment on the more notable ones. Germaine Greer?

NEVILLE: That's difficult because I haven't yet got hold of her current book. I look forward to doing so. Germaine's great quality has always been to make people think anew about a whole range of subjects. All I can say is that in the extract I read in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, in which she was rather laudatory about coitus interruptus, I find myself not in agreement.

PLAYBOY: Getting off at Redfern, as they say . . .

NEVILLE: Exactly. I suspect that her evidence on this subject stems from the farm boys in Tuscany where she lives and I have this picture of them leaning on the fence with a twinkle in their eyes, trying to turn her on to the wonders of this pre-prophylactic activity [*laughter*]. I think Germaine is a wonderful gadfly.

PLAYBOY: Martin Sharp?

NEVILLE: I still see a lot of Martin, he's a good friend. He was an artist when I met him, he's still an artist with every living cell of his body. He leads a completely original life and devotes himself to non-mainstream activities and he has the guts to live out his obsessions. But Australia doesn't produce too many artists of integrity who live the Bohemian's life to the hilt. The more we have the merrier.

PLAYBOY: Richard Walsh?

NEVILLE: Richie was a publisher then and he's a publisher now. He has a terrifically agile and pugnacious mind which I enjoy sparring with from time to time.

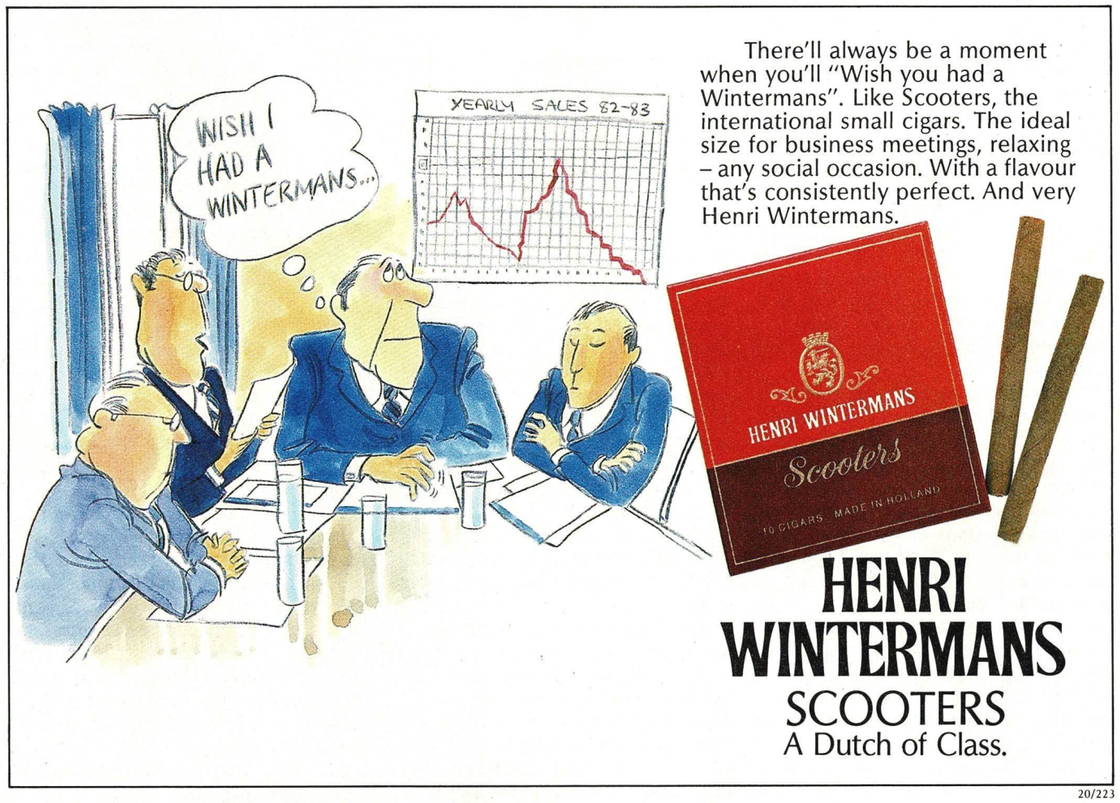
PLAYBOY: Clive James?

NEVILLE: Like Germaine, Clive is blessed with a Rolls-Royce brain. He, Bob Hughes, Clive James and Germaine Greer are the top-of-the-line Rollers associated with *Oz*. I've never known Clive well personally, but I think I can honestly say that I was one of the first to publish him outside varsity circles and I recognised straight away that he was a major literary talent.

PLAYBOY: Timothy Leary?

NEVILLE: I only met Leary quite recently

"You'll have to stop drinking champagne out of ladies' slippers. You have athlete's mouth."



actually. He's one of these people who breeds resentment. People blame him personally for the bad side of the '60s, the acid casualties. I met him when he was writing his autobiography, which I found fascinating as it came off his typewriter. He was quite charming and his demeanor was so youthful that it made me think that LSD, if nothing else, really was the fountain of youth.

PLAYBOY: John Lennon?

NEVILLE: I met him soon after *Playpower* was published when a white Rolls-Royce with a TV aerial pulled up outside my basement flat and I was invited down to Ascot or somewhere to meet him and Yoko. It was a large country estate, I don't remember terribly much about the meeting, but he was very friendly and somehow also sad and isolated. He generously claimed to have been stimulated by the ideas in the book. But it was a very superficial meeting. I got the feeling that I was person number 85 being shipped into the farm that afternoon. However, when the trial started, our supporters got in touch with him and he rallied round. He made a record for us. I remember when I was in jail it was played over the prison radio very loudly and all the other prisoners started singing *God Save Oz*.

Later on, in New York, I met him again through Jerry Rubin. He was doing a television special and he had arranged for various people to represent groups and causes. Jerry was representing the Yippies, Stokely Carmichael was Black Power, and various others. He wanted me to appear and I agreed but the night before the show he phoned and said, "Listen, CBS have looked at the package and they can handle everything except obscenity. Do you mind not doing the program?" [*laughs*] I felt wonderfully radical! But as I was saying, Lennon was very supportive when we needed it. In fact I opened a book the other day and a letter of support fell out. It was signed by John Lennon, Roman Polanski and Victor Lownes. Now there's a bizarre group for you! Obviously they were all at dinner at the London Playboy Club.

PLAYBOY: Did his death affect you in any particular way?

NEVILLE: That's very hard to answer. Shock and misery when the news came through. Do you mean did it alter my life? Of course I was upset, but life is people you know getting wiped out. There were many casualties from that period. I wrote a corny line once, "There is a corner of a foreign field that is forever Woodstock." Kids who worked for us at *Oz* would go off to Morocco and die. It happened.

PLAYBOY: You wrote in *Playpower*, "Australia is compulsively tuned in to the rest of the world, a halfway market between England and America." You've been home for some years now, do you think we've come of age?

NEVILLE: This sounds very cliche'd, but I think that after Whitlam became prime minister, Australians all over the world, probably feeling a bit guilty that they hadn't been here to help it happen, realised there was a new spirit in the air and many of them came home. To be honest though, my return was more accidental. I was invited to do some work for *The Mike Walsh Show*; Julie and I discovered this house. In a way Australia reached out toward me as much as I reached out toward it.

But to answer your question, I think we've got a long way to go. The RSL's ban on Hardy wines because Sir James Hardy dared to suggest we should review the Australian flag belongs to the Australia I thought had long gone. But the worst thing is the chauvinism. While it was hard not to feel chauvinistic about the America's Cup, it's getting to be like that 365 days a year!

PLAYBOY: Do you think Bob Hawke has to accept any responsibility for this rebirth of chauvinism?

NEVILLE: In my lifetime he's the first prime minister who truly seems to represent the qualities of Australia. Whitlam was a minority. Bob Hawke being prime minister is a truthful metaphor of this country. I have grave misgivings about him, particularly over uranium and the Middle East, but I look at him and I see a true blue Aussie.

The emphasis placed on big (sporting) events in Australia creates a wasteland of ockers full of booze and foaming at the mouth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our "flavor of the month" image overseas might be encouraging us to become more aggressively nationalistic?

NEVILLE: Well, there's a good old-fashioned word for all of this — parochialism. The assumption that what goes on here is of rivetting importance to the rest of the world, the terrific excitement we feel when Australia is mentioned on page 58 of a foreign newspaper. When the French newspaper *L'Expresse* devoted a whole issue to Australia there was incredible excitement. I had it translated and it was full of the most appalling mistakes and absurdities [*laughs*]. Look, I get embarrassed about the worst kind of xenophobic ockerism. I think it should be stopped because we don't need to do it.

PLAYBOY: People will be reading this while they watch the Olympic Games on television. Do you find that disturbing?

NEVILLE: The night that we won the America's Cup I was in a motel room in Darwin and I arranged to be woken up at four in the morning. I ordered champagne and watched the race in a mate's room and I was as thrilled as anyone.

PLAYBOY: You watched a sporting event?

NEVILLE: Yes. Let's get that right out of the closet [*laughs*]. I don't have to explain myself, I was swept up in it. I'm not completely immune to the adrenalin and excitement of a sporting occasion. What I'm talking about is the institutionalisation of the weekend, right through our school system, television, newspapers, the whole cultural nexus is completely turned over to a form of activity which I regard as largely a waste of time and probably culturally harmful because it encourages ning nongs to compete with each other. People climb Everest, kids go bushwalking, a few people kick a soccer ball around on a Saturday afternoon. This doesn't fill me with fury, but the emphasis placed on big events creates a wasteland of ockers full of booze, foaming at the mouth and jumping up and down. It's a waste of time!

PLAYBOY: Is a rock concert equally wasteful?

NEVILLE: I'm too old for *Countdown* and too young to die [*laughs*]. When the school band played *Rock Around The Clock* and it reverberated around the assembly hall and I could see the shock on the headmaster's face, that's when I liked rock'n'roll. It seemed, to be corny, to be the voice of one generation pitted against another. I lived within that fantasy for the next 20 years. Now I feel that rock has been institutionalised and that very little original is being said. Occasionally I'll see a wonderful video clip, but the music as a whole no longer has that resonance for me. I can sum it up like this: Mick Jagger was saying more in the context of his early music than Michael Jackson is today.

PLAYBOY: You've dealt with the psychological aspects of unemployment on *The Mike Walsh Show*. What do you think will be the long-term result?

NEVILLE: The most unpopular thing I can say about that is I do think some people are coping very well — the voluntarily unemployed who survive by cultivating the inner self through writing, or playing music, or travelling. This concept is anathema to most Australians, but a small, gifted percentage of the population has been doing this for years. For the bulk of the people long-term unemployment is having an extremely detrimental effect on something as old fashioned as character. I wonder where these people are going to be in 10 or 15 years time. What I find most tragic and frightening is the way their self-esteem drops to such an extent that they are no longer able to get out into the marketplace of life and strut their stuff. They end up in gloomy rooms passing drugs and watching daytime television. Now that's fine, everyone should have a season in hell. But over the long term we are going to produce a spiritually debilitated generation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the long-term unemployed are part of your audience on *The Mike Walsh Show?*

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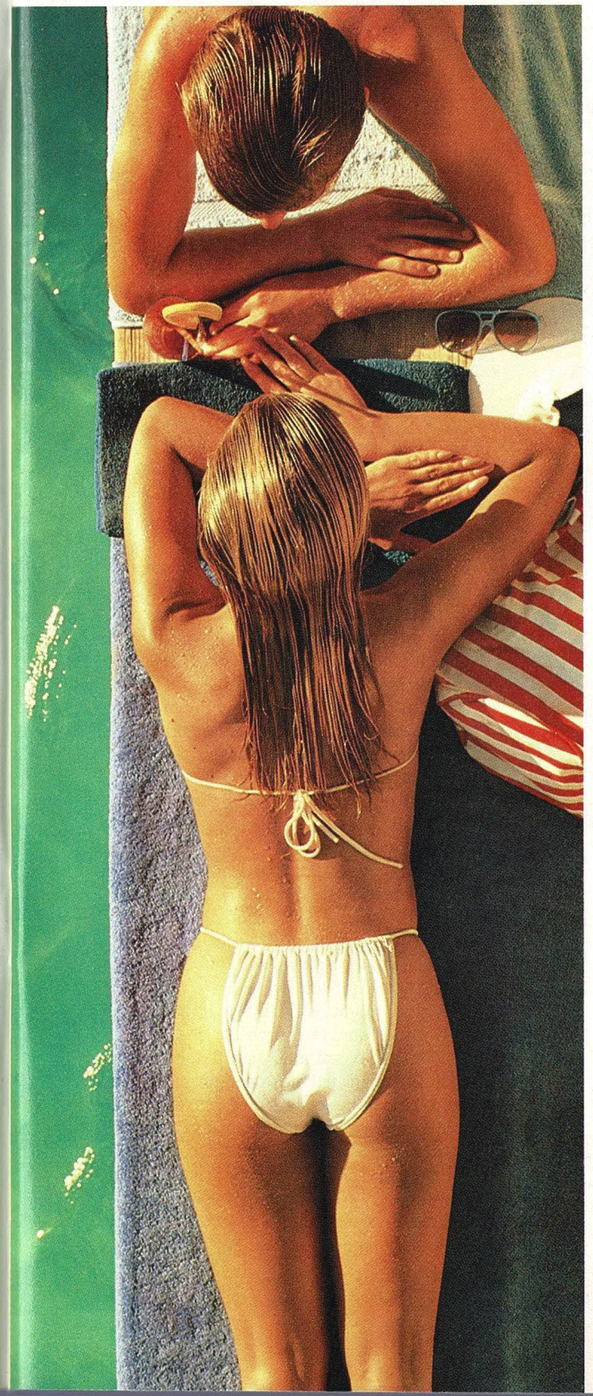

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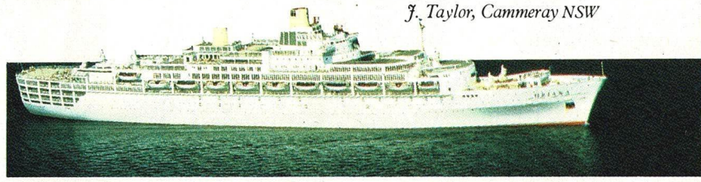

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NEVILLE: I do, and I like that. I like the idea of talking to shiftworkers, housewives and the unemployed. I don't drone on about unemployment all that often, but I do try to present a variety of issues and opinions gathered from my experiences all over the world. My opinions may be wrong, and they're definitely subject to change without notice but my feeling is that there is so much information available now that not much of it gets interpreted. I try to interpret some of it. I'm certainly not ashamed of the audience I reach.

PLAYBOY: We're not suggesting you should be, but, by the same token, do you ever yearn for exposure to night-time audiences?

NEVILLE: Well, let me first say that a lot of people put *The Mike Walsh Show* audience down but I see nothing wrong with being an old lady stuck in the house. She's no less worthy of talking to. My own peers never see me on TV which is a source of great comfort to me, because if I've been ghastly I don't have to be embarrassed. But certainly I hope my Australian television career doesn't end without my having been exposed to people with whom I have a greater social affinity. Sometimes, I would like to transcend the daytime audience.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you?

NEVILLE: Despite what people say, television is a terrifically conservative industry. I mean people aren't on the intercom every five minutes saying "Richard, how about doing a new show?" This doesn't happen. But in any case, being on the Walsh Show leaves me free to pursue other aspects of my life.

PLAYBOY: You've never taken a stance on specific political issues in Australia nor have you been identified with political parties. Why not?

NEVILLE: I take a lot of stances on political issues but I have never joined a political party. I like to comment as a free agent.

PLAYBOY: How does a mellowed radical like yourself view the shift of the Labor Party to the middle ground?

NEVILLE: On issues like uranium and conservation I'm with the extreme left, but with Aborigines I think Holding is totally in tune.

I admire Charles Perkins very much. He's a man who can look you in the eye and tell you why he admired Malcolm Fraser. His beliefs go beyond the party posturing. And character is more important than politics.

PLAYBOY: Do you take much of an interest in Australian art and literature?

NEVILLE: I wish I'd read more Australian literature. I'm in a state of perpetual guilt that I don't. I read the reviews but for some reason I've lapsed in that regard.

PLAYBOY: The gay scene in Sydney?

NEVILLE: If you're going to ask me if I'm gay the interview is terminated [*laughs*]. I'm sombre [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Has the sexual pulse of the city changed?

NEVILLE: Oxford Street on a Thursday night, having done that, is good fun ...

PLAYBOY: Having done what?

NEVILLE: All of it. The Midnight Shift and all that. It's terrific that Sydney has become so tolerant that we can have an overt gay scene. The next important thing is for the heterosexuals to win back their confidence so that they can make certain criticisms of gay art forms if gay artists intend to speak for all humanity. There is a danger of a gay pantheon. The gay world view ought not to become the only world view. Gays are so used to flexing their muscles in the back rooms of gyms that there is a little bit of a danger that brawn has gone to their brain. It would be sad for Sydney if they became the arbiters of taste. Now please don't misquote me on any of this. I don't want to be found wearing cement shoes at the back of the Midnight Shift.

PLAYBOY: Has herpes finished off the sexual revolution?

NEVILLE: The new celibacy. There are two aspects: at the height of the promiscuous '60s, diseases began to manifest themselves and my attitude then was that you just took pills and they vanished. Sexual disease can partially explain the retreat into a more celibate stance, but it's not the whole story. The other aspect is that people who are still lonely after a lot of screwing around simply ask themselves if they want to go on doing it. Obviously we all rooted like rabbits in the '60s because in the '50s we were told not to. Now people have done that. You dance for a while and then you sit down.

PLAYBOY: As people have rooted like rabbits in previous ages, do you think this may be cyclical?

NEVILLE: Well, the '20s were apparently quite unbelievable, and the 1890s also. Perhaps there'll be another surge of orgiastic behavior in the 1990s, which is perfectly fine. I'll keep my holster oiled.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that your daughter might ask you to put your dope away and come to church?

NEVILLE: No, not at all, and I don't worry that she might tell me to put down my beer and come to an orgy either. Lucy is going to have the power and the energy to thread her own way through this minefield of existence because of the love and nurturing she gets in this house. I have never replaced one set of shibboleths with another. All I've ever been about was knocking them down.

"The point is, John, that if we aren't rescued soon, one or other of us is going to go crazy."

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DEATH OF A BLUES BROTHER

John Belushi died for his pleasure, not yours

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON of Thursday, October 25, 1979, John Landis, the director of *The Blues Brothers* movie, was in a rage as he got up and moved across the set. The film crew was waiting to begin the next scene. It was day 64 on location, nearly the last day of filming in Chicago, and John Belushi was refusing to come out of his private trailer.

Like many in the movie business, Landis kept in close touch with the Hollywood grapevine. The gossip about his project was painful, yet true. The film was weeks behind schedule and millions over budget. Drugs were readily available on the set. The executives at Universal Studios were pressuring Landis to get control of his movie. They had rushed it into production without much thought following the enormous success of *National Lampoon's Animal House* and the Blues Brothers hit record.

Landis felt like a helpless onlooker in his own movie. His mood alternated between giddiness and despair. He was eager to solve the problem of John's irresponsibility once and for all.

Landis reached the trailer and opened the door. There sat Belushi, a ghastly, bloated, semi-adult parody of the fraternity slob Bluto, his character in *Animal House*. His curly black hair was dishevelled; his gaze was fixed at a point several feet in front of his eyes. Cognac had been spilled all over. There was urine on the floor. On a table was a high white mound of cocaine.

"John, you're killing yourself!" Landis shouted. "This is economically unfeasible. Do not do this to my movie!"

John's head bobbed up and down.

"Don't do this to me. Don't do this to Judy. Don't to it to yourself!"

Belushi just stared.

"I'm going to get the stills man and get pictures of this and show it to you," Landis threatened.

John gave no sign, not even a shrug, that he was comprehending.

Was there no way out of this madness? Landis wondered. He scooped up the white powder, carried it over to the toilet and flushed it.

John stood unsteadily, muttering, and began advancing on Landis — 220 pounds to Landis's 165. Landis made a tight fist, reeled back and hit John square in the face. John went down. Landis didn't know who was more surprised, but he thought, My God, I just slugged the star of my movie — a friend — and he's big enough to kill me.

John didn't get up; he didn't move. He lowered his head and burst into tears. "I'm so ashamed, so, so ashamed." He rose, trembling, and threw his arms around Landis. "Please understand!"

Landis didn't. What was John finding in drugs? So much was being placed in jeopardy — career, family, life itself. Why? he asked.

"I need it. I need it," John replied weakly. "You couldn't possibly understand."

Judy Belushi, John's wife, arrived at John's trailer about two hours later, just as the sun was setting. John was asleep. He woke up a few minutes later and poured out his story. He'd been downtown in Chicago when a call had come at 4pm ordering him out to the set at once for a dusk shot; he didn't get on the road until 4.30 and got caught in the rush-hour traffic and was late.

Judy tried to downplay the incident.

"You don't understand," John said, on the verge of tears. "You don't understand what they've done . . . they've humiliated me."

He did not say that Landis had hit him but simply that Landis was placing all the blame and guilt for the delay on him. John said he felt betrayed, particularly after all the times he'd spent waiting around to do a scene or being called for no reason. He claimed the movie was a disorganised mess.

"They can't treat me like this," John said. "I've been working too hard. They can't blame me for fucking the whole day, costing them money." He said he wanted some cocaine.

"No," Judy said.

"I've got to have it. I can't possibly do this scene without it." But the cocaine had been flushed down the toilet. John took out more cognac and beer and began drinking fast. When Landis came back to the trailer to say John had to come for the scene, John screamed, "Fuck you! I'm not ready. Get out of here or I'll kill you!" Landis hesitated, then left.

Given the mood in the trailer, Judy decided to join John in drinking the cognac and beer. You either joined John or were quickly left behind.

All John's friends learned that sooner or later. Carrie Fisher, for one, was pleased with her role as his girlfriend in the movie, but Belushi's drug problem was completely out of control.

Article by BOB WOODWARD
Assisted by JOHN WARD ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLARDSON AND WHITE

"I'm an addict!" he had once shouted at her. He didn't mean drugs. He was referring to his life, the excitement, the possibility of more.

Fisher and Belushi formed a close relationship. She was attracted to his inability to handle his own intensity, enrolling everyone around him. "*I've got an idea!*" he would yell with conviction. John seemed always to be starting a club. Intuitively, he could gather up all the loose energy in the room, amplify it and change everything. Fisher trusted him; she couldn't find it in herself to judge him.

She figured John was taking about four grams of cocaine a day, but it was difficult to tell. He had so much that she would kid him, "Hey, give us some." Fisher knew both the appeal and the dreadful toll of drugs.

As Judy was trying to reduce John's drug intake, she had laid down a law at the Blues Bar, which John and his partner, Dan Aykroyd, had reopened as a private retreat in Chicago. "No coke at the bar." Judy would argue to people offering cocaine, "I know you don't want to hurt John."

One night at the bar, Fisher was asked to keep an eye on John. He pulled out a big stash of coke and passed it to her. "You want some blow?" he asked.

"Should you be doing that?" she replied, trying to be a good enforcer.

"*You want some or not?*" John screamed.

She decided to let others play cop. That role wasn't for her.

●

On Saturday, October 27, Landis filmed the final scene in Chicago, the blowing up of a gas station; and on Sunday, the cast and crew headed for Los Angeles for three more months of filming and technical work to complete the film.

After spending several nights at the Beverly Hills Hotel, John and Judy moved into Candice Bergen's house, which they rented for $2000 a month. It was a small, elegant cottage/cabin hidden in several dozen acres of woods in Coldwater Canyon, 15 minutes from Universal Studio, where they were filming.

On Friday night, November ninth, John and Judy went over to the house of Ron Wood of The Rolling Stones and free-based cocaine for the first time. Wood wrote out the instructions on how to heat and purify street cocaine and then inhale the fumes. They left early, about 1.30am. Judy wrote in her diary, "Good time. We need to blow out every once in a while."

The filming proceeded at a reasonable pace through Christmas. On New Year's Eve, the Belushis' third wedding anniversary, they gave a party at their house with three cases of champagne. Unexpected guests included Cher and California governor Jerry Brown. John turned 31 on January 24.

The filming took another week, and on February 1, 1980, Landis was finished, figuring he had enough to put the movie together.

Soon after, John disappeared. No one had any idea where he had gone, not Judy nor Landis nor Aykroyd.

At any moment, Landis expected to hear a news broadcast: "John Belushi, the famous comedian, was found dead . . ." A few days later, John popped up, acting as if nothing had happened and seemingly unaware of the anguish he had caused. Landis felt obligated to make a serious effort to do something and called Judy. He told her that John needed help, that they had to get him treated, hospitalised, detoxed — formally committed if necessary.

Judy agreed; she'd do anything to stop him, she said. Moderation hadn't worked.

John first came to terms with his excesses back in November 1976 when he went to see Dr Michael A. Rosenbluth, a prominent Fifth Avenue physician.

Saturday Night Live, the late night satire show on American television, which made John a star, was just embarking on its fantastic success.

Dr Rosenbluth had practised medicine for 17 years and had previously run a drug-addiction clinic for eight years. He asked John for his personal medical history and stressed the need for him to be honest and complete. As John spoke, Rosenbluth wrote in his file:

Smokes three packs a day.
Alcohol drinks socially.
Medications: Valium occasionally.
Marijuana four to five times a week.
Cocaine — snort daily, main habit.
Mescaline — regularly.
Acid — 10 to 20 trips.
No heroin.
Amphetamines — four kinds.
Barbiturates (Quaalude habit).

Rosenbluth questioned John about his excessive cocaine use and said he absolutely *had* to stop.

"I give so much pleasure to so many people," John said. "Why can't I get some pleasure for myself? Why do I have to stop?"

"Because you'll kill yourself," Rosenbluth replied.

"My whole life is being conducted for me, schedules are set and I have to be there," John said. It was exhausting and oppressive. Cocaine was relief.

"I want you to see a psychiatrist."

John greeted the doctor's advice with considerable hostility; there was no need and he had no time. The drugs were not that much of a problem: there was no heroin; he wasn't injecting anything. Judy was the most important person in his life, and he wouldn't do anything to hurt her.

"That's why you'd better quit," Rosenbluth said.

"I'm addicted to Quaaludes," John confessed; he needed them to sleep. Rosenbluth wrote him a prescription for 30.

●

The glorious summers on Martha's Vineyard, the exclusive island retreat north of New York, were legendary. John and Judy had bought a huge house on the beach and whenever they used it, Judy could almost see John pull the plug, wind down and relax. Aykroyd was at his own house on the island, and John often used the hot tub there or fell asleep on a couch. He loved the island life. Driving around in his black jeep on simple errands gave him pleasure. He'd stop at Sandy's for a fishburger or at Alley's to see if there were any new Conan comic books or at the market for fresh swordfish. He got oysters in nearby Tisbury Great Pond and barbecued steaks and hamburgers. He built a model airplane, watched afternoon soap operas or whatever was on TV. He spent many afternoons at Larry

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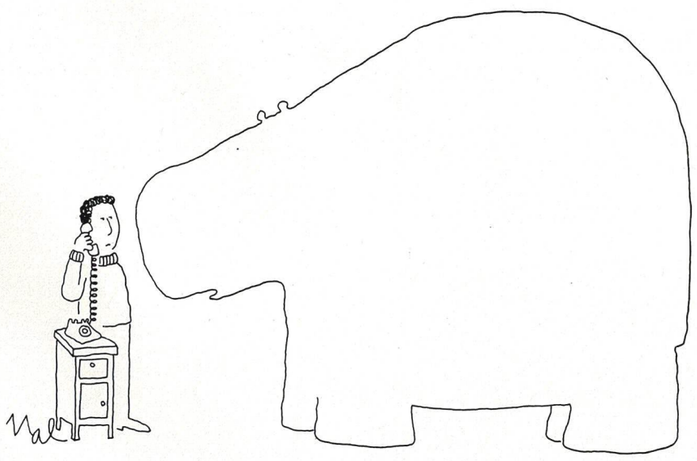


"Ask her if she has a friend for me."

"Hey fella, yeah you! No diving."

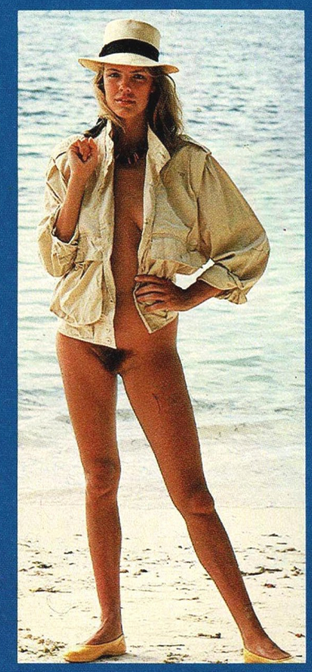
SIREN OF THE SEA

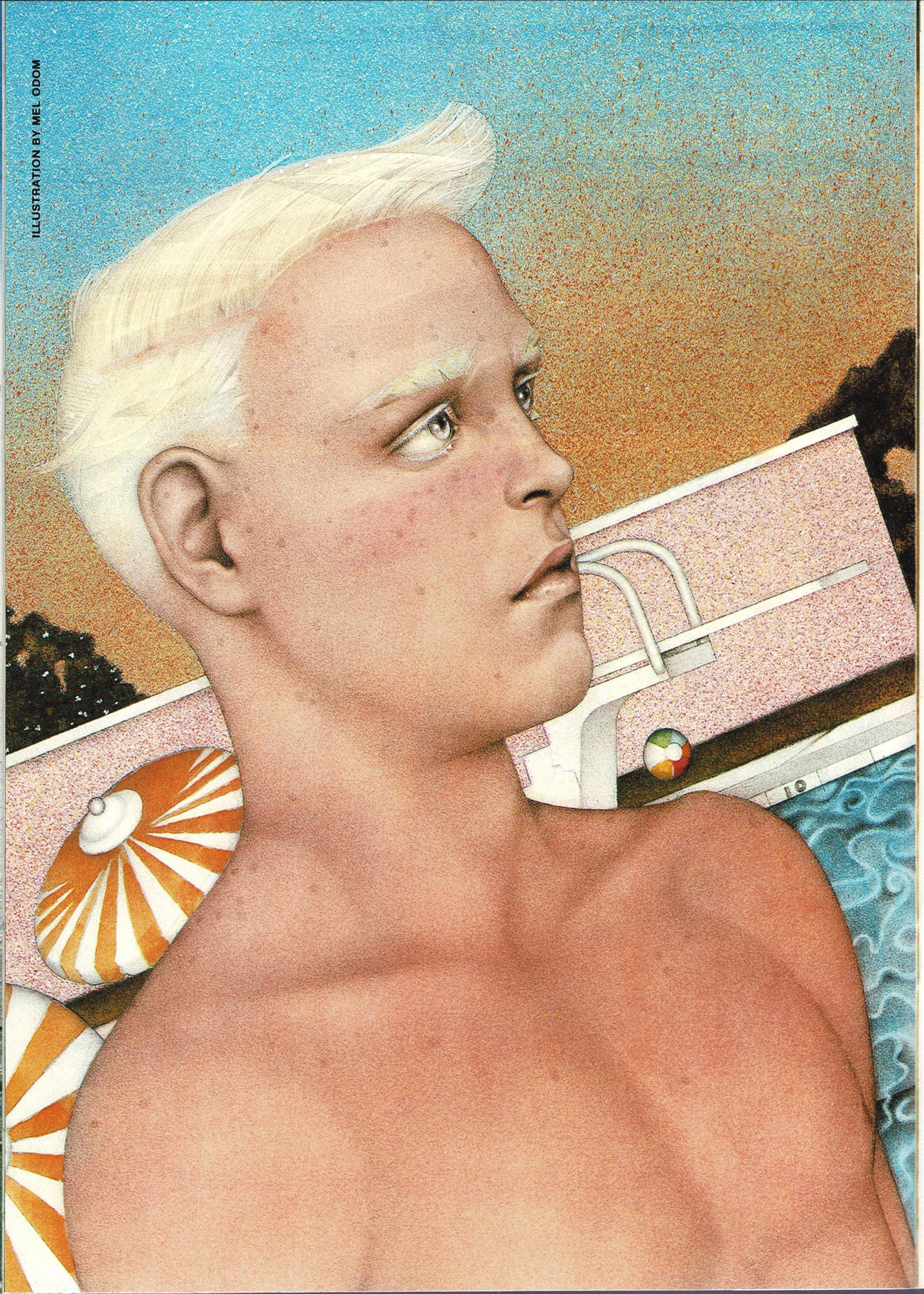
Shapely Mia Francis says the sea is her second home

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PIERRE BOURGEOIS

Lovely Mia Francis is no dizzy dame. This blonde, blue-eyed bombshell has her sights set on a career that will combine work with play — she wants to become a scuba-diving instructor. So next time you're down in the depths of the ocean keep your eyes wide open as you just never know what treasures you may come across.

Mia's favorite fantasy is making love at the water's edge with the waves lapping over her body. "The best time would be just as the sun starts slipping over the horizon," she smiles. "Maybe that sounds a bit corny but I find that time of day very sensual. The light is so caressing. And of course sea water is such an expressive medium. It's just like my second home. I wonder if that's got anything to do with the fact I'm a Scorpio?"





"Company,
tenshun!"
Snap.
"Company,
forward —
harch!"
Tromp, tromp.
"Company
halt!"
Tromp, rattle,
clump.
"Eyes right."
Whisper.
"Eyes left."
Rustle.
"About face!"
Tromp, scrape,
tromp. . .

Dad wants his boy to obey every word he says — to the death

BY THE NUMBERS

Fiction by
RAY BRADBURY

In the sunlight, a long time ago, the man shouted and the company obeyed. By a hotel pool under a Los Angeles sky in the summer of '52, there was the drill sergeant and there stood his team.

"Eyes front! Head up! Chin in! Chest out! Stomach sucked in. Shoulders back, dammit, *back!*"

Rustle, whisper, murmur, scratch, silence.

And the drill sergeant, walking forward, dressed in bathing trunks by the edge of that pool to fix his cold, blue-water gaze on his company, his squad, his team, his —

Son.

A boy of nine or 10, standing stiffly upright, staring arrow-straight ahead at military nothings, shoulders starched, as his father paced, circling him, barking commands, leaning in at him, mouth crisply enunciating the words. Both father and son were dressed in bathing togs and, a moment before, had been cleaning the pool area, arranging towels, sweeping with brooms. But now, just before noon:

"Company! By the numbers! One, two!"

"Three, four!" cried the boy.

"One, two!" shouted the father.

"Three, four!"

"Company halt, shoulder arms, present arms, tuck that chin, square those toes, hup!"

The memory came and went like a badly projected film in an old re-run cinema. Where had it come from, and why?

I was on a train heading north from Los Angeles to San Francisco. I was in the bar-car, alone, late at night, except for the barman and a young-old stranger who sat directly across from me, drinking his second martini.

The old memory had come from him.

Three metres away, his hair, his face, his startled blue and wounded eyes had suddenly cut the time stream and sent me back.

In and out of focus, I was on the train, then beside that pool, watching the hurt, bright gaze of this man across the aisle, hearing his father 30 years ago, and watching the son, 10,000 afternoons ago, wheeling and pivoting, turning and freezing, presenting imaginary arms, shouldering imaginary rifles.

"Tenshun!" barked the father.

"Shun!" echoed the son.

"My God," whispered Sid, my best friend, lying beside me in the hot, noon light, staring.

"My God, indeed," I muttered.

"How long has *this* been going on?"

"Years, maybe. Looks that way. Years."

"Hut, two!"

"Three, four!"

A church clock nearby struck noon; time to open the pool bar.

"Company. . . *harch!*"

A parade of two, the man and boy strode across the tiles toward the half-locked gates on the open-air bar.

"Company, halt. Ready! Free locks! Hut!"

The boy snapped the locks wide.

"Hut!"

The boy flung the gate aside, jumped back, stiffened, waiting.

"Bout face, forward, harch!"

When the boy had almost reached the rim of the pool and was about to fall in, the father, with the wryest of smiles, called quietly: ". . . halt."

The son teetered on the edge of the pool.

"God damn," whispered Sid.

The father left his son there standing skeleton stiff and flagpole erect, and went away.

Sid jumped up suddenly, staring at this.

"Sit down," I said.

"Christ, is he going to leave the kid just *waiting* there!?"

"Sit down, Sid."

"Well, for God's sake, that's inhuman!"

"He's not your son, Sid," I said, quietly. "You want to start a real fight?"

"Yeah!" said Sid. "Dammit!"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Yes, it would. I'd like to beat hell —"

"Look at the boy's *face,* Sid."

A boy of nine or 10, standing stiffly upright, staring arrow-straight ahead at military nothings as his father paced, barking commands . . .

Sid looked and began to slump.

The son, standing there in the burning glare of sun and water, was proud. The way he held his head, the way his eyes took fire, the way his naked shoulders carried the burden of goad or instruction, was all pride.

It was the logic of that pride which finally caved Sid in. Weighted with some small despair, he sank back down to his knees.

"Are we going to have to sit here all afternoon, and watch this dumb game of —," Sid's voice rose in spite of himself, "— Simon Says?"

The father heard. In the midst of stacking towels on the far side of the pool, he froze. The muscles on his back played like a pinball machine, making sums. Then he turned smartly, veered past his son who still stood balanced on the pool's rim, gave him a glance, nodded with intense, scowling approval, and came to cast his iron shadow over Sid and myself.

"I will thank you, sir," he said, quietly, "to keep your voice down, to not confuse my son —"

"I'll say any damn thing I want!" Sid started to get up.

"No, sir, you will not." The man pointed his nose at Sid; it might just as well have been a gun. "This is my pool, my turf. I have an agreement with the hotel; their territory stops out there by the gate. If I'm to run a clean, tucked-in shop, it is to be with total authority. Any dissidents, *out. Bodily.*

"On the gymnasium wall inside you'll find my jiu-jitsu, black-belt, boxing and rifle-marksman certificates. If you try to shake my hand, I will break your wrist. If you sneeze, I will crack your nose. One word and your dental surgeon will need two years to reshape your smile. Company, *tenshun!*"

The words all flowed together.

His son stiffened at the rim of the pool.

"Forty laps! Hut!"

"Hut!" cried the boy, and leaped.

His body striking the water and his beginning to swim furiously stopped Sid from any further outrage. Sid shut his eyes.

The father smiled at Sid, and turned to watch the boy churning the summer waters to a foam.

"There's everything I never was," he said. "Gentlemen."

He gave us a curt nod and stalked away.

Sid could only run and jump in the pool. He did 20 laps himself. Most of the time, the boy beat him. When Sid came out, the blaze was gone from his face when he threw himself down.

"Christ," he muttered, his face buried in his towel, "some day that boy will murder that son-of-a-bitch!"

"As a Hemingway character once said," I replied, watching the son finish his 35th lap, "wouldn't it be nice to *think* so?"

●

The final time, the last day I ever saw them, the father was still marching about briskly, emptying ashtrays (no one could empty them the way *he* could), straightening tables, aligning chairs and lounges in military rows, and arranging fresh white towels on benches in crisp mathematical stacks. Even the way he swabbed the deck was geometrical. In all his marching, fixing and re-aligning, only on one occasion did he snap his head up, flick a gaze to make sure his squad, his platoon, his company still stood frozen by the hour, a boy like a ramrod guidon, his hair blowing in the summer wind, eyes straight to the late afternoon horizon, mouth clamped, chin tucked, shoulders back.

I could not help myself. Sid was long gone. I waited on the balcony of the hotel overlooking the pool, having a final drink, not able to take my gaze off the marching father and the statue son. At dusk, the father double-timed it to the outer gate and almost as an afterthought called over his shoulder, "Tenshun! Squad right. One, two —"

"Three, four!" cried the boy.

The boy strode through the gate, feet clubbing the cement as if he wore boots. He marched off toward the parking lot as his father snap-locked the gate with a robot's ease, took a fast scan around, raised his stare, saw me, and hesitated. His eyes burned over my face. I felt my shoulders go

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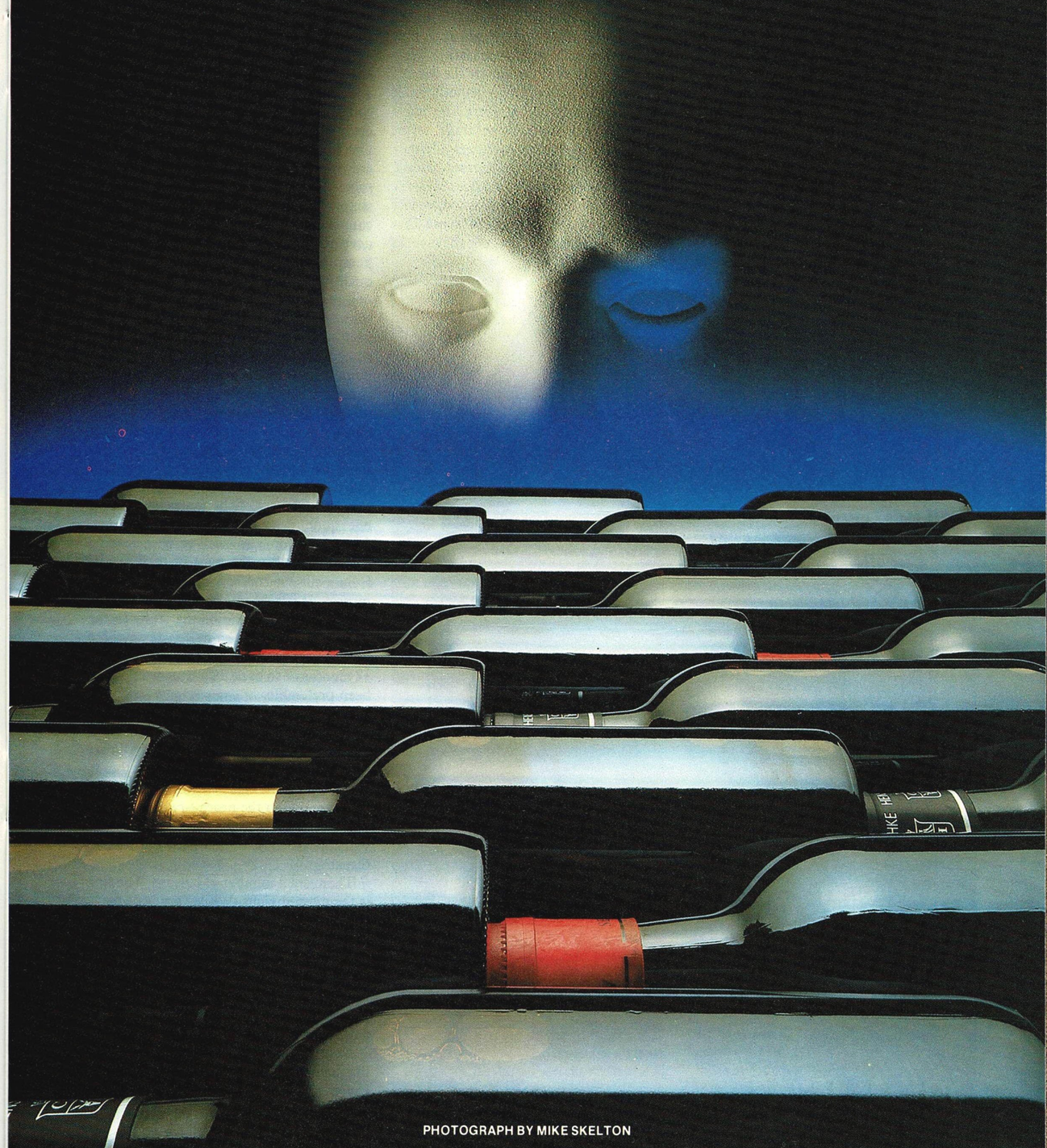
HOW TO START A WINE CELLAR

Your first steps to wine wisdom should be the steadiest

ONE OF THE major problems of establishing a wine cellar in Australia is that the building industry is strongly against the whole idea. One can have dressing rooms; master, minor and juvenile bathrooms; entertainment space; whirlpool foam tub areas with artificial lawns; combination swimming pool and barbecue sets; saunas and special areas for the

Article by **RICHARD BECKETT**



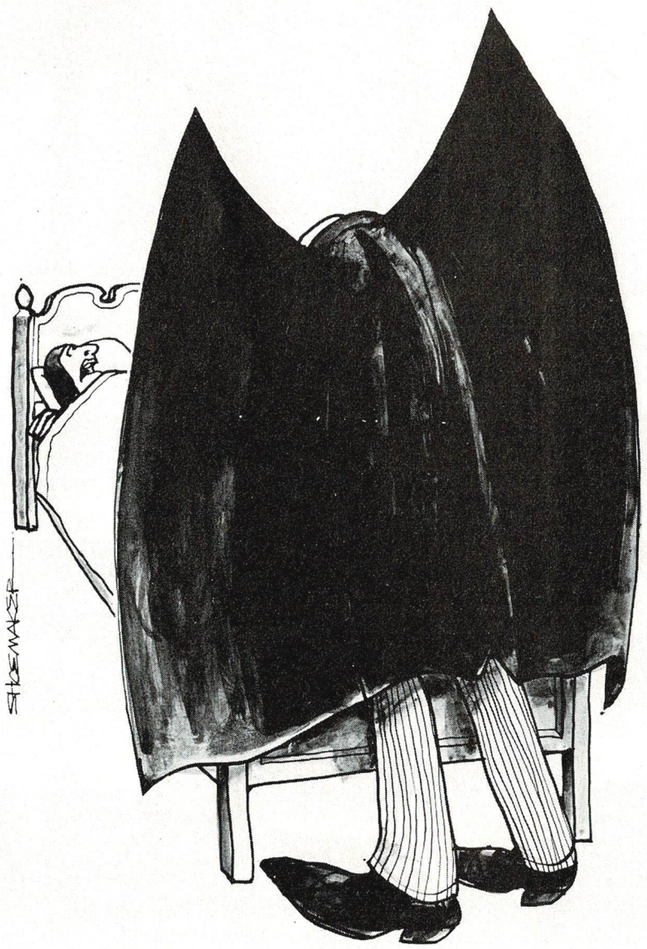
PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE SKELTON

dog. None of these are a problem, understand. The people who run raffles in Queensland go a step further. They will even throw in the odd horse or two for the lucky winner. But no one, absolutely no one, will give you a place to keep your wine.

Beer doesn't matter. You simply throw cases of the stuff into the laundry until you have enough room in the bar fridge or, in a terrible rage, have thrown all the leftovers out of the refrigerator. And spirits are easy: not only do they not improve in the bottle but, because of their high alcoholic content, they cannot possibly go bad as long as they are kept sealed. They can be kept anywhere — in the roof or the lavatory cistern, for instance, if one lives in a certain type of household or handily beside the bath if one lives in another.

Keeping wine is a different matter entirely. But before one talks about how to put wines down and what types of wines merit this treatment, it is more than instructive to comment on what one should *not* be bothered with under any circumstances.

The majority of wines now produced in Australia are quite deliberately manufactured (and there is no crime in this) for immediate consumption. This has got everything to do with the pressures of corporate company owners, a (sometimes) misguided belief as to "what the public wants" and, at the day-to-day end of the scale, a somewhat belated realisation by winemakers that most consumers will take a glass or a dozen of either red or white still wine without caring about the blasted alcoholic quality. This is why flagon and cask still whites and reds of no pedigree whatsoever (and which can vary from the tolerably well made to bloody awful) now dominate the bulk of the wine market. They are no big deal; they are simply the wine of the country to be consumed without either much thought or much worry. To use a couple of pretentious wine trade terms (which in themselves mean bugger-all), they have no "nose", they have no front, middle or back palate, and there is no need to worry about their fruit to acid balance as there just isn't any. Another thing in their favor is that they cannot be "corked". No one sticks corks in casks.



"Suck, suck, suck. . . doesn't anyone screw anymore?"

Slightly above this level (and sometimes only very slightly indeed) are wines that come in bottles. Of course all sparkling wines — whether they are made by the natural fermentation method or are artificially carbonated — must be in bottles with a strong seal. I am waiting for the day when some maniac of a chemist announces that he or she has managed to develop champagne in a cask. It should be bloody interesting, not to say extremely messy, when one sticks one's thumb on the little plastic tap.

But back to the still red and white wines. Most of them (and we are not talking about discounting) between the $3 and $4 mark are aimed at immediate consumption. By and large they are released when the company concerned believes, however erroneously, that they are ready to drink. One might as well drink them because they are going nowhere; many of them are somewhat extraordinary blends. Others can simply be very honest wines that the company's winemaker knows will not develop any further and thus there is no point in keeping them for the so-called quality trade.

But in many respects (and to further confuse the issue) there really never ever has been any quality trade in this country. Until comparatively recently, it made up about point one of one percent on the wine consumption tables compiled by the Bureau of Statistics. Everyone else regarded still red and white wines as "something rather nasty as drunk by foreigners" or went for the high alcohol content provided by so-called Australian sherries, ports and muscats. The era of the fourpenny dark is not quite dead at the time of writing. Several major and well-respected wine companies still make most of their profits from a curious confection known as brown muscat. It is sold in large containers. And not only shearers imbibe the stuff. In the spirit of "one might as well taste anything once," I sampled a flagon of the stuff about 12 months or so back. Bay Rum would have been preferable.

At this stage, one is quite entitled to ask (given the hopeless architecture of one's dwelling, plus the gloom about the lower end of the winebuying scale) why bother to put down a wine cellar at all? Why not just go out and grab the nearest bottle of steam that a discount store has to offer and get on with the business of getting it down one's throat?

There are a number of reasons. The first is the most obvious. While very little wine, to use the old pub raffle phrase, has fallen off the back of a truck, by the time it reaches any liquor outlet it has done an awful lot of travelling — from the vineyard to the warehouse to the middleman buyer and finally to the shop. And then you've got to get it home.

Now while human beings may claim to like jogging up and down, wine hates this experience.

So even if one decides that this cellaring business is basically for the pretentious, a nice little lie-down in a cool place for a month or perhaps three will do even the most ordinary of vintages a power of good. There is, of course, no way that it will develop in this short time. Wines are rather like children, and it takes them quite a long time to get rid of many of their juvenile idiocies. Others never, ever get over such idiocies — they just get meaner and nastier. However, instead of wearing the "hempen necktie", as many good and true Australians once used to do, they simply get executed by being either poured down the sink or used to poison the chooks.

For this very short resting period, almost any place will do except under the bed if you do a lot of bouncing around at night. Assuming that even for these short-term lie-downs one is buying by the dozen, the simplest thing to do is to leave the wine in its case and store it, lying flat naturally (wines don't sleep standing up any more than humans do), in the coolest room in the house. The back of a wardrobe or the bottom of a built-in 'robe is as good a place as any. Don't keep it in an area of the house which gets lots of heat or continuous sunlight. And on the other hand, don't keep it in a place that gets a lot of wet damp. The steam of the laundry, in other words, is right out.

As to temperature — and this applies as much to back-of-the-wardrobe storage as it does to a full-scale wine cellar — although experts will disagree with one another, it is generally conceded that near-perfect conditions are in an area of the house where the temperature does not fali below 10C and does not rise above 15C. This is Utopia, and most people simply cannot achieve it. For starters, any human using the room would have to stump around the place dressed in the manner of Scott of the Antarctic. However, it is best if one can find a place where the temperature does not get above 20C even at the height of one of our notorious summers. If it does rise above this point the wine is going to suffer. It more or less "boils", in other words.

As for *proper* storage cellars, as I have remarked, they just don't come with project homes, nor with just about any dwelling built after the turn of the century. If you are a very rich bachelor this doesn't matter at all. You simply insulate the third bedroom, get a lot of wine racks made and slam in some air-conditioning. You also get some nice handy bloke to run up some "tasting furniture", and go off to the races or whatever. Most of us are not that lucky.

A technical note here: people who build their own wine racks should ensure that they are firmly anchored. The *forward thrust* of a wall of wine is, to say the least, formidable. And unlike a wall of books there's a lot of liquid dollar notes lying around after the crash. And I know as it happened to me once.

A number of friends of mine who have houses on slopes have managed to "develop" what can only be termed hands-and-knees cellars. They crawl under the floorboards and fix up some rough insulation (usually of fibreglass) and then spend a number of years fighting for possession of the wine with the redbacks, who believe it rightfully belongs to them as an excellent fornication and birth delivery area. Others, who are more sensible, make feature walls in living or entertaining rooms out of terracotta pipe lengths. Not everyone's idea of home decorating, however, includes a wall of what are basically sewer pipes. But when one considers it, they are no worse than the pictures of those white horses stampeding through the surf or that rather ubiquitous Lady With The Green Face. It more or less depends on one's view of life.

If you are lucky enough to get a place with a cellar, make sure that it isn't soaking wet and also make sure that it has some ventilation (ventilation holes can be usually cut quite easily). Damp rots winecorks.

If you've got a real cellar, you can make your wine racks out of any material that pleases you or that you stole from the local tip. Avoid softwoods where possible because they attract vermin (of the boring and beetle-like variety). Australian hardwood, on the other hand (if one is still

(continued page 129)

A DOZEN TO GO DOWN

Anyone who is rich enough can drink expensively. That doesn't necessarily mean that they are going to drink well. They can drink very badly indeed despite the outlay. Some years back, one of Australia's wine judges of more than tolerable reputation rather snottily (but truthfully) remarked that Americans were so pig-ignorant about wine that they "drank labels" rather than the liquid. He went on to add, again with some nationalistic satisfaction, that the very rich United States businessmen had managed to export this odious custom to the Japanese.

One must admit that from time to time we do a bit of label-drinking ourselves. But, to give our wine companies *some credit*, at the top end of their lists they tend not to doctor the vintages with dried figs, pure spirit, cane-sugar concentrate or bulk-wine essences from Algeria. This perhaps is damning with faint praise.

Anyway, if I were very rich and could afford to cast aside the cask of Riverina grenache forever I would put a few Australian *labels* down for safety's sake. Also, because I was indeed rolling in folding ever-extendable credit cards of the gold-plated variety, I would put down some for amusement; just for the hell of it you understand.

What follows is my *subjective* dozen:

Reds

Penfolds Grange — because it exists.
Penfolds St Henri — for exactly the same reason.
Tim Knappstein's Enterprise Wines Cabernet Sauvignon — an interesting winemaker with an interesting approach to the whole business.
Taylors Cabernet Sauvignon — I like the style of this company's wines. Others do not. Tough. I would like to see how it stands up after five years and again after 10.
Petaluma 1980 Cabernet Sauvignon-Shiraz — 1980 has been claimed to be the best wine year the Coonawarra area of South Australia has ever had. In some quarters the vintage has been hailed as "the wine of the century". Taking the cork of one of them in 10 years' time could prove every Australian writer to be a complete fool or not, as the case may be.
Wynns Coonawarra Estate Cabernet Sauvignon — once again the 1980 vintage.
Redman Cabernet Sauvignon, 1982 — an excellent vintage from Coonawarra.
Cape Mentelle Cabernet Sauvignon — from the cool areas of Western Australia. A very interesting wine to watch after five and then 10 years.
Wolf Blass — no style given here because almost anything from that Germanic blender can be interesting. Some of his offerings also can be curious. More or less a flip-a-coin affair.
Woodleys Queen Adelaide Claret — this South Australian offering is not easy to find. Many people like it (including myself), but I am exceedingly curious as to what it might do in the bottle. This wine is usually fairly inexpensive.

Whites

Cullens Sauvignon Blanc from Cullens Willyabrup Wines in Western Australia — said to be the *only* Australian chablis that has managed to achieve a true "straw" aroma, a clear sign of a winner. Five years on the rack should do it proud.

Sweet Wines

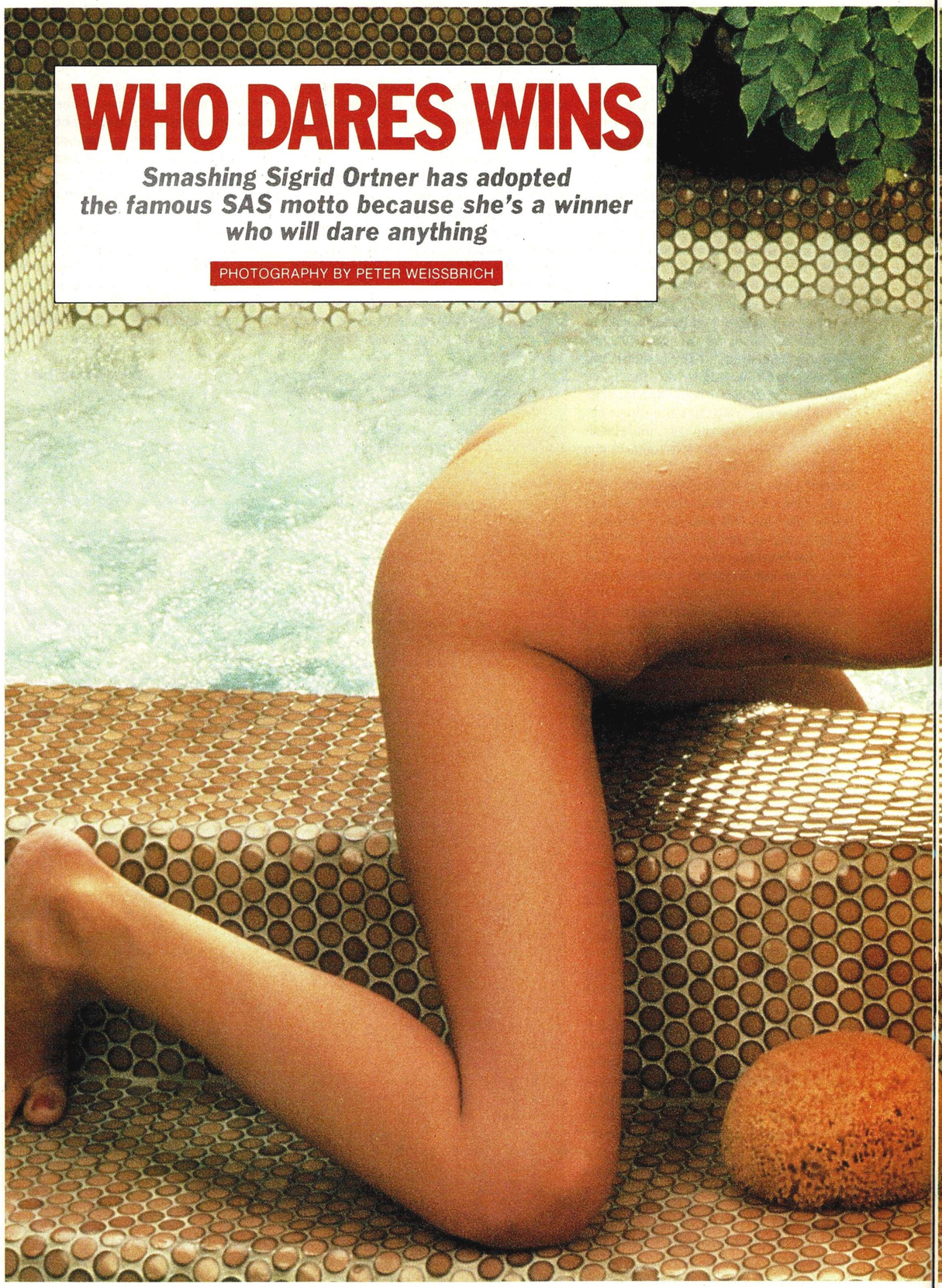
Seppelts Sauternes (1981 vintage) — on tasting this I found it somewhat curious, but as sweet whites have been very much out of fashion for decades in this country, I would like to give it a go for, once again, five years. It might be interesting. On the other hand it might be bloody awful. However, what's money?

Final note: With a lot of money to throw about I would suggest three dozen each of the reds, two dozen of the dry white and a mere dozen of the sauternes.

WHO DARES WINS

Smashing Sigrid Ortner has adopted the famous SAS motto because she's a winner who will dare anything

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH



Our beautiful Munich-born August Playmate used to be a shy girl. Modest and unassuming, she wouldn't sunbathe topless at the beach like her girlfriends and insists she had no idea why she got so much attention from men.

Then 22-year-old Sigrid decided to shock everyone who knew her and dare to be different. She posed nude for Australian PLAYBOY. To say it has changed her outlook on life would be an understatement.

I'm not impressed by smooth talkers. I'd rather be by myself than put up with showy, superficial people. I don't care if they do think I'm stuck up; I'm learning what I want from life. I have my own plans and I have standards. I'm enjoying my success and I want to go on from here on my own terms."

I used to feel uncomfortable about my body. I never thought I was beautiful or sexy, but when I posed nude I began to feel more relaxed. The photo team made me feel good. I thought I was very daring at the time, but just doing it has made me much more confident, more aware of my potential."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sigrid Ortner

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5½" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 29/6/62 BIRTHPLACE: Munich, Germany

AMBITIONS: To be happy

TURN-ONS: Sunny countries; good food; interesting people

TURN-OFFS: organised trips; bad weather; arrogant, moody humorless people

FAVORITE BOOKS: Day of the Jackal, Nineteen Eighty-four

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: David Bowie, Nena, Paul Young, I like the composer, Ravel

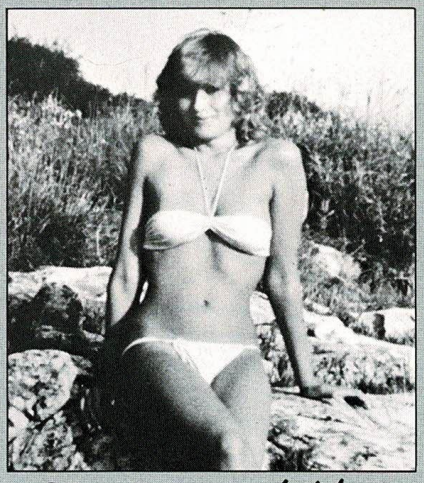
FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, dancing

IDEAL MAN: I've already found him

SECRET FANTASY: To sneak away to a deserted beach and soak up as much sun as possible – forever!

5 months

4 Years



20 years – on holidays in Yugoslavia

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Convicted of murder and sentenced to death, the shapely young lady asked, as a last request, that she be hung in the nude. Although the judge thought this unusual, he did not deny her final wish.

When the condemned prisoner arrived at the gallows, the hangman gasped, "My God, you are the most beautifully built woman I have ever seen!"

Came the whispered reply, "It's all yours if you keep your trap shut!"

I can't figure it out," said Jack to his friend, Geoff. "Somebody must have gotten my wife mixed up with the Coast Guard."

"How's that?" inquired Geoff.

"Well every night around 12, some guy rings up and asks if the coast is clear."

Said a girl TV anchor named Hughes,
"My device to boost ratings can't lose!
While a news flash is hot,
It is taped to my twat,
And each night I'm there spreading the news!"

Did you hear about the death of Harry Bent, the world's greatest receiver of stolen goods? He fell off the back of a truck.

There are really few singers a match
For a baritone cocksman named Hatch,
Who can belt out a song
As he pumps with his dong,
After earlier humming a snatch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *queer magician* as a gay deceiver.

The main problem with my marriage," the man told the counsellor, "is that in situations of great emotion, my wife keeps her head — instead of giving it!"

A city slicker named Bill was out for a drive in the country when his car suddenly broke down in an area where there were no service stations. He began to walk to a farm he saw in the distance to seek accommodation for the night. The farmer was obliging but informed him that he would have to sleep in the barn.

When the farmer showed him the barn, Bill was quick to ask what the three holes in the wall were for. All he got for an answer was a filthy grin.

The next morning the farmer went to the barn and inquired how his night had been.

"Fun!" exclaimed Bill excitedly. "Who was it?" "Ah, that was my daughter," said the farmer.

Bill decided to stay on at the farm for a few days. The next morning when the farmer went to the barn, Bill was lying on a bale of straw with a silly grin upon his face. "Who was that?" he asked dreamily.

"That was my wife," replied the farmer. "A bit of advice, though. If I were you, I wouldn't root the third hole tonight."

"Why not?" asked Bill.

"Never mind, just don't," came the reply.

In the morning the farmer was greeted by the sight of a haggard Bill stretched out on the floor.

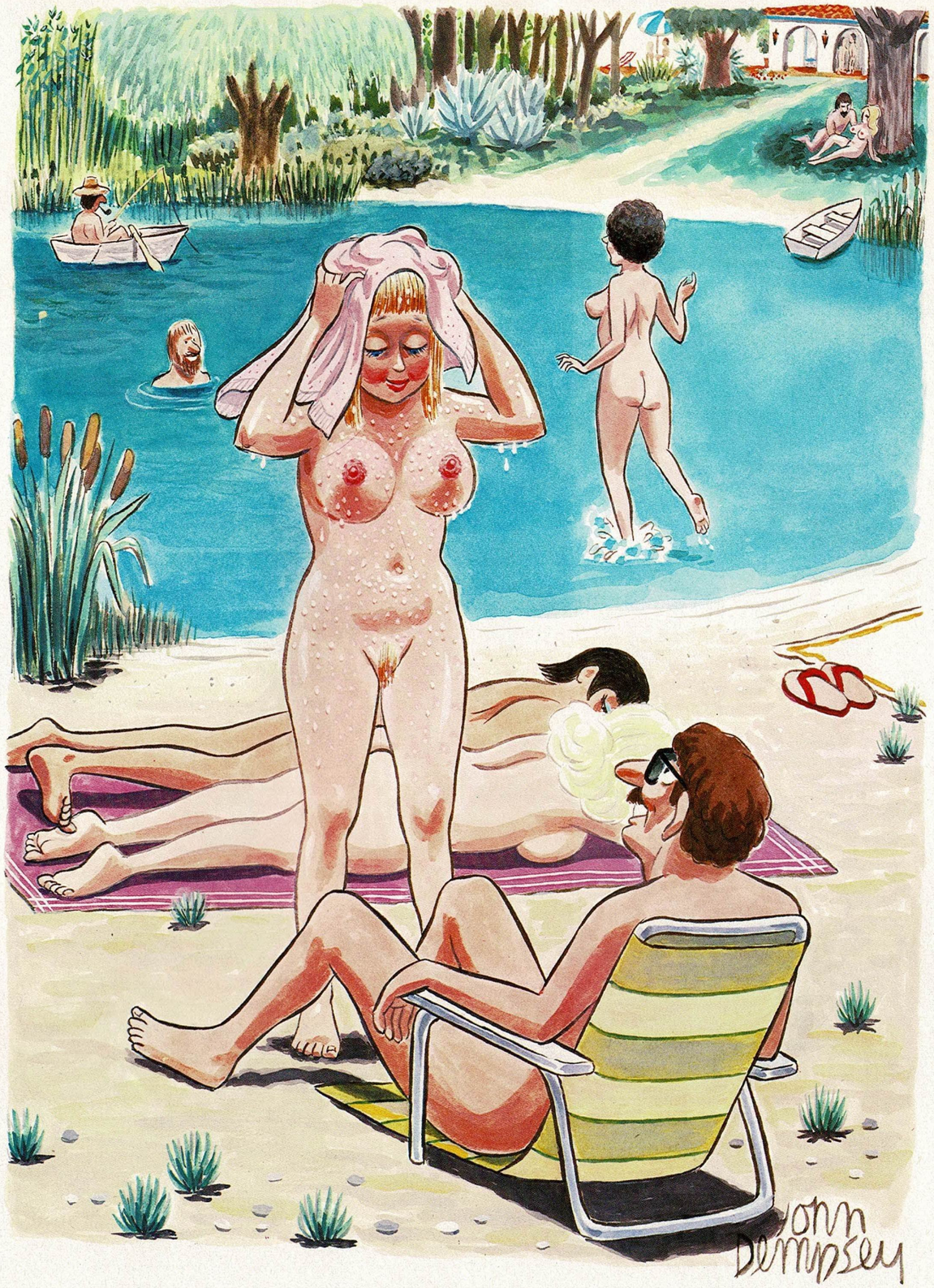
"Oh no! You didn't!"

"Oh yes, I did! Who was it?"

"I told you not to," smiled the farmer, "that was the milking machine and it doesn't stop until it gets a gallon!"

We take our hats off to a shrewd fellow who convinced his naive young date that his flatmate had lent him his vasectomy for the evening.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I'll never understand how you girls can tell at a glance what a man's thinking."

EUREKA!

A low-cost Australian kit car brings Ferrari-style driving

IN TODAY'S STREETSPEAK, "Kit" car is a black Pontiac TransAm Supercar that moves faster than a speeding bullet and jumps roadblocks in a single stride. Yes sir, to today's kids "Kit" car is The Knight Rider. It used to be that a kit car came in a big box like an overblown Meccano set,

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICO METTBACH

and needed a toolkit, some instructions and some nous to nail together. The body bits were pre-fab, you snitched a floorpan from a wrecker's yard and plugged in your own engine.

Of course it was never that simple. And there were wonderful excuses why not. The boys started calling round with armloads of tinnies. The girls started calling round with armfuls of charms. The scrounge for sundry bits to complete the project led you directly into the influential beer-stocked garages of other desperadoes. Or the jackal creditors (frequently disguised as parents) closed in and closed off the money supply. Oh well, back to the drawing board. . .

About this time, the safety pundits observed what was going on and were collectively not amused. They drew up a check-list of "too-hard" tasks and filed them with registry offices and government bodies. They put the mokka on the kit car.

A few far-sighted souls, however, put the basic plans in time-capsules buried like automotive dog-bones all over the country at the time, and a few years ago a couple of enterprising little motoring terriers dug them up. They compared the original designs with the current regulations, made some fundamental adjustments (like taking out the human element) and re-released the "kit car". Actually they reinvented it.

One of the clever dicks first into this business was a proprietor of Automotive Design and Development, resident of the Old Dart, who produced something called, not unpredictably, the Nova.

In the Antipodes, an enterprising Wizard of Oz named Alan Purvis picked up the project and licensed it locally under the name of Purvis Eureka. And the "PE" is what you see here.

Alan Purvis noted that for every 10 old-style kits delivered, about one actually saw the light of day, and then in suspect condition, half-finished, ragged, run-down, tatty and unimpressive. Hardly good for the product image.

So the Purvis Eureka concept was directed down a different road. First of all the entire body shell was assembled at the factory and all the curves and reverses of fibreglass were carefully welded together to form something that looked like "a real car".

The fibreglass was impregnated with color to give it showroom-floor finish. And all the panels were supplied: ready-hinged boot, engine hatch, cockpit hatch, even spoilers.

Inside, the cockpit was "finished". That is, it had complete moulded fibre panels, a moulded instrument console and hatches for storage. The interior was finished in gel-coat (or self-color) fibreglass and a full wall-to-wall carpet kit supplied. Seats were provided and instruments, switches, levers, the lot.

In fact, the body was ready to bolt straight to "the chassis". It was at this point that Nova/Purvis had discovered that no amount of future shock engineering could improve on one of life's oldest trademarks, the redoubtable Volkswagen Beetle. Of the many stars of high-volume, super-economical production, the Beetle was the one made with a self-supported floor-chassis to which the outer body was secured with a handful of nuts and bolts. Remove the bolts and, hey presto, the chassis could be rolled right under something else. In this case, the Purvis Eureka.

This provides a chassis for the car, somewhere to sit, controls to operate (pedals, handbrake, gearshift), engine and transmission, suspension, steering, wheels and tyres, and a lot of leftovers also useful to the project.

An old vee-dub can be nabbed for a grand or two, and the "heart transplant" can be done in hours. It could be made ready to drive in hours or days.

That's the concept. The execution is somewhat more sophisticated. Obviously such a car couldn't look like a grown-up soap-box racer, so enter the idea of "styling". Nova/Purvis recognised that its target market basically had Lamborghini tastes with Laser budgets, so an international styling panel produced a workable exoticar look alike with the vital ingredients of a $200,000 supercar; in particular, arrow shape, low height (only one metre), and evocative lines. The idea was to give it an apparent velocity of at least 150 km/h just sitting at the kerb.

Considering the simplicity of the concept and the mini-budget price, there are some startling innovations in this design. The most impressive is the cabin hatch. It's difficult to define the problems of engineering normal cockpit-entry hardware (doors and windows) into a special. You need myriad items from complex-shaped door-frames and windows to winding mechanisms and sealing systems. The Eureka design steps right around those problems by turning the whole cockpit into one large door. The door is effectively a "lid" on the body "can" and moves upwards on hydraulic struts taking with it the windscreen, side windows and roof. A single drainage and sealing system on the perimeter chases out all water, dust and noise. Of course, it is a simple matter to make this work electrically.

For the Eureka, it was a breakthrough design that eliminated all the cockpit problems previously associated with specials. It is also a gee-whiz item that absolutely stops the sidewalks wherever the car is parked and embarked. A key in the door activates a whirring in the bowels, and the entire lid

HOW TO GET YOUR NEW CAR THROUGH THE LETTERBOX

In the tradition of the great European specialist coachbuilders, the Purvis Eureka may only be purchased from the factory (Purvis Cars, 5-7 Union Road, Dandenong, Victoria, 3175. Phone (03) 793 1000 and (03) 791 3497). This can be done by "remote control", since Purvis Cars is probably the world's only mail order car manufacturer. But most people prefer personalised delivery.

The majority of buyers (80 percent) are builder-buyers, so a factory visit pays dividends when the assembly task is undertaken. Alan Purvis takes a personal delight in giving each customer an individual walk through the assembly process, demonstrating the various techniques on a range of part-assembled cars in the factory, showing the full range of complete cars available. The factory is a kind of half-way house for the several hundred Purvis enthusiasts on the road in Victoria so there are many complete examples to inspect.

Many buyers arrive with cars, or rent one-way cars/trailers to truck their valuable cargo back to homes as far afield as Darwin, Cairns and Perth. Completion rate is high and quality is good. Assembly is very simple.

There are two vehicle formats. Kit one is a do-it-yourself assembly for approximately $8000. This includes all equipment, but for an extra $2000-$3000 you get the engine and chassis. The second kit comes fully assembled, ready to register. The cost is between $14,500 and $16,500 with optional Mazda 13B rotary engine.

Other options include electric roof, $760 ($904 fitted); metallic paint, $950; targa roof, $1280; rear wing, $225; intake boxes (air cooling), $115; rear spoiler (engine deck), $52 and optional wheels (8x14s), $550.

Purvis Cars have cleared away registration problems for owners by maintaining a close liaison with state authorities and complying with their requirements in the manufacturing process.

And the elimination of the cumbersome distributor/dealer network has eliminated costs for customers and ensured personalised factory-delivery treatment.

"I just love your old fashioned manners, Charles. It's so rare to find a boy who still thinks he has to wine and dine a girl to get into her pants."

zooms up in one smooth *Star Wars*-style action. The occupants drop in like space cadets, and the canopy reseals like a jet-fighter. Vroom, vroom, you roar away, leaving the audience gape-mouthed.

A bonus of fibreglass design is its light weight. Eurekas completed with Volkswagen subframes and powerplants tilt the scales at as little as 750kg (1650lb). That's about two-thirds the weight of a Commodore. So, with a small powerplant (1500cc VW engine), the car will go like a Commodore and drink like a babycar (35mpg plus for flat-out city usage; 40mpg is possible).

Another bonus is safety. A lot of safety researchers believe fibreglass has two to three times the energy-absorption qualities of metal. So if you get king-hit by some mindless bully you can expect to come out in front in most cases. One of those would not be a conflict with an 18-wheeler, but what the hell, you can always drive through underneath!

Performance is good. The car accelerates strongly with even a stock standard VW motor, will win the intersection grands prix, and stay ahead of the traffic. Out of the city, it is good for 160km/h, hard worked.

And there are performance options. A well-worked VW mill will push top speeds up and acceleration times down. Real power enthusiasts shoehorn Fords, Datsuns and other HP machinery under the rear-located engine hatch. The favored powerplant for raw performance is a rotary, and cars powered this way win drag and sprint events. It's a case of dollars equals performance.

There are a couple of ways you can acquire one of these. The smart way is to buy one from the factory, ready to go. The biggest assembly job you will have with this method is getting the dollars together. Purvis Cars can exchange those for the keys to a car that can be driven away for about $14,500 plus on-roads and special options. Around $16,000 would get you a gung-ho super version with electric-powered everything. About 20 percent of buyers go this route.

The brave way is to buy a kit, track down a Bug, get an engine tweaked and do the shuffle yourself. To achieve this you will need around $8000 for the kit, as much as $2000-$3000 for all other components necessary to complete the vehicle, a little common sense and some very rudimentary hand skills. Such a car could be roaded for $10,000-$11,000. And yes, some people actually drive cars built this way.

One of them is Lisa Morrison. Lisa is a blonde spunk who has had to suffer the deprived lifestyle of growing up a couple of thong-flops from one of Sydney's glamor northside beaches.

When Lisa was coming up to licenseable age, Eric, her dad, checked the family accounts and quickly determined he could not afford to buy her a Ferrari. So he did a recce at the Sydney International Motor Show, saw a Eureka, and ordered a box of bits right away. They were delivered to his garage, and over a leisurely 12 months he and Lisa stuck the bits together. She turned 17, took delivery of the freedom paper from the registry office and jumped aboard the Eureka almost at the same time. She's been in a kind of euphoric, blown-out state ever since.

I drove Lisa's car and it's not hard to see why she still practically sleeps in the garage with it. It's nice to look at. It's low and sleek, and it sort of lurks in the garage or at the kerb like a vicious animal. Turning the key in the sidepanel opens up a race-style cockpit with lie-down seats and swept-back windscreen. The bonnet slopes away to nothing in the front, and a big Le Mans-style single wiper sweeps the screen. Mirrors are electrically adjustable, there's full instrumentation and full controls.

Out on the tarmac it turns heads like tennis players do and rides like a racer. The scenery outside comes rushing up to the panoramic glasswork like a space game in a pinball parlor, and it turns into corners like Mighty Mouse.

This car was a shoe-fit for Lisa who at 1.65m and very obviously feminine is somewhat differently arranged from my 1.8m frame. This made real race-boy stuff a little dicey because the toes got crossed and the knees came up under the tiller, but the car is so easy to drive it was only a matter of a couple of corners to find out that the car steers accurately and, when shoved at a bend over the limit, will slide nicely in the tail with that easy, progressive slow-oversteer so typical of swing-axle (VW) machinery. You steer it straight again by turning into the skid and taking your foot off the throttle.

Checking in at the local burger joints quickly revealed that the non-cognoscenti thought that at the very least it must be a new Ferrari. Must change the badgework.

And that means Ferrari-status motoring at mini-car prices: the Eureka can be registered for four-cylinder cost, run on a thrippence, costs nothing to maintain and can be insured on Category Three. This is not so easy for under 25s, who may find insurance tougher.

One of the great things about the kit car is you don't have to buy lots of extra bits. In the box are included fully laminated moulded windscreen, instruments, carpets, mag wheels/radial tyres (P77 Pirellis on Lisa's car), sports steering wheel, tinted windows, radio/stereo with a good sound because of the natural fibreglass "speaker box", fire extinguisher and many other bits. The electric-raise cockpit-hatch is extra, as is a sunroof and Targa-roof option. That's all.

There's a big color range including mean colors (black, red, Monaro orange). And a wide range of optional bolt-ons for the go-further enthusiast (different mag wheels, for example). Globes were fitted to Lisa's car.

Now in its tenth year of production, the Eureka has proved durable in many local road car miles all over the country.

For up to two people, it's a mobile escape machine.

"I keep forgetting — is our dictator a fascist or a communist?"

BOARDSAILING FOR EASY RIDERS

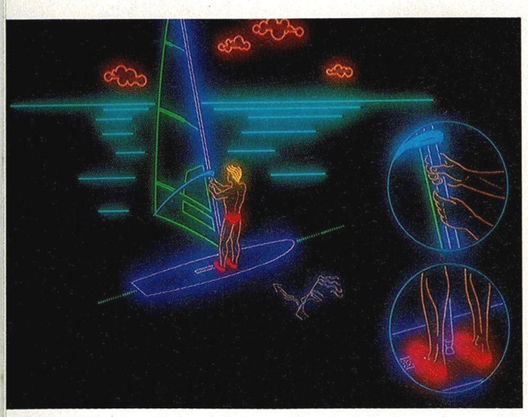
Quick steps to getting up and staying up

IF YOU'VE DISMISSED boardsailing, or "wind surfing" (after the original, patented Windsurfer board), as just another water-borne fad that's bound to crest and blow back out to sea once the wave jockeys have tired of it, this year's Olympics may change your mind. As an official event for the first time, Olympic boardsailing will be launched in the yachting category, with competitors

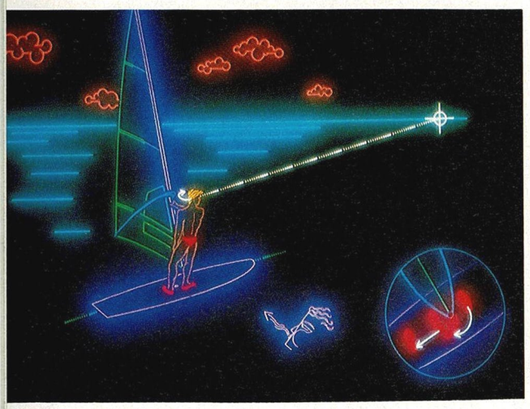
***Advice by* NANCY CROWELL**

Full-blown fun on the waves reaches its peak when you're on a reach. In this boardsailing position, you harness the wind and are one with the elements.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M.A. ENRIQUEZ

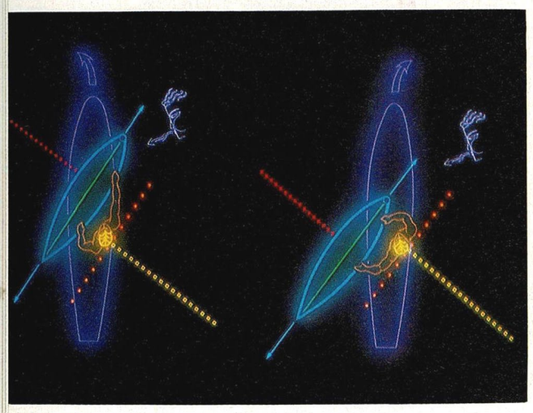


Neutral position. This is the first step in learning to boardsail. The arches of your feet should be centred over an imaginary line that bisects the board from bow to stern. With one foot on either side of the mast, boom at eye level and arms comfortably extended, hold the mast with one or both hands and get ready to go. The wind will be at your back; board perpendicular to it.



Ready position. You're about to set sail, but first a few adjustments. Move your back foot slightly farther aft and bring your front foot up beside the mast, with your big toe pointing toward the mast. Sight a target on the horizon and check for any obstructions, such as swimmers or another boat. Weight should be equally distributed, with the back leg flexed, front fairly straight.

Set position. Here goes: pull the sail straight over past your shoulder until you can look through the window at the target you've sighted. Shift your weight to the back foot and, while sighting the target, rotate your hips so that they're square to the horizon (see inset illustration). Next, place both of your hands on the boom. To go, simply rotate the sail toward the wind. To slow down, let the sail out again with your back hand. To stop, lower the sail into the water.



Steering is as simple as moving the boom along the plane of the sail. To head away from the wind (left), you move the boom forward, as shown. To head into the wind (right), you move it aft. (Boardsailors call this moving the centre of effort behind the centre of lateral resistance.) Our arrows indicate the direction of boom movement. For all you landlubbers who never sailed before, a turn into the wind is called a tack; a turn away is called a jibe.

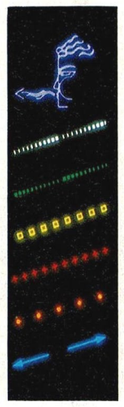
sailing a gruelling triangle course that tests both their tactical skills and their board-handling talent. Since boardsailing has been popular in Europe for almost 10 years, with more than 5,000,000 enthusiasts taking to the waters of practically every available windy lake and bay, it's a good bet that the gold will go to someone from the Continent. (Only one competitor is allowed from each competing country, and those crafty Europeans have been practising for years.) But in tandem with the yachting event will be a side show in which Americans may feel more at home: a demonstration of the incredible free-style gymnastics and balletic pirouettes, splits and hot-dog manoeuvres one can perform on a sailboard, plus organised slalom and long-distance races to illustrate further the versatility of the sport. Such versatility has been the hallmark of boardsailing since its inception in 1966, when Southern Californians Jim Drake and Hoyle Schweitzer mated a surfboard with a sail and shoved off a new industry.

Despite the varieties of boardsailing experiences one can enjoy, from racing to wave sailing to free style, it's still that first thrilling ride across the water that creates in beginners an insatiable appetite for more, just as that first powder run takes skiers back to the slopes time and again. Here's how to set sail.

THE EQUIPMENT

Although boardsailing is often thought of as a holiday activity, it can also be an afternoon pastime at the local pond as boards can be sailed on just about any body of water when the wind is right. Rigging up takes only about 15 minutes. That, coupled with the fact that the equipment can be transported via roof racks, makes boardsailing an ideal getaway sport.

All sailboards consist of a hull (the board), a mast, a sail, a wishbone boom and the universal joint, which joins the mast to the board. The mast, sail and boom are known collectively as the rig. There is also a removable daggerboard, which is comparable to a centreboard on a sail boat, and a small fin, or skeg, at the stern. The daggerboard and the skeg help in steering. The thick rope that is strung from the boom end



Wind

Line of vision

Centre line of board

Centre of lateral resistance

Centre of effort

Position of sailor's back

Direction of boom movement

Heavy-duty hot-dogging takes a bit of practice. In Hawaii, boardsailors launch themselves off the face of 10-foot-high waves and grab for sky 30 feet in the air, then descend to recover and catch another wave. Way to fly!

to the foot of the mast is called the uphaul, because it's used to haul the sail up out of the water.

Beginners can purchase a basic (or an "all-round") board for around $1000, complete with mast, boom and sail. That type of board is about 3.7 metres long, 58 cm or 60 cm wide or wider, and about 20 kg. A set of roof racks, similar to those designed to transport snow skis, will run to about $100.

Your choice of board will depend on your size and on the type of sailing you intend to do. A heavier sailor (80 kg or more) generally needs more flotation and a larger sail to get a board moving as fast as a lighter sailor can.

Boards designed specifically for racing can cost around $2000. The type of racing board known as a Division II has a rounder hull and is much less stable than an ordinary board.

While boardsailing is a relatively established sport, it is still undergoing constant innovations in equipment. In recent years, one such change has been the advent of the "all-round fun board". Stable and wide, like an all-round board, it usually includes such features as foot-straps and adjustable booms that enable the sailor to convert the board for higher winds as his own skills improve. A beginner who plans to get serious about the sport would do well to purchase this type of board.

GETTING UNDER WAY

While the sport is undeniably convenient, one shouldn't be misled by its apparent simplicity. Even the most agile athletes have been humbled by their first experience on a sailboard. There is a technique to be learned and it's best learned from a certified instructor (usually associated with a retail shop).

Two to three hours of instruction will cut down the frustration considerably.

While nailing down the basics of boardsailing, plan to get wet more than once and expect to learn to sail in one direction but not be able to figure out how to get back.

A good first step is to learn to balance on the board, without the rig attached. That will enable a beginner to feel just how far the equipment can be pushed, as well as teach him how to centre his weight and gain some confidence.

Whether the first lesson is on a land simulator or in the water, learning to pull the sail up slowly, without falling off the board, is the biggest hurdle to get over. With feet planted firmly on each side of the mast along an imaginary line that divides the board in half from bow to stern, practise pulling the rig out of the water by going hand over hand along the uphaul.

Some common mistakes that contribute to a dunking include: (1) not keeping a straight back; (2) pulling the sail out of the water too rapidly; and (3) not balancing with the arches of the feet over the centre of the board.

Actually sailing the board is a rather simple, ready-set-go process (see illustrations). First, pull the rig out of the water. Sight a target on the horizon, pull the mast past your shoulder so that you're sighting the target through the window of the sail and rotate your hips square to the target.

When you're ready to sail, all you have to do is grab the boom with your back hand, move your front hand to the boom and pull the sail toward you by turning your hips back. This is called sheeting in, and once you've done it you'll feel the pressure of the wind on the sail and realise you're moving.

Some of the trouble-shooting solutions for technical problems include keeping the head up, arms comfortably extended, holding the mast instead of the uphaul, keeping knees bent and not sheeting in until you are prepared to move. That last point will help you avoid a common mistake.

The beginner is told to grab the boom with the free hand and it is automatically translated into a sheeting-in motion, which causes unexpected pressure and, usually, an unplanned dunking.

Don't be misled by boardsailing's apparent simplicity. Even the most agile athletes have been humbled by their first experience on a board.

If the pressure in the sail seems uncontrollable, there is an automatic braking system. Simply let go with the hand farthest away from the mast.

The sail will luff, or flutter, in the wind and you'll stop moving.

HOW TO STEER

Steering a sail board is as simple as tilting the rig forward, or aft. The universal joint makes that possible. To tack, or turn the bow of the board into the wind, you have to lean the rig back. The farther aft it's tilted, the quicker the board will turn into the eye of the wind. As the sail passes through the eye of the wind, which will cause it to luff, the sailor simply holds on to the mast with one hand, having let go ot the boom with the back hand, and steps around the front of the mast to the other side. To go again, straighten up the mast, sheet in on the new tack and sail.

To jibe, or turn the board when going downwind, you lean the rig forward until the wind is pushing from directly behind the sail. To force it around, keep leaning the mast forward until the sail can be flipped around the front of the board through the eye of the wind. The sailor will then be holding the rig on the opposite side and will be sheeting in with the hand that used to be the fore hand. For beginners, tacking is much easier than jibing.

BREEZING ALONG

If you aren't already a sailor, understanding the wind can be perplexing at first. There are so many details to remember about proper technique that the additional burden of figuring out what point of sail you're on is enough to mentally capsize most beginners. Heed the tip that follows, however, and you'll find sailing a breeze.

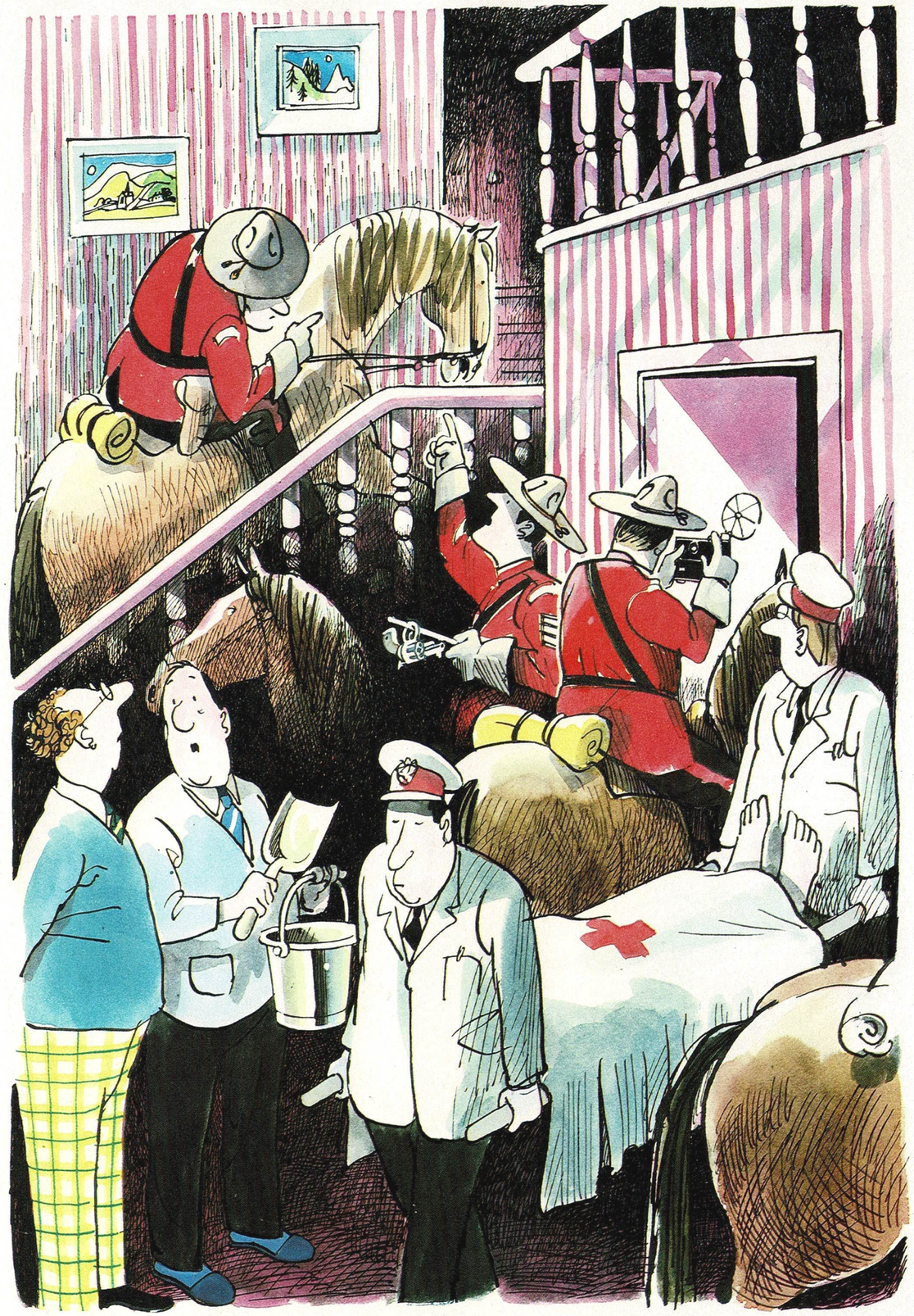
Think of the wind as a clock. It blows from 12 o'clock. You cannot sail between about 10 o'clock and two o'clock because your board, which is the hour hand of the clock, would be pointing almost directly into the wind. This would cause the wind to hit both sides of your sail at once, or luff, and you to fall into the water.

When you sail at six o'clock, you are directly downwind, also known as running before the wind. At three o'clock and nine o'clock, the wind is hitting you from the side and you are on a reach. Reaching is the easiest point of sail for most beginners and the most fun. But it's reaching that leads to the problem of sailing away from the launching site and not being able to sail back to it. You can always drag your equipment along the shore to get back to your starting point, but it's much easier to learn to sail upwind. To practise (this would be heading between two and three o'clock and nine and 10 o'clock), try sheeting in tighter, until the sail is almost over the stern of the board. If it luffs, sheet out. Gradually, you will begin to understand when you're sailing "close" to the wind or pointing high up into it.

MUSCLE POWER

Novice boardsailors make it look as though it takes Herculean strength to pull the sail out of the water. While it can be physically taxing, boardsailing is a sport of technique rather than strength. That's why petite women can be just as good as, or better than, hulking males. Harnessing the wind will strengthen your back, biceps and thighs but it won't necessarily strain those muscles unless your technique is wrong. Experienced boardsailors have a grace and style all their own. With feet delicately positioned along the edges or rails of the board, they will extend themselves over the water almost horizontally, hips turned forward, daring the wind.

Beginners are prone to stiff backs from not keeping knees bent and bottoms tucked in. Undoubtedly, you'll discover muscles you never knew existed in your forearms; tender hands are likely to develop blisters. But all of these are minor annoyances compared with the great thrill of driving a wind-propelled board across the water. The more you sail, the more attuned you will become. Like horse riding, you will develop an instinct for every whim, every motion of the elements, be they wind or wave.

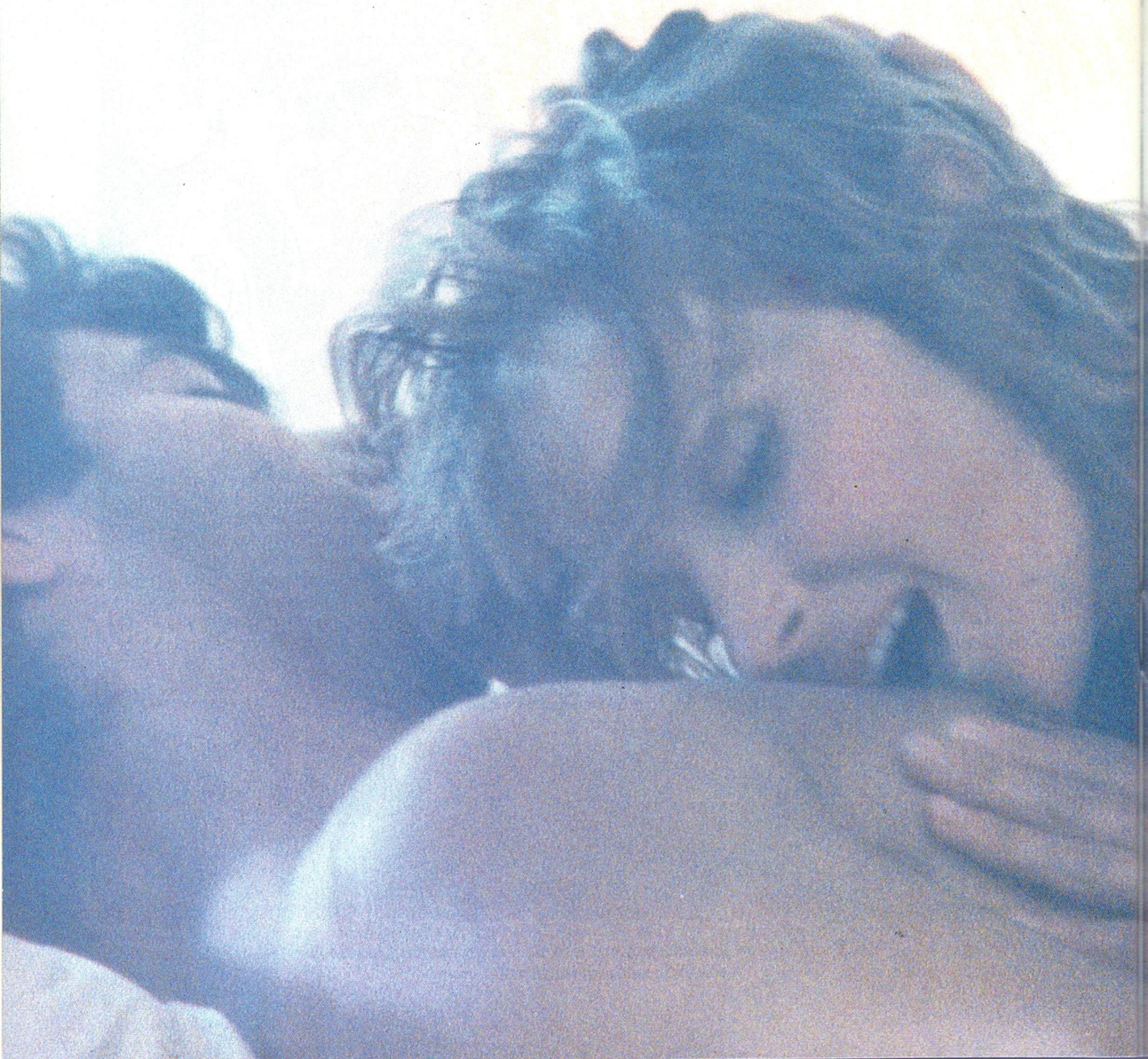


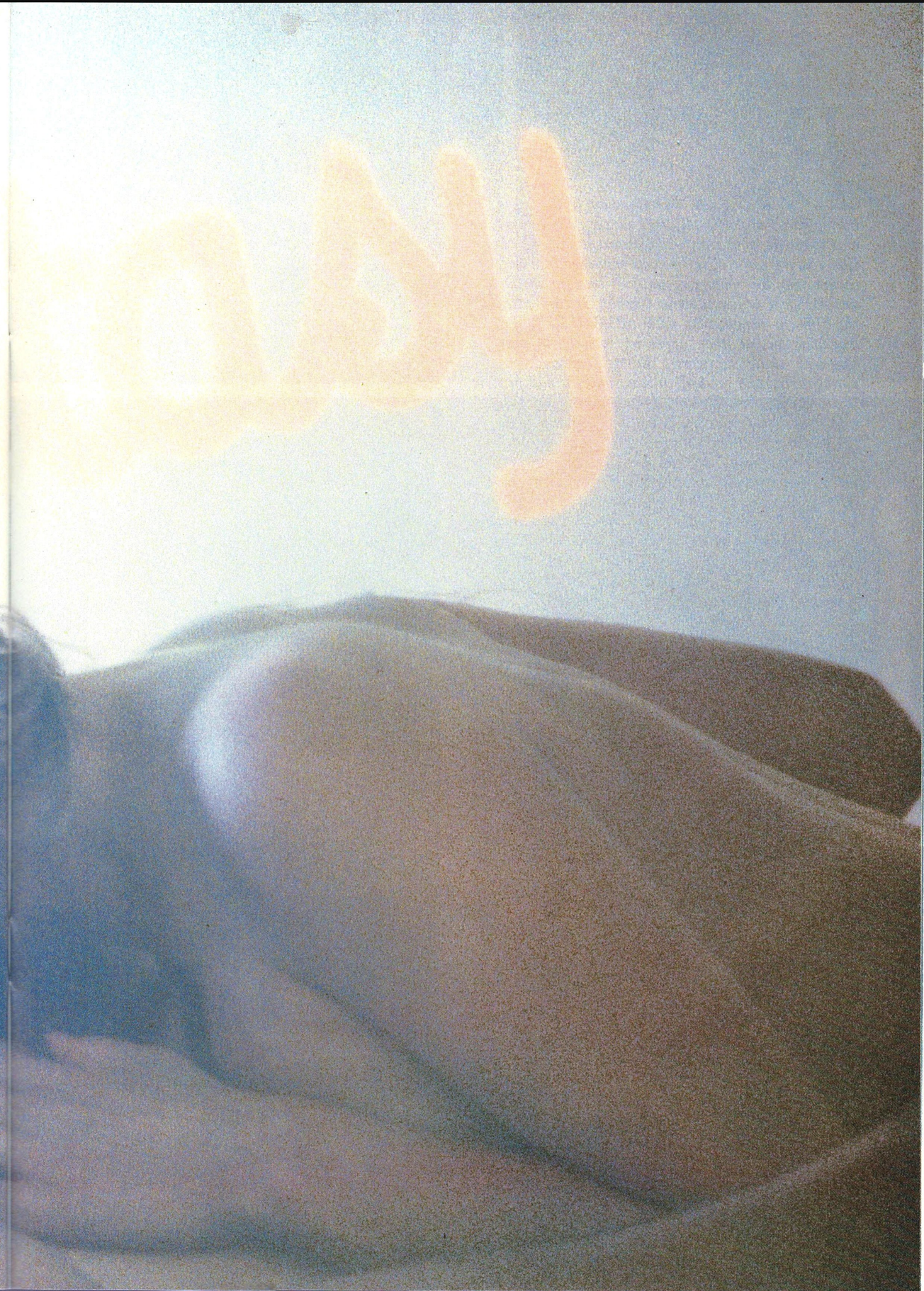
"Yes, Frank, I know they always get their man. . . but sometimes I just wonder if it's really all worth it."

BO~LERO

A little Bo peep at the "10" girl's rousing new movie

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK



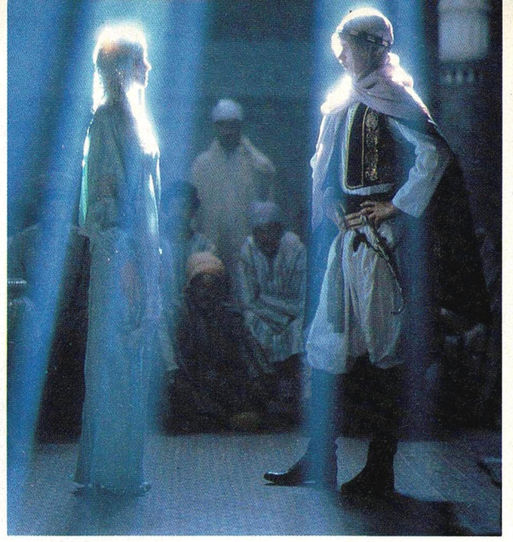


BO AND JOHN DEREK may live on a quiet hilltop horse ranch in California but they don't seem to be able to escape controversy, Hollywood style. Their latest film venture, Bolero, *has become enmeshed in a series of accusations and counter-accusations between the Dereks and Menachem Golan, whose Cannon Group is releasing the film in conjunction with MGM/UA. A* People *magazine article that appeared recently in the US suggested that, at worst,* Bolero *bordered on the pornographic and, at best, it was simply a bad picture. Upon reading those allegations, the Dereks decided to break their recent press silence and talk to PLAYBOY.*

Contributing Editor David Rensin spent an afternoon poolside with John and Bo at their ranch. He reports: "It was a quintessential California day that, despite the touchy nature of what I was there to discuss, seemed to brighten Bo and John's mood. They were friendly and talkative, quite a contrast to the sub-intelligent Bo and unreasonable John their press coverage can lead you to expect. Of course, they also knew I had come to let them vent their feelings. And that they did while John's former wife, Ursula Andress, occasionally sat in on the conversation."

PLAYBOY: Most of the fuss was raised in a cover story about *Bolero* in *People*. Among other things, the piece suggested that the film bordered on pornography. Will it have to be cut

In the film Bolero, written, directed and photographed by Bo's husband, John (above, on location in Spain), Bo plays Mac, an adventurous American heiress. The time is 1928 and Mac, like every other red-blooded young American woman of the period, is turned on by Rudolph Valentino movies. Vowing to lose their virginity only to genuine sheiks, she and a girlfriend take off after college graduation for mysterious Morocco, where they experience just about everything except what they were looking for. Honey daubing doesn't help.

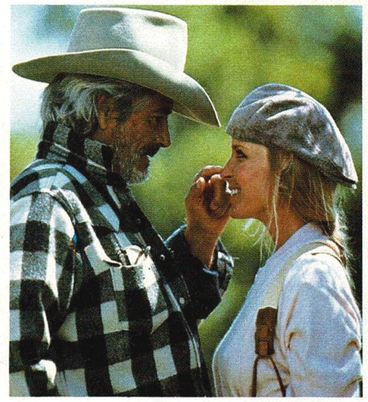


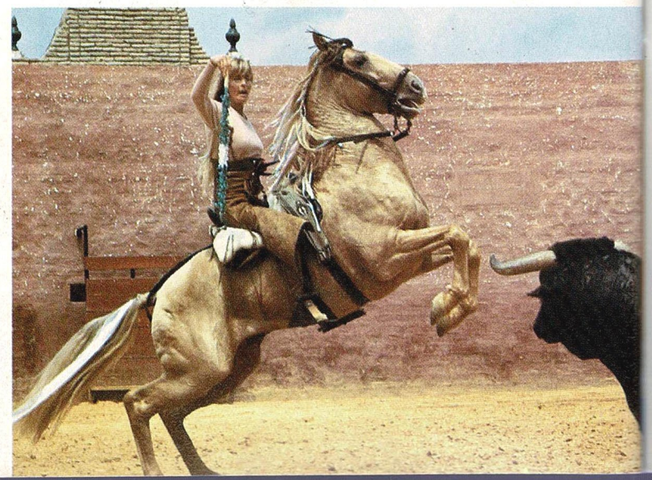
down from an X rating to an R just to be released?

JOHN: Fuck, no. Cannon wanted X desperately. Look, *Entertainment Tonight* came up here, after Golan had had his say, wanting to get Bo's side. While she was sitting out here telling things from our perspective, I was inside on the phone to our agent — who is the one to talk with Golan, since we won't. And he was saying, "John, you're not going to believe this, but Menachem just called and said, 'Tell John Derek he's absolutely right. Of course we want an X. Of course we want it. But wasn't I clever the way I turned it into all the publicity we're getting now?'" All while Bo is defending us against reports that Golan says he doesn't want a dirty picture.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting he might be trying to gain publicity hence box office for the film by damning it?

BO: At one point we wanted to buy out his interest in the film for the $5,000,000 he invested, and he was agreeable though we weren't sure he'd go through with it. Now, he's come back from Europe saying there's no way he'll sell the picture. He thinks he has a blockbuster on his hands because of all the dirty publicity he's created.





Disillusioned with the desert, Mac and her sidekick, Catalina, cross the Strait of Gibraltar to the land of machismo, Spain. This time the girls' goal is to make it with a bullfighter, so they head for the ring, where Mac's eye is immediately caught by the handsome Angel, played by Andrea Occhipinti. Angel is not only a duke but a rejoneador, a fighter who battles the bull from horseback, rather than on foot, and before long he's teaching Mac all sorts of new tricks in the saddle. Above, a moment of intimacy between Bo and her real-life romance, John Derek.

HORSE SEQUENCE PHOTOS
BY ROBERT VAURA

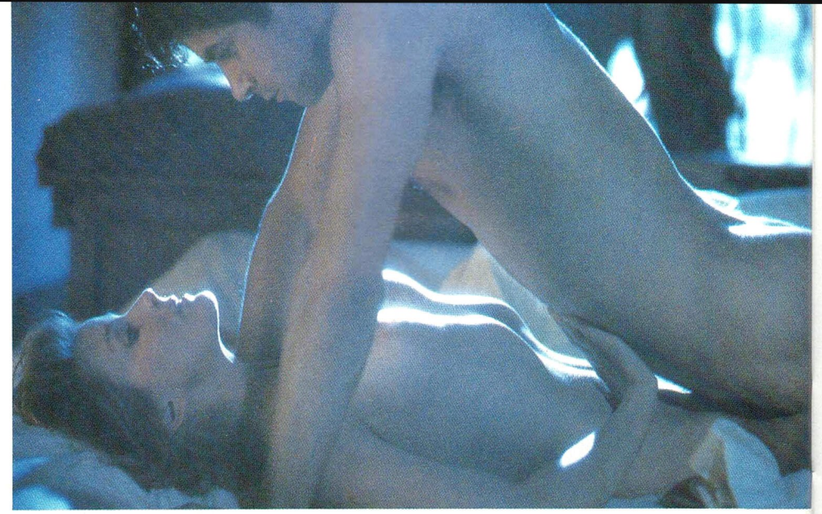
Now everybody wants the picture. Our phones are ringing off the hook.

PLAYBOY: That sounds good for you.

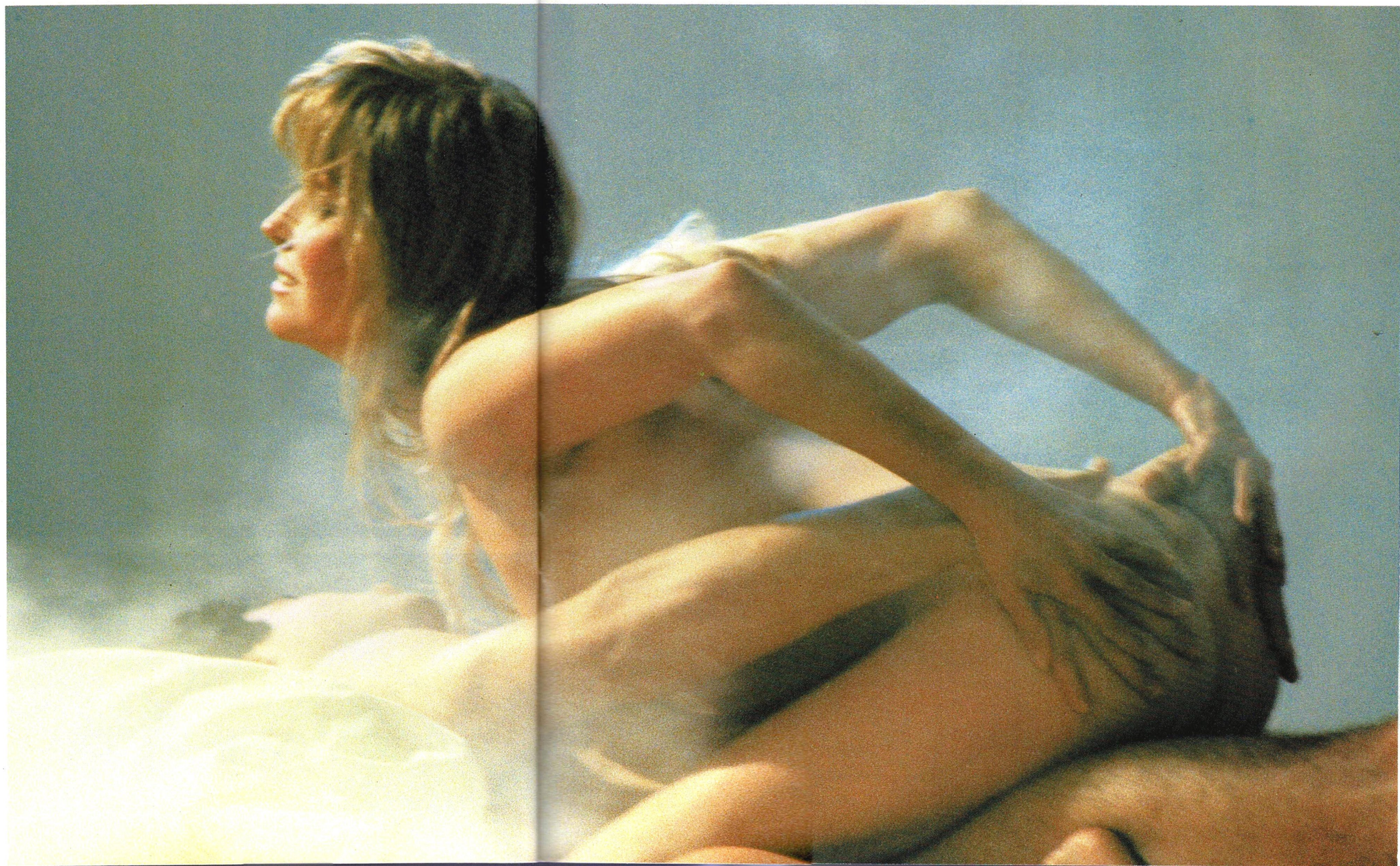
JOHN: The idea is to make a film to make money. At the same time, if you have any integrity, you don't want to leave yourself stark naked at the end of the adventure, having made money but being ashamed to walk out on the street.

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that *Bolero* is worse than bad; that it isn't even a picture by motion picture standards. Does it have a plot?

JOHN: A beginning, middle and end. This is the story: Bo and a Spanish



Mac's dedication pays off, and the lovers are reunited in flesh as well as spirit. In a lyrical sequence, Mac comes to know ecstasy as she had only dreamed it during her schoolgirl days back in the States. Although not hard-core, these scenes contain enough nudity to have sparked controversy about the film's possible rating.



Appearing *au naturel* is, indeed, natural for Bo. Explains her husband, "I think Bo handles nudity in a marvellous way. It's a very unashamed thing. It helps set the tone of the film." For more of Bo, see the forthcoming movie.

girl are friends in the film. It's the 1920s and they've just graduated from college. And because they are both still virgins, they decide it's time to get some experience. Valentino was the rage those days, and Bo's character wants to give her virginity to a real, live sheik.

BO: My character is gregarious and crazy and very go-get-'em. The other girl is timid and shy and scared of everything. Golan thought the personalities should be switched. We'd have to reshoot the film, which would cost at least $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 more.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps Golan isn't comfortable with an ambitious and lively virgin for his leading lady. Or maybe he sees more potential for humor in a traditional situation. We understand he sent you a memo with suggestions on dealing with sex and humor in the film.

JOHN: That particular gentleman has no sense of humor. I've never heard anybody laugh at his jokes.

PLAYBOY: Personalities aside, if that's possible, did you feel he was being presumptuous telling *you* how to handle sexual situations?

JOHN: I could take advice more readily from you. I made an explicit film once, and the people who are *really* into the hardcore stuff said I made a hair cream commercial. I make it too pretty, too goody-goody but that's the way I fundamentally deal with things. I want things to be prettier than they are. My history, my wives show I have some appreciation for beauty. I don't think any of those ladies will denounce me.

PLAYBOY: Why is the film called *Bolero?*

JOHN: Because in *10*, Bo is asked what she does to the tune of *Bolero* and she says . . .

BO: . . . I fuck.

JOHN: In fact, we sort of shocked people because it's not a word Bo uses in real life.

PLAYBOY: Are there certain components that you always strive for in a film?

JOHN: When we were going around with *Tarzan* we said, "It's not a dirty picture, so don't go and see it for that reason. *Tarzan* is sexless."

PLAYBOY: There's nudity.

BO: But Tarzan and I don't even kiss, you know?

JOHN: We said, "There's no bestiality. We think it's attractive, a little thick, some sweet stuff, a couple of scenes in which I think Bo is absolutely charming and adorable, but the rest of the picture you can stick up your ass." But that's the way most pictures are. Little pieces are worth seeing and the rest you wade through while eating popcorn. But people said, "What about sex?" And I said, "When we think Bo is sexy we will hold up our hands. You've got to be pretty kinky to find a pretty body erotic in its natural state."

PLAYBOY: How do you approach a sex scene?

JOHN: I don't think there should be sex on screen unless there's a reason. For instance, you see a boy and girl involved in a romance. They get married. So why do you have to watch them in bed? I mean, everyone but a newborn baby knows what fucking is. It doesn't further the film in any way. Maybe they're gorgeous to look at, but there's no emotional happening. In *Bolero* we wanted a reason to go into the bedroom, and that was getting rid of one's virginity a little late in life. Bo's not playing a teenybopper in this, so there's a reason. The first try is aborted. It's a comedy of errors. The second one is gorgeous. I didn't mean it to turn out that way, but it did. If I were a girl I would like to lose it the way Bo does in the film. No moaning. Not a moan in the entire picture. This is why I ask myself, "What is happening here?"

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do a picture in which Bo kept her clothes on?

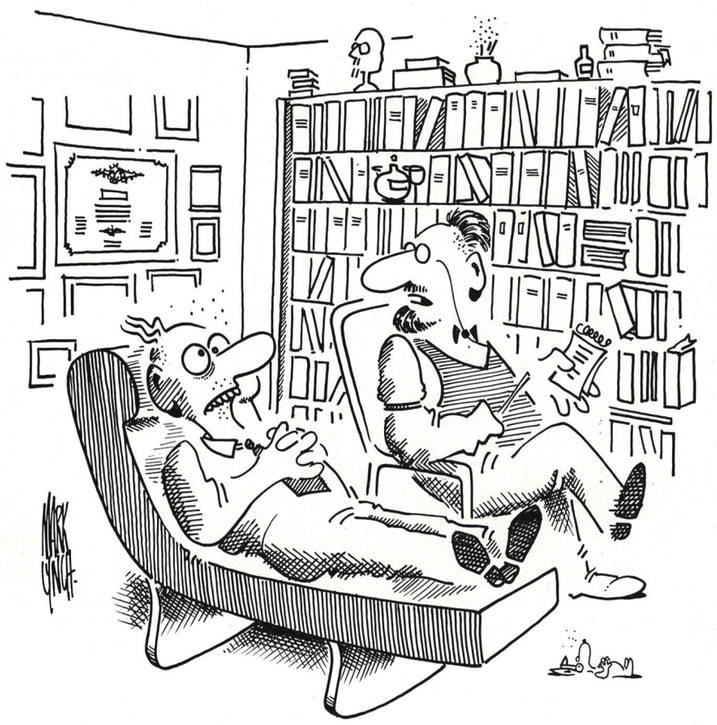
JOHN: Why? The audience doesn't want that. I also wouldn't want to see some lady who is known for her high-powered acting and doesn't have a good body do nude scenes. The audience made Bo a star in *10*. We didn't make her a star. Before that she was in *Orca* getting her leg bitten off. Apparently the audience wasn't into watching broads get their legs bitten off, so that didn't make her a star. If it had, she would have had to go on losing pieces of her body.

PLAYBOY: What you're really saying is that you think Bo's appeal is nudity.

JOHN: Let me turn it around. What do you think it is? If you heard Bo was going to do a film in which she kept her clothes on, would you invest in it? It's like asking John Wayne to do *Romeo And Juliet*.

BO: Against-the-grain things can be magic, but you're taking a risk.

JOHN: I think love and sex and beauty are what life is all about, honesty being paramount. And I have great respect for people's honest, sensitive emotions. I don't think we have offended or abused any emotion. If you're kinky you're going to be disappointed in *Bolero*.



"You're a manic depressive schizophrenic who is paranoid about your abominable history of sexual perversion. . . Would you like the name of a good publisher?"

There's not one dirty word in the entire picture. You'd think it would be full of "up your asses" and crap like that because that's the way *I* am in life. But it's not at all the way I want you to be, or Bo to be. And after seeing *Bolero* people will realise that Bo can entertain in her own right without her clothes off. The people whom we respect say she's a comedienne's comedienne now.

PLAYBOY: Is that a goal you have been working toward? Shedding the old skin, so to speak?

JOHN: No, the old skin she can keep until it sheds itself and is truly too old to be seen. But, no, I didn't know Bo could do this. And although we never really discussed it, one of the reasons I could so easily walk away from *Eve And That Damned Apple* was that it was very sophisticated and sparkly, and I didn't know if she could do it. But after *Bolero*, I went back and rewrote *Eve* and made it even more sparkly, because now Bo can do that shit. I don't know where it comes from; she doesn't know. I didn't make her do it. I didn't Svengali her. It just came out of her and it's very dear. There's no heavy shit to do, but if you watch it, try to picture other people doing it. There are damned few. I didn't go out to defend her on *Tarzan* because I'd be the first to tell you that she sat through that damned thing sucking her thumb — which was something I told her to do. And a lot of critics got on her for that. But I'd rather have her finger up to her mouth and have her look as if she's doing something even if it's repeating the same thing a thousand times than do nothing. I criticised her terribly in that. Now I don't criticise her at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear a marshalling of morally reactionary, anti-nudity, anti-sex forces against you because of *Bolero*?

JOHN: I think the line would be about three or four people long.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Svengali. How do you deal with the constant inferences that you are manipulative in your relationship?

JOHN: It gets on my nerves when people read some truth into it. [*To Bo*] Show him our stationery. [*Bo goes into the house.*] We decided to name our company Svengali after an article that came out in the *Boston Globe*. Bo's the president. [*Bo returns with letterhead depicting her as a nude puppeteer toying with John's strings.*] So we did this stationery. It was our way of giving people the finger. And of course, we've had some backlash. A reporter writes, "What's this Svengali stuff? I saw her chewing his ass out and he just sits there and says 'Yes, Bo. Yes, Bo.' He's a tired little old man saying yes to this goddamned tough broad." One minute I'm this asshole Svengali monster and the next I'm a little old grey-haired man this teenybopper is whipping to death. You can't win.

PLAYBOY: When you can't win, what do you do?

JOHN: You punt. You get up on a mountaintop and pee on them.

PLAYBOY: When you meet the press now, do you try harder?

JOHN: We don't meet the press. We did in the beginning when we were travelling around the world; as a moral obligation to support a picture. But since then, between pictures, Bo's never spoken with anyone.

BO: Now, when I go places I have a list of people I'll talk with and ones I won't. That also makes it nicer for the ones you will speak with.

John: "I didn't go out to defend Bo on Tarzan *because I'd be the first to tell you that she sat through that damned thing sucking her thumb."*

JOHN: And that isn't only people who'll say favorable things about her. It's those who will report the facts. Not ones who see her in Levi's and report her in hot, tight, short, pink pants that revealed everything.

BO: And I'm always "bending over . . ."

JOHN: Throwing her breasts in their faces when she's actually wearing a sweatshirt. If Bo looks like a piece of shit and somebody reports it, that's her problem. But don't invent the way she looks.

PLAYBOY: How true is the report about the MGM/UA executives laughing derisively during the *Bolero* screening?

BO: After Cannon sent this telex about people laughing in the wrong places and the picture being insufferable, I called a publicity person at MGM/UA and asked how the screening had gone. He said, "Fine, everything went fine." I said that I'd heard some guys were mouthing off in the back row, and he said, "Oh, you know, boys will be boys and they play their games when it gets a little sexy. But it's a very commercial picture and it's going to go well." I asked someone else who was there and got basically the same reaction.

PLAYBOY: Why do you insist on doing these projects together?

JOHN: It's our preference to stick together.

BO: We've been together for 10 years and all this stardom happened just three years ago. So we had seven years of living together 24 hours a day, doing everything together. We've produced several pictures together. Then all of a sudden this popularity was separating us an awful lot. That's not good, and that's not what our relationship is. So we make pictures together. But sometimes I don't think John is going to do it again with me. It seems like a lot more trouble than it's worth.

JOHN: If she'd go in her direction and I in mine, I think some people would be happier than pigs in shit.

BO: They'd leave us alone for a while.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think problems follow you around?

JOHN: They don't.

BO: We don't accept them.

JOHN: I think our relationship just irritates the piss out of a lot of people because I'm 30 years older than Bo and she hasn't chucked me out for some stud.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourself as a writer and director?

JOHN: Using what we have in the business as a norm? [*pause*] I'm not going to say I take a back seat to anyone that's in the business. I don't think anyone is more conscientious than I am. I have no pretences that we're trying to make great drama. We're not doing anything of the sort.

PLAYBOY: Bo, how do you rate yourself as an actress?

BO: Well, after this picture, I'm getting better. I'm learning a lot. This all happened so fast. I wasn't an actress when we did *10*. And I wasn't trying to be. But I'm learning now.

JOHN: Let me answer it because she can't say it. Bo, what did the president of MGM say after you screened the picture for him?

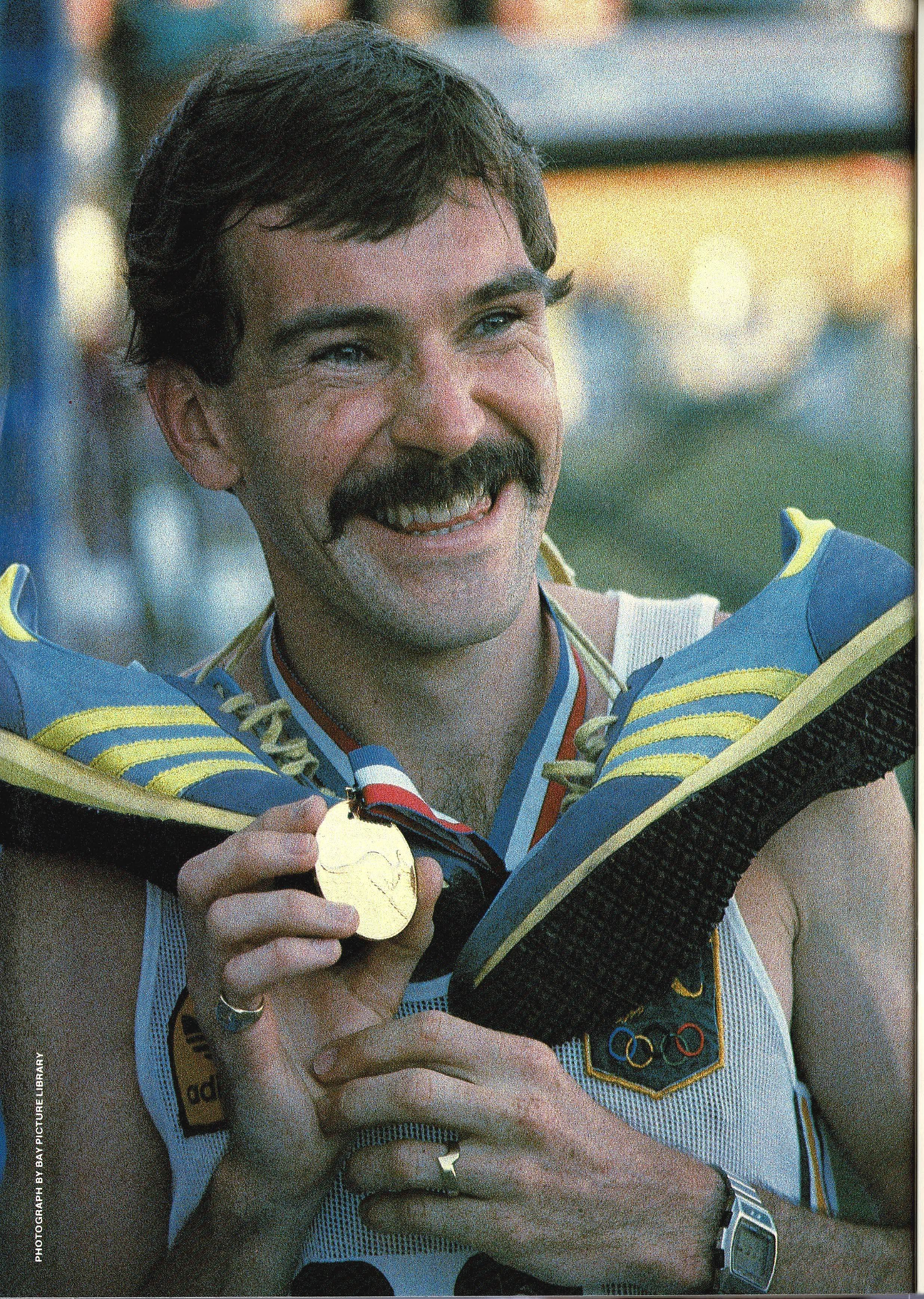
BO: It was really nice. He talked about the picture being charming. He said, "I'm knocked out by what you did, Bo." He said it three or four times.

PLAYBOY: Will the film do well?

JOHN: Oh, yes. Are you kidding? It's going to make gigantic dollars.

BO: It's a nice film.

JOHN: It's a goddam nice film.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BAY PICTURE LIBRARY

20 QUESTIONS: ROBERT DE CASTELLA

All the victories so far look like a warm-up for the Olympics as Australia's marathon man opens up about training, diet and philosophy

It was a little less than four years ago that the marathon reclaimed its title from the 1500 metres as the glamor event of distance running. And rightly so, for tradition and performance decreed that it was the marathon that embodied the most significant traits of sporting nobility: athleticism, courage, endurance and supreme discipline.

The marathon's revival was a fortunate occurrence for Australia's Robert de Castella, for the period coincided with his rise as the world's best over the 42-kilometre distance. Since his great breakthrough win at Fukuoka in 1981, de Castella has won at Brisbane (1982), Rotterdam (1983) and in last year's World Championship at Helsinki.

Despite recent losses Deek has been training hard back in Canberra.

On form he goes into the Los Angeles Olympic marathon as a narrow favorite over Balcha (Ethiopia), world record-holder Alberto Salazar and the man he is still to conquer, Japan's Toshihiko Seko.

It was against this backdrop of performance and pre-Olympic pressure that Deek was interviewed by ***Alistair Aitken*** *of* Marathon and Distance Runner *magazine.*

1.

PLAYBOY: Have you always preferred running to other sports?

DE CASTELLA: I did a couple of other sports, but I never really could associate with team sports. I have always enjoyed the personal approach that athletics has. You put yourself on the line and you are responsible for your own training and getting it done. You are responsible basically for how you perform.

2.

PLAYBOY: In what is still essentially amateur sport, you've managed to create a working lifestyle conducive to training and performing. How important is that?

DE CASTELLA: I work as a biophysicist at the Australian Institute of Sport in Canberra, but it fits around my training. I don't have any commitments at all to work there. I work there in my own time, so it is more of a hobby than a profession. My first priority is to my training and my running, and everything else that I do has got to fit in around the requirements for that.

3.

PLAYBOY: How much pressure were you under in winning the Brisbane Commonwealth Games marathon?

DE CASTELLA: There was a lot of pressure on me going into the race because I was the favorite. On times I was more than two minutes faster than anybody else in the field. Being an Australian and running in front of an Australian crowd whose expectations were very, very high creates pressure. Marathons are such unpredictable events, you get runners who come out and improve minutes in one race. It is very difficult to have to have a cut-and-dried favorite, I have always believed in running races very much on how I am feeling. I knew the course, the atmosphere was fairly humid and there were a lot of hills in the last half of it. You have got to run your own race and you have got to be able to relax very much in a race situation, and it is more important in a marathon where you have to run so efficiently.

4.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel the same sort of pressure in winning at Rotterdam and Helsinki?

DE CASTELLA: I did not feel there was quite so much. In both cases I had been out of Australia for some time.

5.

PLAYBOY: Can the pressure to win become an addiction?

DE CASTELLA: It is very easy to get that way when you are in the eyes of the public so much. Then you are not only running for yourself but running for everybody else and you should not be. It is an individual sport and a personal thing that you do for yourself. You don't do it for everybody else, you don't do it for the millions of people back in Australia, sure it is great to have that recognition and their support and their encouragement, but it is a personal thing.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are there places where you particularly enjoy training?

DE CASTELLA: Probably at home in Canberra. Only a couple of miles from our house we have got an enormous forest which is about 40 or 50 km around, all pine trees. This is beautiful to train in, there are nice dirt trails and rolling hills — and steep hills if you want them. I really enjoy forest environments with shade and soft paths. I like to get away from civilisation.

7.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the prospect of doing a 40km training run seem boring?

DE CASTELLA: It is very hard to look forward to a training run around the roads, around the streets of any town. It's much nicer if you can go out into bush, parkland or forest.

8.

PLAYBOY: Some runners claim that training is 90 percent grind and 10 percent enjoyment. Do you go along with that?

DE CASTELLA: To a certain extent. A lot of the time I wish that I could freshen up for a few days, so that I can enjoy some of my sessions. You are so tired every day from the previous day's training, every afternoon from the morning sessions and so forth. Every now and again you do have a good day. It is a great feeling to go out and feel good for a change.

9.

PLAYBOY: You hold the race record for Sydney's City To Surf fun run. Does that event hold special memories?

DE CASTELLA: That was one of the big races I ran four or five years ago now, because I was training very well going into the race. I have won it a couple of times actually, but the last time I won it I improved dramatically on my own course record. I was running by myself, a long way in front of everybody else, but it was a really tough course with a lot of hills in it and I have always enjoyed running hills. When you are feeling strong and good you can really attack them and run over the top, rather than struggling to get up them. That sort of sense of power, sense of strength is a great emotion.

10.

PLAYBOY: You seem to thrive on hilly running. Is it because you have such strength in your legs?

DE CASTELLA: I certainly have got a lot of strength in my legs which, I think, has come partly through the training that I have been doing over the past decade or so. It is just a gradual adaptation which you have to go through, if you do the sort of training we do.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your coach Pat Clohessy was a fine runner himself. How has his experience helped you?

DE CASTELLA: Because he had raced around on the European circuits and came in contact with the American kind of

distance running and the New Zealand approach to distance running — which was really different — he has had a great opportunity to learn. From this he has created his own form of training, and his own approach to running which I believe is really very good.

12.

PLAYBOY: No distance runner starts out with the marathon. You did quite well with shorter distances earlier in your career, didn't you?

DE CASTELLA: Certainly. When I first started running I set several Australian junior records for distances varying from 3km to 10km on the track. I ran what are still considered fairly quick times for a 17 or 18-year-old.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you think distance running has become too much of a fad thing?

DE CASTELLA: Running is such a natural activity. Our whole society and technology have aimed at eliminating physical activity which I don't think is good. The best sort of physical activity you can do is easy running with a little bit of slow distance work.

14.

PLAYBOY: You have proved that an athlete can be a great marathon runner without also having to be a world-beater on the track. How was that achieved?

DE CASTELLA: I think what you need for marathon running is strength more than an actual explosive speed, but I also believe that I have got the potential to run very fast on the track. It is only because I have never really given myself the opportunity to have a good track season, where I have run maybe four or five races back to back — which I believe you have to do before you can get your best performance out. Probably for the past three or four track seasons I have only had maybe two or three races each season, so I have never really been able to consolidate enough on top of my races and get down to a good time.

15.

PLAYBOY: The great marathon victories obviously mean a lot to you, but what other events are likely to linger in your memory?

DE CASTELLA: One area that I'm keen to concentrate on involves my track times. For instance, I'd be very disappointed if I did not improve my performances — specifically the 10km.

16.

PLAYBOY: Ron Clarke is one of Australia's greatest multiple distance record holders and, like yourself, came from Victoria. Has he inspired you at all?

DE CASTELLA: I have admired a lot of Ron's approach and attitude toward running and tried to model myself, to a certain extent, on some of those attitudes. He was a very honest, a very open sort of runner. He would not go into a race and sell himself short. Every time he put his foot on the track he put himself on the line and ran a good hard race. I admire him and I am a little disappointed by the attitudes that we see today in *some* of the top 800-1500 metres guys. I believe there is so much pressure and so much public expectation of them that they are letting it get to them, rather than just running for themselves, just going out there and being honest with themselves, which is really what they should be doing.

17.

PLAYBOY: The jogging and marathon boom has introduced thousands of people who might never have become runners to competitive distance running. What advice do you have for them?

DE CASTELLA: I try to discourage youngsters from doing marathons. I don't believe anybody under the age of 17 really should contemplate running marathons. Sure, they can run 16km road races and fun runs and those sorts of things, but I don't really think that the marathon itself, and the training that is required for it, is good for their growth, both mental and physical. But as far as other people are concerned, once you stop growing and have matured and settled down mentally I think then it would probably be one of the most challenging events that anybody could participate in. Challenging insofar as you know what training you have to do, and it is just a matter of doing it and you can see times and your standard of fitness improving. It is a very basic and sort of primitive activity that appeals to a lot of people. It is a matter of making a personal commitment to do the work, put in the training and you can be very successful in your own situation.

I try to discourage youngsters from doing marathons. I don't believe. . . the training is good for their growth, both mental and physical.

18.

PLAYBOY: Leg and foot injuries are the curse of social and competitive runners. How important is the choice of shoes?

DE CASTELLA: I think there are certain shoes that are probably *not* very good, but I think most of the big brands are usually safe to train in. A lot of injuries come from the sort of training you do rather than what you do it in. The shoe that I train in is not a top of the range shoe. It is a basic, ordinary training shoe. It is a solid shoe, good flexibility, good shock absorption, just a basic, all-round shoe really. Like a lot of things, the shoe industry has been over-commercialised with all these "cushy" rides and "whizz bang" things you can add on to them.

19.

PLAYBOY: What has been your strategy in preparing for the Olympics since winning the World Championship in Helsinki last August?

DE CASTELLA: It's been a 12-month build-up with concentration on short races and competitive track work during the Australian season. I've aimed at running a few good 5000 metres and 10,000 metres races and some shorter events. Then I've built up the distances.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend being in the sport for a long time?

DE CASTELLA: When I was young and starting to run well and winning races, I got a little caught up with the pressure of having to put it on the line each weekend. It was then that my father told me that if I get to the stage when I don't enjoy it, when I don't look forward to races, and when I don't get a lot of pleasure and satisfaction from running, that is the time to give it away. I think that is very important. The sport is a personal thing to me, it is a thing that I enjoy. I have put in a lot of hard training and my performances improve and I get a lot of satisfaction and enjoyment from that. The day that I stop getting enjoyment — the day I stop looking forward to racing and training — will be the day that I consider changing my attitude toward the sport. I think I will always run, but I don't think I will always be making all the sacrifices.

At the moment, however, I have got no ideas of changing my approach and I enjoy very much the races that I have, the training that I have done. I will stick to it for a while yet.

ROB'S WEEKLY TRAINING SCHEDULE

Monday: AM, 9.6 kilometres easy; PM 16km easy.

Tuesday: AM, 9.6km easy; PM, hill repetitions (17.6km including warm-up and warm-down).

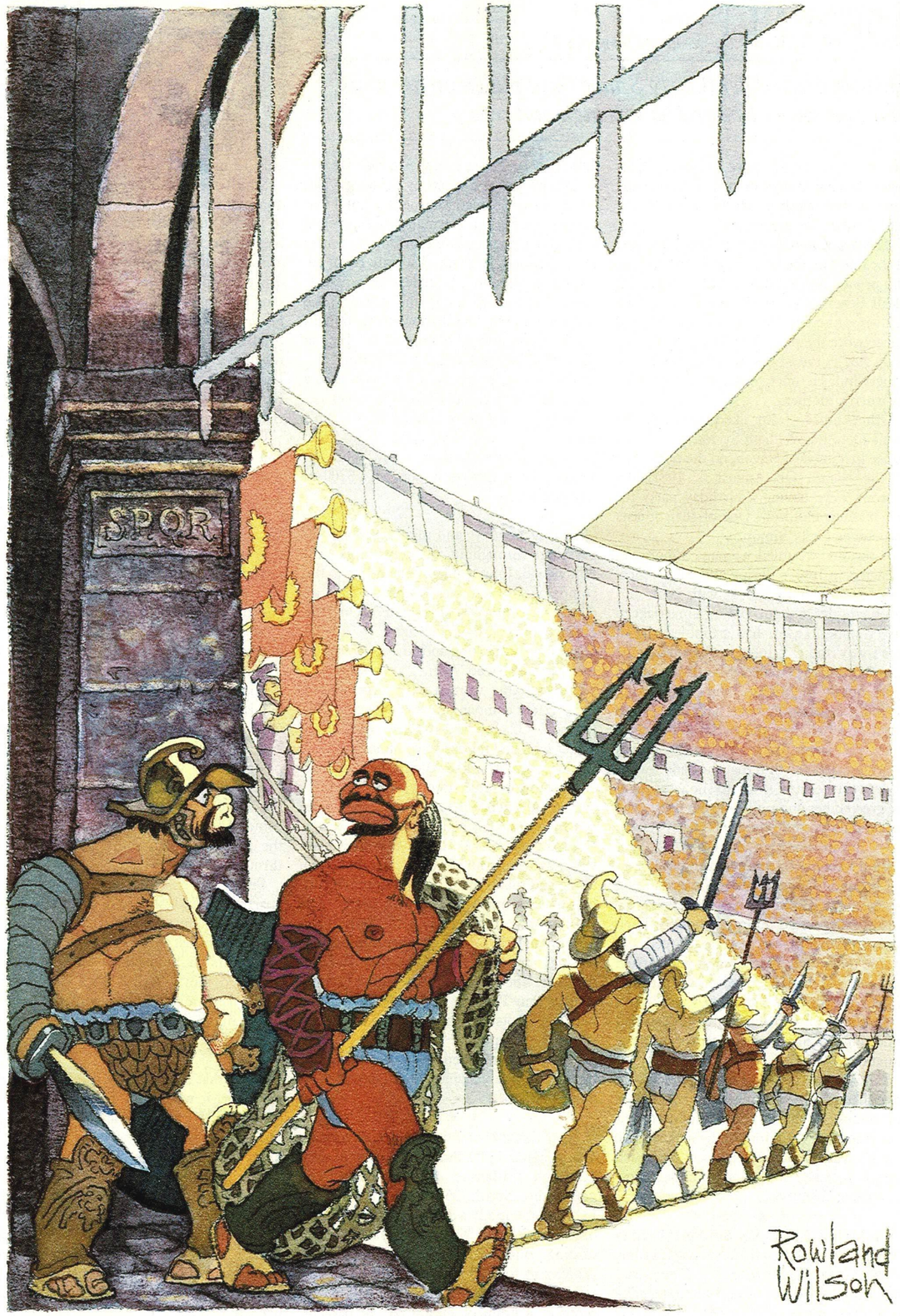
Wednesday: AM, 9.6km easy; PM, flat 29 kilometres.

Thursday: AM, 9.6km easy; PM track work-out (usually 8x400 in 62-64 seconds with a 200 recovery float in 45 seconds; totals about 14.4km with warm-up and warm-down).

Friday: AM, 9.6km easy; PM, 16 kilometres easy.

Saturday: AM 16km hard/hilly; PM, 6km easy.

Sunday: AM, hilly 35km; PM, 9.6 kilometres easy.



"No matter how many times I go out there, I still get stage fright."

DEATH

(continued from page 46)

Belushi greeted her (Carly Simon) and pulled up her dress. His eyes were alive and he was high and crazy.

Bilzerian's clothing store, Take It Easy Baby, buying things or just watching the women fold clothes. Or he went to the island bakery or played golf.

The beach in back of their house was one of the finest on the East Coast — wide, clean and private. John and Aykroyd christened it Skull Beach, and people needed a special skull-inscribed pin to use it. Even the local police wore the pins. John loved to swim or body surf in the large waves that came with a big wind. He once took a mud bath with Aykroyd's mother.

Other times, John liked going to the home of author William Styron, who had a house in Vineyard Haven, on the north end of the island. On August 4, 1981, the Styrons were having a birthday party for one of their children. One of their guests was singer Carly Simon.

A serious, troubled woman, Simon was attracted to John's daring and irreverence. She felt drawn to people with dark and troubled sides to them. Her own marriage to singer James Taylor had crumbled and in some way she felt John might shed some light on her experience. She drove to the party about midnight. John was lurking among the cars, looking half like James Dean and half like the parking-lot attendant. He went up to Simon, who was wearing a dress so thin that she hadn't worn underwear because it would show through. He greeted her and pulled up her dress. She pulled it down and grimaced. His eyes were alive, and he was high and crazy.

John took her to the lawn and put her on the ground. Ignoring the people standing by, he climbed on to her and started making a fake, exaggerated humping motion. Then he stood and picked her up, tipped her upside down over his shoulder and carried her into the house, parading her around among the guests. Simon was used to a teasing relationship with John, but this had gone too far. She had no control over the situation.

Simon tried to pull her dress down to cover herself. She was upset and humiliated and almost in shock. Having John around was a macabre thrill for her: he had courage and he was dangerous. He took so much energy, patience, understanding; he almost stole them from you.

●

By the end of 1981, Belushi had starred in a string of commercially unsuccessful films — *1941, The Blues Brothers, Continental Divide* and *Neighbors* — and was determined to exert more creative control over his next project, a comedy that he wanted to co-author and that came to be titled *Noble Rot*.

On Monday morning, January 8, 1982, John flew first class to Los Angeles. He was picked up about 2.30pm by limousine and taken to the Chateau Marmont, a hotel that looks like a French Norman castle, perched high above Sunset Boulevard in the centre of Hollywood. John checked into room 69, rented a maroon Mercedes-Benz 380SL sports car for $85 a day and drove to the private club On The Rox, where he bought drinks for people who stopped by. He ran up a $152 bill and added a $200 tip.

The couple in the room next to his had a baby, and they complained to the management about the noise coming from John's room — stereo, TV, loud talk. John complained about their baby, and on January 19 he moved to room 54, a $200-a-day penthouse.

●

During his days and nights of non-stop partying throughout Beverly Hills and Hollywood, John would often end up in the company of actresses, models and an occasional PLAYBOY Playmate. On the evening of Tuesday, February 16, after a heavy day of drinking and cocaine abuse, he met April Milstead. April, 25 years old, was a thin, striking woman with large, pretty eyes. Her companion was Charles W. Pearson, 32, a well-dressed rock'n'roll singer who had released two minor albums. He looked a little like Mick Jagger and he cultivated the same droopy, hip look.

Pearson, who had grown up near Washington, DC, had been around drugs since the age of 13. He felt that Milstead, who was losing a lot of weight, was doing too much and that it made her unattractive, but he was very much in love with her.

John was infatuated with April. He hovered over her, following her around and teasing her, suggesting that they run off together. She teased him back. She invited him to join Pearson and her at a private party at Dotson's, an art-deco furniture store. He accepted.

It was 8.30am when he drove back to his bungalow, where he had moved in search of more privacy.

●

Near downtown Los Angeles, in a small apartment at 113½ Bimini Place, on March 1, 1982, Catherine Evelyn Smith was getting up. Smith, 35, had cut her heroin habit to about $25 a day, down from $500 a day in the good times when she'd been dealing. But she had close friends in the trade, and for $25 she could get what was referred to as half a tenth — one half of one tenth of a gram of heroin. At 70 percent purity, it kept her going.

Smith's life had had its ups and downs. She had become pregnant at 17 and had to give up her baby, a great trauma, since she herself had been adopted. She started dating Levon Helm, who went on to play the drums and sing for Bob Dylan's backup group, which later became The Band. She was 5'6", with a very good figure, and was quite beautiful. She married a man named Paul Donnelly, but that marriage lasted only 13 months.

Smith met folk singer/songwriter Gordon Lightfoot and lived with him from 1972 to 1975. During that time, she recorded the backup vocals for *High And Dry* on his *Sundown* album. From 1975 to 1977, she drove the tour bus for Hoyt Axton and also sang backup for him. Together, they wrote *Flash Of Fire*, which got on the charts briefly and continued to earn her modest royalties. In 1977, she was with Rick Danko, the bass player and a singer for The Band. Later, Richard Manuel, also of The Band, flew her to California.

Once there, she rented a house in Bel Air and became deeply involved in the drug scene, hanging out with rock bands and going to parties.

She met The Rolling Stones and quickly latched on to them. They took her wherever they went, and it was then that Smith was introduced to heroin. By 1978, she had a very secret heroin habit that she kept from friends who were non-users.

She had an even darker secret: she had become a dealer. Smith had gone to Thailand in 1978 as a middleman under an assumed name to arrange for the purchase of a kilo of China White heroin for a dealer in the States. It took three weeks to recruit and co-ordinate the carriers and get passports for them, and when the heroin was finally smuggled in, Smith never got the $10,000 she had been promised. She contacted a friend to see if she could have the dealer killed, but never followed through.

Smith gave a lot of parties in her apartment, and she sold to hundreds of people — many she knew, many she didn't. Some were just faces or people in cars or chauffeurs in limousines. Several drivers delivered movie scripts with cash inside. Smith kept a small book with the names, phone numbers and addresses of her Hollywood customers.

●

Later that day, April Milstead answered her door; it was John, and he insisted on coming in. He said he wanted some heroin. Did she know where to get any — just a little, perhaps a tenth of a gram?

The going rate for a tenth is about $60, Milstead said. Several weeks earlier, she had bought a tenth from Cathy Smith, whom she had met the previous fall at Dan Tana's, a bar on Santa Monica. Milstead could call Cathy and get the heroin herself, and John would never even have to meet her.

Smith was at her apartment watching TV when the phone rang that evening. She'd already had *her* heroin for the day.

"John Belushi is in town and is looking for some stuff," Milstead said. "Can you get some?"

Smith had met John and talked with him briefly during the second season of *Saturday Night Live*, when The Band was the musical guest, and during the filming of *1941* three years before, when he had been doing lots of cocaine. She had never associated him with heroin.

"I'll have to check and call you back," Smith replied.

He would pay a couple of hundred, Milstead said. That was enough for four tenths of a gram — a good, long party, particularly for those not regular users.

Later that night Smith delivered the heroin to John at Milstead's apartment. April took him aside and warned him that Smith was bad news; she lived off other people's money and drugs. At that moment, she was shooting about three fourths of one of the tenths into her own vein. She welcomed the extra shot.

Milstead did not like to shoot herself up and asked Smith to do it for her. Smith, thinking Milstead didn't know enough about shooting and might be careless injecting herself, agreed. She gave April about half a tenth, not sure how big a load her body could handle.

John seemed fascinated with both the process and the effect, watching intensely in Milstead's bedroom. "You think you could do that for me?" John asked.

Smith considered herself a superb nurse with a full working knowledge of drugs. She had read books and articles about how to revive overdose victims, and she had once saved the life of someone who had overdosed in her apartment. Better to have her shoot John than someone like April.

"Do you have a syringe?" John asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Shoot me up."

"I don't know why you'd want to do that." Smith explained that she didn't like shooting drugs into people, and she expressed mild surprise that he did heroin.

John said that he'd taken heroin before, back in New York, but he didn't like people to know. He said he wanted a speedball — a mixture of cocaine and heroin. The high of the coke and the dulling effect of the heroin, mixed properly, could create a wonderful sensation, he'd heard.

John seemed to love the impact, which normally hit in 10 to 20 seconds.

About midnight, the party moved to John's bungalow. As they stepped over the threshold, he grabbed Smith's arm. "Let's go in this bathroom," he said, turning into the small bathroom nearest the living room. "I want to do another hit."

Smith wanted to keep it as private as possible, so she closed the door. John took out some cocaine, a fresh supply neatly wrapped in small paper bundles, and handed her a bundle. Earlier, he had given her the heroin to hold, but he kept charge of the cocaine. They agreed this show would be coke — not a speedball.

As a precautionary measure, Smith said, she would do a shot first. She wanted to be careful not to give John too much and needed to test the purity. "I don't know what the quality of this coke is. If the quality is appreciably more, there could be problems." She prepared about a line and injected herself. She didn't particularly like coke; if she took a hit, she needed just that much more heroin to come down.

Next she prepared a shot for John — all coke and only about half of what she had given herself. She asked how it was.

"Great," he said, leaving the bathroom with a big smile on his face.

John turned on loud music and talked about scripts and wine while the drugs continued. The hazy bull session lasted for hours. John snorted some heroin.

Milstead watched Smith shoot up John. Once, when the front bathroom was unoccupied, she went in to check out her eyes in the mirror. John followed. She continued to stare into the mirror. He undressed and took a shower while she stood there. She bit her cheek; he seemed incapable of embarrassment.

●

John began to see more of Smith. The next few days became a blur of bingeing and drug taking. The night of March 3rd John and Smith went back to John's favorite LA club, On the Rox, and into the owner's office.

It was a seedy, small room that looked like an add-on attic. With a nod, John signalled to Smith to join him. He handed her the cocaine. She prepared the cocaine-and-water mixture, shot herself up and then John.

John left and walked across the parking lot to the Rainbow for some dinner. Smith sat down to have some wine and also ordered some shrimps.

Meanwhile, movie actor Robert de Niro had been trying to reach John at the Chateau. At 9.09, de Niro left a message for John: "At Dan Tana's if you want to meet." At 10.13, he left another message: "I'm on way to On The Rox. Return to hotel at 10.30pm."

At 11 o'clock, a *Saturday Night Live* rerun started. John and Smith sat down before the large Advant screen at On The Rox. A large, still head shot of John came on with the caption IN HAPPIER TIMES.

Smith noticed that John had a broad smile, lighthearted and self-satisfied. She hadn't seen him unwind, ease up on himself and those around him, all week long. It was always the phone, meetings, scripts, another shot, which he was growing to love. He seemed to soften while watching the rerun, and he lingered by the set a few more minutes.

Todd Fisher went up to John. "John, it's Todd, Carrie's brother."

"How's she doing?"

"She's in London," he said, "doing *Return Of The Jedi*."

"Yeah," John said. "I wish she and Danny had got married."

He signalled Smith that it was time again. They went to one of the washrooms, shut the door and each got a shot of John's cocaine.

About midnight, de Niro walked in. John asked him to go back to his bungalow at the Chateau Marmont when On The Rox closed. De Niro said he would.

About two o'clock, waiting for the car in the On The Rox parking lot, John saw someone selling drugs and bought a gram of

"Now, now captain, remember you promised. . . no foreplay!"

coke for $100. "I got some coke," John told Smith. "Let's go back to the Marmont." He asked if she would drive.

Smith loved the Mercedes. She got behind the wheel, heading east down Sunset Boulevard. John asked her to pull over quickly. She turned into a closed service station. "I'm going to get sick," he said, opening the door. He threw up, heaving and gasping.

At the Chateau, John went to the back bathroom and threw up again.

"John, are you all right?" Smith asked. "What are you sick from?"

"I don't know," John said. "I ate all this greasy food at the Rainbow."

●

That night, comedian Robin Williams, an On The Rox regular who knew John from New York, had stopped by the Comedy Store on Sunset Boulevard, as he often did, on impulse to give a 45-minute stand-up improvisation. He took the 1.30am time slot, which he liked best; there was the least pressure at that time of the morning. Williams was getting ready for a 60-city tour and he wanted to practise.

When he'd finished, he went a few blocks down the strip to On The Rox, but it was closed. The post-two am crowd in the parking lot was large. One of the bouncers noticed Williams and said both Belushi and de Niro had been asking for him. Williams phoned de Niro's room at the Chateau, and de Niro said they were meeting at John's.

Williams got into his silver BMW and drove over to the Chateau. He was let into John's room and was told that he'd be back shortly.

So Williams called de Niro again from Belushi's bungalow. "Hey, where are you?" he asked, feeling weird and out of place. He could hear the voices of at least two women in the background of de Niro's room.

"I can't talk," de Niro said.

A few minutes later, John and Smith returned. John greeted Williams warmly and sat down on the couch with Smith.

Smith was delighted to meet Williams, but from the instant she walked through the door, his discomfort increased. He had never seen John with such a hard woman; she had clearly been around. Williams did not consider himself a spring chicken, but Smith was frightening. She seemed somewhat out of place in John's life, at least from what Williams had seen. Even the room, tacky and messy, seemed part of this different ambience. Dozens of wine bottles were open and scattered around. Williams wondered what John, who was overweight and depressed, was doing and why. He emitted a certain melancholy. He seemed not embarrassed but a little out of sorts that Williams was seeing him in that condition.

Grabbing his guitar, John strummed a few chords. He didn't find the sound he was looking for and put it down.

He stood up and got out some cocaine. Then John sat down and his head dropped as if he had fallen asleep or passed out. In about five seconds, he lifted his head.

"What's up?" Williams asked. He had never seen anyone go out like that and come back so quickly. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," John said distractedly. "Took a couple of 'ludes." He sat there on the verge of sleep.

Williams decided it was time to go. He felt sorry for John and thought that if he knew him better, he'd probe and find out what was going on — perhaps even recommend that John get away from this strange company and the decaying room. But that was just a thought that flashed by. Williams realised he was an outsider. He got up and said good night.

●

De Niro appeared from the back of the bungalow, slipping in through the sliding glass doors. Smith didn't dare to shake his hand. His quiet, penetrating stare seemed to say, "Back off, look out."

"Help yourself to the coke," John said.

De Niro found Smith trashy and was surprised that John was with such a woman. He also felt that John seemed wired. There

Smith mixed coke with some heroin for a speedball. She made one for John that had half a tenth each of cocaine and heroin.

wasn't much to say, and he headed back to his room shortly after three o'clock.

"Do you want me to leave?" Smith asked John.

"No, stick around," he said. "Can you get some more coke?"

Smith said she really wouldn't know how, especially at this hour. "You haven't had any sleep for days," she said. "Why don't you go to sleep?"

John produced a little more coke from his pocket. Smith mixed it with some heroin for a speedball. She gave herself the first shot, then made one for John that had half a tenth each of cocaine and heroin.

John got up and took a shower, and she washed his back. Smith then showered. Her clothes were dirty, and John told her to wear his new jogging suit.

Smith made an experimental gesture of sexual intimacy. John was not interested and turned away. She knew well that heavy drug use killed any desire.

John said he felt chilly.

"Well, get under the covers," Smith said. "I'll turn up the heat." She tucked the blankets around him and turned up the thermostat.

Smith went to the living room and started to write a letter. She stopped at the top of the third page.

She wanted to get back to her roommate's apartment and wondered if she could take John's car. She got up and went back to his room. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

From his bed, John mumbled something and waved her off, unfriendly.

She went back to the living room and tried to call Canada.

Coughing and wheezing — very strange noises — were coming from the bedroom, so she went back again. John was making heavy, choked-up sounds. She pulled back the covers. "John, are you all right?"

"Yeah," he said, waking up. "What's wrong?"

"You don't sound right . . . Do you want a glass of water?"

She went to fill a glass, came back and handed it to him. He took a couple of swallows and said his lungs were congested.

Smith said she was going to get something to eat.

"Don't leave," John said, a plaintiveness in his voice. He eased himself down under the covers, rolled over on his right side and closed his eyes.

Smith dialled room service but couldn't get through. She called Milstead, but there was no answer there, either. She tried room service again and it answered. She ordered two pieces of wheat toast with jam and honey and a pot of coffee. The order came about 15 minutes later, around eight o'clock. Smith added a one-dollar tip to the $4.50 bill and signed John's name.

About 10 o'clock John's manager's assistant tried to get through to bungalow number three, but the desk said there was a do-not-disturb message on John's phone line.

About 10.15 am, Smith checked John. He seemed okay and was snoring loudly. She put the syringe and spoon they had been using in her purse; the maid might come to clean up, and she didn't want her to find them. She left the bungalow, took John's car and drove over to Rudy's bar to have a brandy and place a six-dollar bet on a horse.

It was Bill Wallace, a kind of unofficial "minder", employed by John's management, who found John.

●

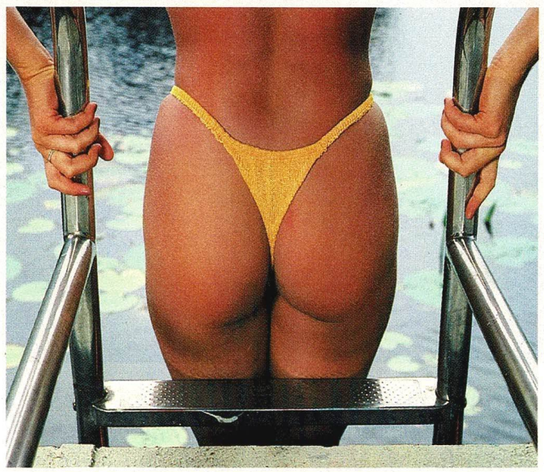
Wallace was driving around doing several errands during an early lunch hour, about noon. Then he drove up to the Chateau.

"Shit," Wallace said, noticing that John's car wasn't there. When he got to number three, he knocked several times. There was no answer, so he let himself in with his key. He set his parcel down and looked along the 25-foot-long hall to the back bedroom. It looked as if someone were in the bed. If John were sleeping, there would be snoring and wheezing. There was not even a hint of the familiar harsh, raspy breathing. The place was hot, a dry, breathless heat. The mess and squalor were John's — there was that particular resoluteness behind the disorder. Wallace felt a slight eeriness as he moved down the hall. Someone was clearly

(continued on page 136)

Water Baby

Cute and cuddly Cheryl says growing up in the great Aussie outdoors has given her true grit



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT MELTON

Curvy Cheryl Dombrowski lives beside one of Australia's most spectacular surfing beaches — Byron Bay in NSW. She swims and surfs all the year round and has a particular fondness for leaping off mountainous sand dunes. All that athletic behavior means she's collected her fair share of scrapes and bruises over the years. But she carries them with pride and when it came to posing for our Australian PLAYBOY pictorial, she said: "My legs are covered with scars but I've earned them all. I'm not one of those soft women who wants to cover them up. They're part of me and you can take 'em or leave 'em! I'm a surfer and proud of it." It's okay, Cheryl, we're more than happy to take you just the way you are.

When she isn't surfing or leaping off tall dunes in a single bound, 20-year-old Cheryl helps out at a local boutique which specialises in outrageous fashion. "The more flamboyant, the better!" she laughs. Cheryl admits that she's always been a tomboy and possesses a go-for-it attitude to life. "My philosophy may frighten off weaker men," she says, "but that's their problem." And as for males, Cheryl claims she likes both sporty and physical types and sensitive, romantic men. "I like it when a man whispers sweet nothings in my ear and brings me flowers. I wasn't in a hurry to learn about sex," says Cheryl, "I don't like to play around. I have to be in love.

"I like a man who is responsive to my needs and desires. Because I'm extroverted and I love wild fashions, some men think that's what I'm all about but they're making a big mistake. I have a quiet, mysterious side to my personality. I don't like men who come on with obvious sexual intent. Mystery and romance are very important to me."

NUMBERS

(continued from page 56)

"I heard him suck and gasp and gargle . . . going down, shrieking, but I stood straight, chin up . . ."

back, my chin drop, my shoulders flinch. To stop it, I lifted my drink, waved it carelessly at him, and drank.

What will happen, I thought, in the years ahead? Will the son grow up to kill his old man, or beat him up, or just run away to know a ruined life, always marching to some unheard shout of "Hut" or "Harch," but never "At ease"?

Or, I thought, drinking, would the boy raise sons himself and just yell at *them* on hot noons by far pools in endless years? Would he one day stick a pistol in his mouth and kill his father the only way he knew how? Or would he marry and have *no* sons and thus bury all shouts, all drills, all sergeants? Questions, half-answers, more questions.

My glass was empty. The sun had gone, and the father and his son with it.

But now, in the flesh, straight across from me on this late night train, heading north for unlit destinations, one of them had returned. There he was, the kid himself, the raw recruit, the child of the father who shouted at noon and told the sun to rise or set.

Merely alive? Half-alive? All alive?

I wasn't sure.

But there he sat, 30 years later, a young-old or old-young man, sipping on his third martini.

By now, I realised that my glances were becoming much too constant and embarrassing. I studied his bright blue, wounded eyes (for that is what they were: wounded) and at last took courage and spoke.

"Pardon me," I said. "This may seem silly, but 30 years back, I swam weekends at the Ambassador Hotel where a military man tended the pool with his son. He — well, are *you* that son?"

The young-old man across from me thought for a moment, looked me over with his shifting eyes and at last smiled, quietly.

"I," he said, "*am* that son. Come on over."

We shook hands. I sat and ordered a final round for us, as if we were celebrating something or holding a wake, nobody seemed to know which. After the barman delivered the drinks, I said, "To 1952, a toast. A good year? Bad year? Here's to it, anyway!"

We drank and the young-old man said, almost immediately, "You're wondering whatever happened to my father."

"My God," I sighed.

"No, no," he assured me, "it's all right. A lot of people have wondered, and asked, over the years."

The boy inside the older man nursed his martini and remembered the past.

"Do you *tell* people when they ask?"

"I do."

I took a deep breath. "All right, then. What *did* happen to your father?"

"He died."

There was a long pause.

"Is that *all?*"

"Not quite." The young-old man arranged his glass on the table in front of him, and placed a napkin at a precise angle to it, and fitted an olive to the very centre of the napkin, reading the past there. "You remember what he was like?"

"Vividly."

"Oh, what a world of meaning you put into that 'vividly'." The young-old man snorted faintly. "You remember his marches up, down, around the pool, left face, right, tenshun, don't move, chin-stomach in, chest out, harch two, hut?"

"I remember."

"Well, one day in 1953, long after the old crowd was gone from the pool, and you with them, my dad was drilling me outdoors one late afternoon.

"He had me standing in the hot sun for an hour or so and he yelled in my face, I can remember the saliva spray on my chin, my nose, my eyelids when he yelled 'Don't move a muscle! Don't blink! Don't twitch! Don't breathe till I *tell* you! You hear, soldier? Hear? You hear? Hear?"

"'Sir!' I gritted between my teeth.

"As my father turned, he slipped on the tiles and fell in the water."

The young-old man paused and gave a strange small bark of a laugh.

"Did you *know?* Of course you didn't — I didn't either — that in all those years of working at various pools, cleaning out the showers, replacing the towels, repairing the diving boards, fixing the plumbing, he had never, my God, never learned to swim! *Never!* Jesus. It's unbelievable. Never.

"He had never *told* me. Somehow, I had never guessed! And since he had just yelled at me, instructed me, *ordered* me: eyes front; don't twitch; don't *move*, I just *stood* there, staring straight ahead at the late afternoon sun.

"I didn't let my eyes drop to see, even once. Just straight ahead, by the numbers, as told.

"I heard him thrashing around in the water, yelling. But I couldn't understand what he said. I heard him suck and gasp and gargle and suck again, going down, shrieking, but I stood straight, chin up, stomach tight, eyes level, sweat on my brow, mouth firm, buttocks clenched, ramrod spine, and him yelling, gagging, taking water. I kept waiting for him to yell: 'At ease!' 'At ease', he should have yelled, but he never did. So what could I do? I just stood there, until the shrieking stopped and the water lapped the poolrim and everything got quiet. I stood there for 10 minutes, maybe 20, half an hour, until someone came out and found me there and they looked down in the pool and saw something deep under and said 'Jesus Christ' and finally turned and came up to me, because they knew me and my father, and at last said, 'At ease'.

"And then I cried."

The young-old man finished his drink.

"You see, the thing is, I couldn't be sure he wasn't faking. He'd done tricks like that before, to get me off guard, make me relax. He'd go around a corner, wait, duck back, to see if I was ramrod tall. Or he'd pretend to go in the men's room, and jump back to find me wrong. Then he'd punish me. So, standing there by the pool that day, I thought, it's a trick, to make me fall out. So I had to wait, didn't I, to be sure?. . . to be sure."

Finished, he put his empty martini glass down on the tray and sat back in his own silence, eyes gazing over my shoulder at nothing in particular. I tried to see if his eyes were wet, or if his mouth gave some special sign now that the tale was told, but I saw nothing.

"Now," I said, "I know about your father. But . . . whatever happened to *you?*"

"As you see," he said, "I'm here."

He stood up, reached over and shook my hand.

"Good night," he said.

I looked straight up in his face and saw the young boy there waiting for orders 10,000 afternoons back. Then I looked at his left hand; no wedding ring there. Which meant what? No sons, no future? But I couldn't ask.

"I'm glad we met again," I heard myself say.

"Yes." He nodded, and gave my hand a final shake. "It's good to see you made it through."

Me, I thought. My God! *Me!?*

But he had turned and was walking off down the aisle, beautifully balanced, not swaying with the train's motion, this way or that. He moved in a clean, lithe, well-cared-for body that the train's swerving could not affect.

As he reached the door, he hesitated, his back to me, and seemed to be waiting for some final word, some order, some shout from someone.

Forward, I wanted to say, by the numbers, *march!*

But I said nothing.

Not knowing if it would kill him, or release him, I simply bit my tongue, and watched him open the door, slip silently through, and stride down the corridor of the next sleeping car toward a past I just might have imagined. Toward a future I could not guess.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE OLYMPICS

Everything, and we do mean everything, you need to know about getting the most out of the LA games

THE 1984 OLYMPICS will be the most watched Olympics in history. With more than 300 hours Olympic viewing scheduled for the two weeks of the games, it will be a TV marathon. And Australian PLAYBOY will be with you every step of the way. Our guide will give you the expertise to understand and enjoy the events even more. You'll learn what and who to look for with our specially geared previews and predictions. Now arrange your favorite chair, see that the fridge is stocked and let the games begin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON AZUMA

TRACK AND FIELD

BY TIM WHITAKER

100 METRES

Olympic Record
Men: 9.95 seconds (1968, Jim Hines, USA)
Women: 11.01 seconds (1976, Annegret Richter, West Germany)

The 100 metres is your basic all-out mad dash to the finish; making this the race of seconds and centimetres.

Sprinters will do their dashing on a new synthetic eight-lane track recently installed at the Los Angeles Coliseum, site of the '84 track and field events. They'll be wearing 170gm (six ounce) paper-thin spiked shoes made of nylon and calfskin, glove leather or kangaroo hide. Since it is likely that top runners will be separated at the finish by no more than the thickness of an average paperback, it is important to remember that judges will be watching torsos at the finish line, as opposed to feet, legs, arms, neck or heads.

Since the advent of sensing devices in the starting blocks, sprinters are no longer able to "jump the gun"; the pressure of the runner's feet holds open an electronic switch that beeps when more pressure is exerted, as would happen in a false start.

While legs are important at the start, you'll want to watch a runner's arms once the starter's pistol pops. The 100 is really an upper body race; close-elbowed arm pumping is how true power is generated.

Armchair tip: The "world's fastest human" should win the men's 100 metres at a top speed of 45km/h. The women's 100 metres could be won in just under 11 seconds.

200 METRES

Olympic Record
Men: 19.83 seconds (1968, Tommie Smith, USA)
Women: 22.03 seconds (1980, Barbel Wockel, East Germany)

Resembling the 100 metres in madness of dashery, the 200 takes a turn and is run from a staggered start. To guard against lost curve time, sprinters try to hug the inside of their 1.2 metre-wide lanes by leaning inward. Runners break the race into four parts: the start (features full-body lean with rear leg and opposite arm thrusting in synch); the acceleration (body straightens slightly, high knee action and pumping arms); full-stride (racer more erect, running on toes); and finish (begins five metres from the line with shortened stride and accentuated lean, chest and shoulders thrust forward).

Armchair tip: With this event usually won on the curve, watch for runners who best hug the inside of their lane.

400 METRES

Olympic Record
Men: 43.86 seconds (1968, Lee Evans, USA)
Women: 48.8 seconds (1980, Marita Koch, East Germany)

Called the "ballbreaker of sprints" by its practitioners, men's 400 metres strategy is simple: run the first and second 200 metres in about the same time.

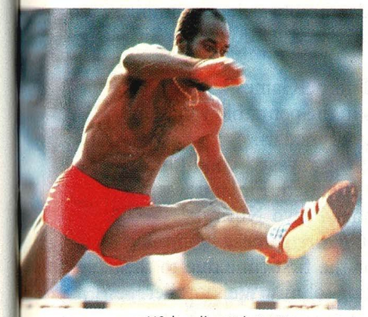
The 400 runs from staggered starts. Acceleration takes place in the first 45 metres; by 200 metres, runners reach their planned set pace; at 300 metres, runners hit the mythical "wall"; the last 100 metres are spent breaking through the wall to the finish.

Most 400 runners prefer to draw one of the first three lanes which places them on the inside of the track where they can use the other runners as a point of reference.

Armchair tip: Look for jumpy starts; it could indicate high anxiety. (One false start brings a warning, two means disqualification.) Also, pay close attention to the early moments of the race: sprinters reach their maximum speed quickly. Finally, as in the 100 and 200 metres, photo finishes are usually awarded to the runner whose chest and shoulders are running ahead of his arms and legs.

HURDLES

Olympic Records
100-metre hurdles (women only): 12.56 seconds (1980, Vera Komisova, USSR)
110-metre hurdles (men only): 13.24 seconds (1972, Rod Milburn, USA)
400-metre hurdles (men): 47.64 seconds (1976, Edwin Moses, (USA)
400-metre hurdles (women): new event



US hurdler Edwin Moses.
Photo: Focus On Sports.

There are three types of hurdles: 100-metre, 110-metre and 400-metre, and 10 hurdles in each race. The hurdles themselves are designed in an L-shape (to fall over easily for safety purposes) and vary in height from 76cm (30 inches) for the women's 400m to 107cm (42 inches) for the men's 110m. Contrary to popular myth, hurdlers don't jump over hurdles, they step over them, and hurdlers may knock down an unlimited number of barriers without risking disqualification.

The 400-metre hurdles is considered a highly-strategic event. By leaning their bodies low upon approaching each barrier, hurdlers are able to thrust their flexed leg over the barrier while moving their folded leg quickly past the lead leg. After clearing the barrier, hurdlers sprint between barriers at about a 14 stride average, 2.4 metres to a stride. To compensate for time lost around curves, 400-metre hurdlers try to take the barrier to the inside of the lane.

RELAYS

Olympic Records
Men (4x100-metre relay): 38.19 seconds (1972, USA)
Women (4x100-metre relay): 41.60 seconds (1980, East Germany)
Men (4x400-metre relay): 2:56 (1968, USA)
Women (4x400-metre relay): 3:19 (1976, East Germany)

The 400-metre race is run in lanes from staggered starts, with each member of the four-person team running a quarter of the distance. Usually the first runner is the team's quickest starter, the second team member is fastest on a straightaway, the third (sometimes the slowest of the four-man team) is almost always a skilled curve negotiator and the fourth has the best kick.

Strategy and teamwork are the hallmarks of the relay events. Of crucial importance is the passing of the baton, and if it is dropped the runner who dropped it must recover it.

Unlike the 4x100-metre sprint, the 4 x 400 relay is run in lanes by the first runner and by the second runner as far as his or her exit from the first curve. Because of this "no-lanes" rule, baton-receivers on the third and fourth leg must be alert for runners arriving anywhere within the 20-metre exchange zone. Relay teams sometimes try to psych out the competition by juggling the order of runners at the last moment.

Historical footnote: The US has won the 4 x 100-metre relay 12 out of the past 15 times.

Armchair tip: Watch for sloppy baton exchanges, considered an indication of a team's lack of confidence.

3000-METRE STEEPLECHASE

Olympic Record
Men Only: 8.08 minutes (1976, Anders Garderud, Sweden)

Seven laps around the track, this obstacle-ridden course consists of 28 hurdles and seven water jumps. Steeplers separate the event into three stages: hurdling, water-negotiating and between-hurdle technique.

The first hurdle comes at the 280m mark; the next hurdles are set at 78 metres apart. The first water jump comes just after the third hurdle. The hurdles that feature water jumps are just under a metre high and 13cm wide and solid on top, allowing runners to step on top of them before leaping over the 3.7-metre long water obstacle. The water is 2/3 metre deep at the end closest to the barrier, tapering off to track level at the farthest end. Steeplers wear spiked footwear featuring 1/3cm perforations from toe to arch on both sides to provide water drainage.

Historical footnote: Kenya's Kip Keino won the 3000-metre steeplechase gold in the '72 games in 8.2 minutes after entering the event "on a challenge".

Armchair tip: As exhaustion sets in, look for the steeplechasers to improvise on style. Erratic, uncertain approaches to the early hurdles almost always result in poor overall performances.

800 AND 1500-METRE RUNS

Olympic Records
Men (800-metre run): 1:43.40 (1976, Alberto Juantorena, Cuba)
Women (800-metre run): 1:53.43 (1980, Nadyezhda Olizaryenko, USSR)
Men (1500-metre run): 3:34.91 (1968, Kip Keino, Kenya)
Women (1500-metre run): 3:56.58 (1980, Tatyana Kazankia, USSR)

The 800-metre (two laps around the track) run is considered one of the best indicators of all-around running ability. Combining speed and stamina, competitors begin in staggered starts and run around the track in lanes until the end of the first turn, when they suddenly break for the inside lane; the shortest route to the finish. Strategy for the 800-metre is relatively simple: don't take an early lead as the front runners break the wind for others who then follow in their less turbulent slipstream; never pass on a turn; never let a leader get ahead by more than 10 metres; don't be intimidated by jostlers (this is a very physical event) and save enough kick for the final 100 metres.

The 1500 metres (the metric mile) is one of the glamor runs of the Olympics, having produced such legends as Herb Elliot and Kip Keino. The 1500 starts at the head of the backstretch down a straightaway from a "waterfall" start, designed so that competitors on the inside don't have unfair advantage. Runners begin by sprinting for the inside position before eventually falling in behind the leader in single file.

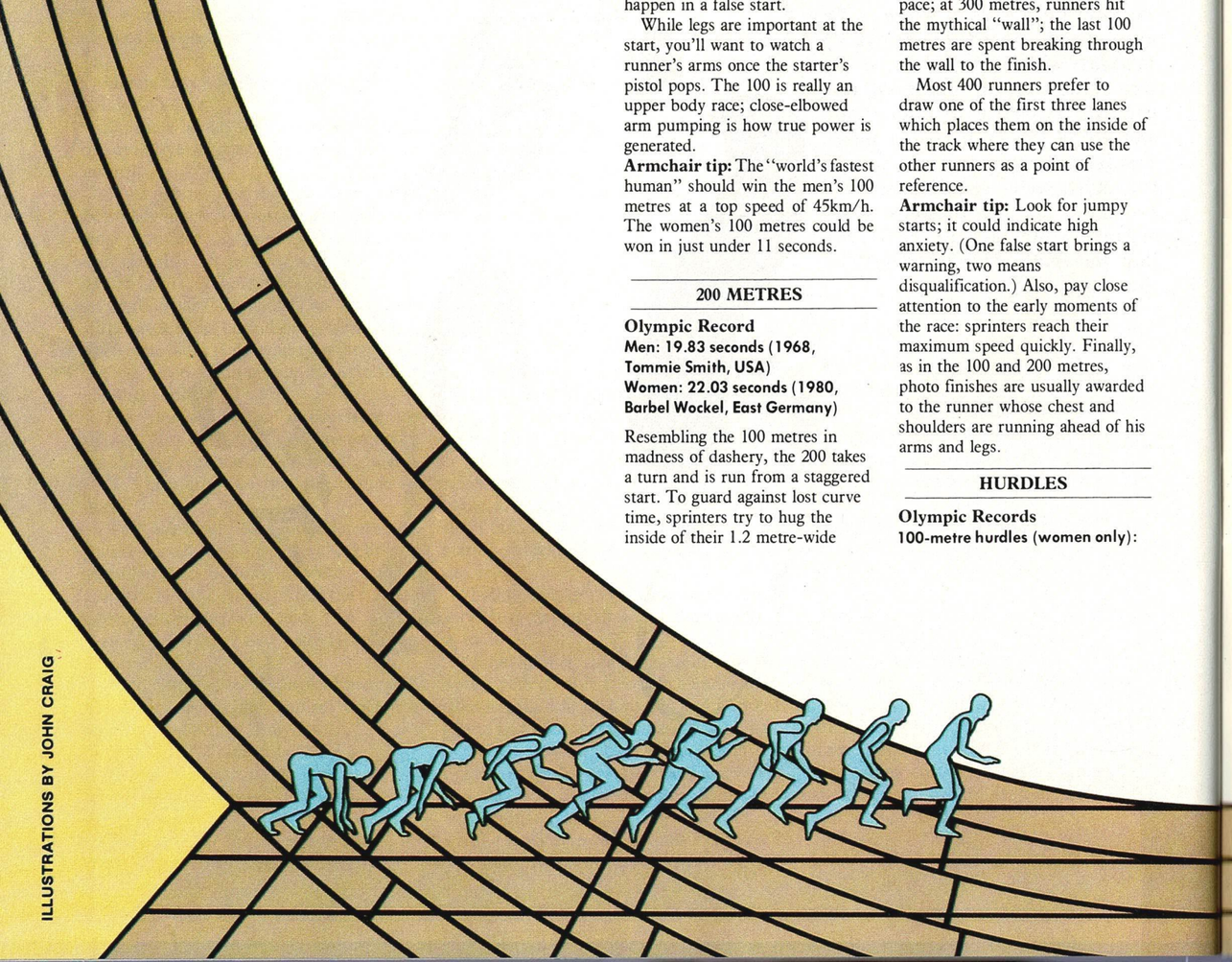
The most popular (and often precarious) 1500 strategy is to back off the pace and make a challenge to the frontrunners at the last possible moment. The finishing kick can come with as much as 300 to 400 metres to go in the race. When passed, runners will often take position alongside the right shoulder of the runner who went by to prevent others from following in his path.

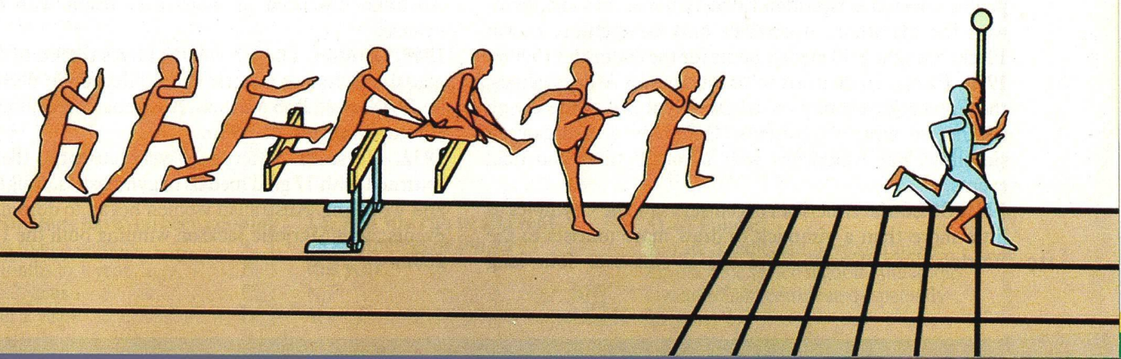
Armchair tip: In the 1500 metres, look for runners in the middle of the pack who make slow but steady progress; these are the runners who are generally smart enough to have left something for the special kick at the end.

3,000, 5,000 AND 10,000-METRE RUNS

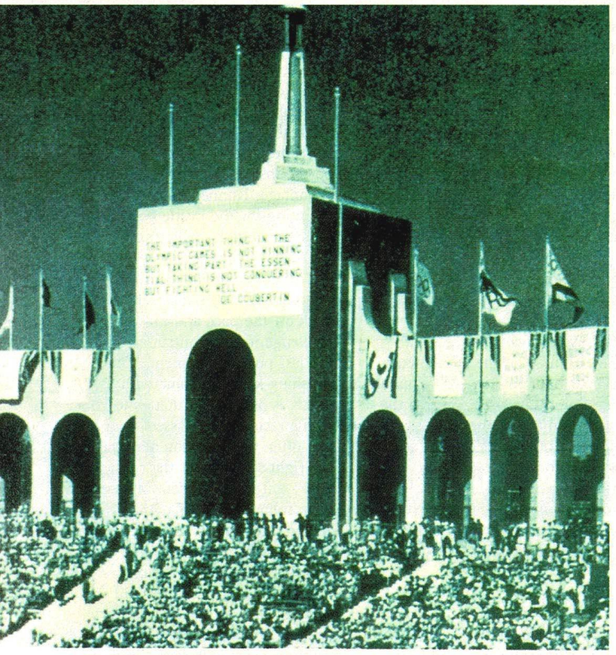
Olympic Records
Women (3000-metre run): New event
Men (5000-metre run): 13:20.34 (1976, Brendan Foster, England)
Men (10,000-metre run): 27:38.35 (1972, Lasse Viren, Finland)

Endurance is the key in the long-distance runs. Runners not only compete against each other but against "the wall" (also called "the bear"), the psychological breaking point that most runners face after several kilometres. Strategy in both these races (and presumably in the women's new 3000-metre run) will consist of either grabbing the lead early and trying to hang on to it, taking a spot in the middle of the pack and making a move later, or running from the rear of the pack and waiting for a lengthy final kick. In the last straight, a runner cannot change lanes unless he or she is about to pass another runner.





ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG



THE WAY IT WAS

A lightning history of the Olympics

The Olympics date back almost 3000 years to ancient Greece. While the tradition and styles of the ancient Olympiads were vastly different (no one wore Adidas), many of the events were similar to today's. Wrestling, boxing, "diskos," and javelin were part of the first program. Their "stade" race was much like today's 200 metre sprint. Other events included the "dialos" (400 metre sprint), "chariot racing," "skamma" (long jump) and "hoplitodromos" (a footrace in battle armor). Tons of fun.

In 393, however, the 1200-year Olympic tradition was laid to rest by Emperor Theodosius I, who declared the games a pagan spectacle and banned the selling of souvenir T-shirts. The arena was later destroyed, but the tradition was not. Centuries later, a Frenchman named Baron Pierre de Coubertin proposed the idea of a modern International Olympics. The torch was rekindled and, in 1896, a new era of games began. Here's how the modern Olympics played out:

1896, Athens. As a reward for the Greeks' fervor, the first modern games were held in Athens. More than 140,000 people cheered as Spiridon Loues, a hometown shepherd, won the marathon. Australia's only competitor, Edwin Flack, brought gold medals home for the 800m and 1500m.

1900, Paris. In contrast to the successful Athens games, the French government used the Olympics as merely an adjunct to other expositions. Generally a disorganised sideshow, but Americans won 17 of 22 track and field events.

1904, St Louis. American organisers saw the Olympics as little more than a gimmick to draw more tourists to the World's Fair. Events were spread out over four long months with European participation almost non-existent. Australia didn't compete, and more than 500 of the 617 competitors were Americans. A mud-fighting event was won by Pygmies.

1906, Athens. These games were considered not official.

1908, London. Bad blood between Great Britain and the US arose; more than 2000 athletes from 22 countries participated. Australia won two golds, one for rugby union, while Freddy Lane won the obstacle swimming race. Aussie David Macintosh gained a bronze for live pigeon shooting.

1912, Stockholm. "The Jim Thorpe Games". American Indian Thorpe won four events in the pentathlon and four in the decathlon, taking both gold medals.

1920, Antwerp. Held despite the ravaged condition of war-torn Belgium but sparsely attended. Finland was the big winner with legendary runner Paavo Nurmi.

1924, Paris. In the *Chariots Of Fire* games, swimming became an important event for the first time due to the exploits of 19-year-old American Johnny Weissmuller.

1928, Amsterdam. These super-competitive games proved a welcome relief to an uneasy world. Women participated in track and field for the first time.

1932, Los Angeles. In the Coliseum, 18-year-old "Babe" Didrikson set world records in the 800 metres, javelin and high jump.

1936, Berlin. After considering a boycott in protest at Hitler's Aryan philosophy, the Americans competed

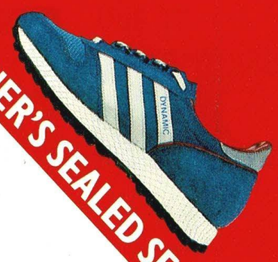
Hitler's bane, Jesse Owens.
Photo: United States Olympic Committee Library.

anyway. Jesse Owens dominated the games, while Australia produced its worst-ever result with only one bronze.

1948, London. The US won 11 men's track and field gold medals, including a world record decathlon performance by 17-year-old Bob Mathias. Australian high-jumper John Winter won gold at 1.98m.

1952, Helsinki. After a 40-year absence, the Soviets returned with 17 gold medals in gymnastics, weight-lifting and wrestling. Australian women began to dominate track events, with Marjorie Jackson winning both the 100m and 200m.

RUNNER'S SEALED SECTION



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Nothing can adequately describe the euphoria and exhilaration of a perfect run.

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Years of exhaustive research and extensive development have culminated in a supreme achievement.

A superior shoe for the dedicated, serious runner. Will you be ready for adidas Dynamic? Before you open the sealed section to see the shoe that will be the benchmark for all running shoes in the future... **test yourself below:**

1. How many kilometres do you run on average each week?
Less than 10 kilometres .....A☐
10-30 kilometres .....B☐
30-50 kilometres .....C☐
Over 50 kilometres.....D☐

2. At what pace do you normally run?
Over 7 mins per km .....A☐
About 6 mins per km.....B☐
About 5 mins per km.....C☐
About 4 mins per km.....D☐

3. How many times a week do you run?
Once .....A☐
2 to 4 times .....B☐
4 to 6 times .....C☐
Over 6 times .....D☐

4. How many pairs of running shoes do you own?
One .....A☐
Two.....B☐
Three .....C☐
Four or more .....D☐

5. How much would you be prepared to pay for a pair of running shoes?
Under $30.....A☐
$30 to $50 .....B☐
$50 to $75 .....C☐
Over $75 .....D☐

6. How long have you been running?
Less than 3 months.....A☐
4 months to 1 year .....B☐
1 to 2 years .....C☐
Over 2 years .....D☐

7. Do you often run in poor light conditions?
No .....A☐
Yes .....B☐

8. Are you familiar with the following terms?
(score 1 point for each yes answer)
Roll-off .....YES☐..NO☐
Motion control.....YES☐..NO☐
Body shock .....YES☐..NO☐
Pronation .....YES☐..NO☐
Ghilly lacing.....YES☐..NO☐

9. If you suffered a lower leg injury would you...
Get discouraged and stop running?.....A☐
Seek specialist treatment?.....B☐

10. What would be your major reason for choosing a particular running shoe?
Low price .....A☐
Appearance .....B☐
Durability .....C☐
Running comfort .....D☐

11. Do you pay attention to your diet as part of your running programme?
No .....A☐
Yes .....B☐

12. Will you run in an event 15 kilometres or longer this year?
No .....A☐
Yes .....B☐

13. Do you make yourself familiar with the latest advances in running shoe technology?
No – not interested .....A☐
Yes – very aware .....B☐

14. Why do you run?
Current trend .....A☐
Health reasons .....B☐
Fun and fitness .....C☐
Personal achievement.....D☐

How did you score?
Give yourself one point for every A answer, 2 for B, 3 for C and 4 for D.

15 Points and under:
You're probably not ready to invest in a pair of adidas Dynamics. If you want to start running seriously, your adidas retailer will advise on the right shoe before you graduate to adidas Dynamic.

16-30 Points:
You're on your way to being a serious runner. Zip open the sealed section and read how a pair of adidas Dynamics can help you get there.

31-47 Points:
You are a dedicated, serious runner. Zip open the sealed section – the adidas Dynamic has been created especially for you.

The New adidas® Dynamic

Superior adidas German technology delivers the most advanced running shoe yet.

The running shoe of the year is here.

New adidas Dynamic. A shoe so advanced it leaves many high priced shoes at the back of the field.

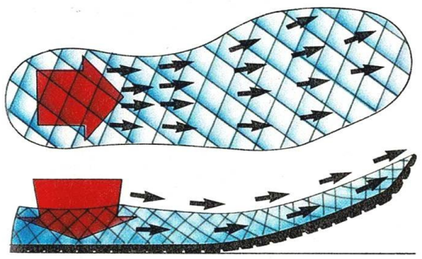
adidas Dynamic is the product of adidas Body Science and unparalleled knowledge of serious runner's needs.

Years of intensive research, testing, then re-testing in the adidas German laboratories, exhaustive practical testing in all conditions over all types of terrain, prove adidas Dynamic features are unmatched by any competitive shoe.

Now all these proven features are together in one pair of shoes ... **adidas Dynamic.**

A adidas Dellinger Web reduces body shock by 10%*

Every serious runner is aware of body shock. The heel jarring



impact of about 180kg reverberates through the entire body at least 600 times each kilometre. adidas Dynamic takes it all in its stride.

The mid-sole wedge design optimises shock absorption without sacrificing lateral stability.

To further reduce body shock, only adidas has the patented Dellinger Web.

Working like a miniature trampoline, the Dellinger Web's fine polymide netting encloses the mid-sole to dissipate shock by an incredible 10%.

adidas Dynamic gets motion under control

adidas Dynamic shines again. Two impressive features enable the shoe to achieve a remarkable degree of motion control.

A stable platform for maximum lift off is provided by a combination of the dual density rubber sole and a unique preformed heel counter.

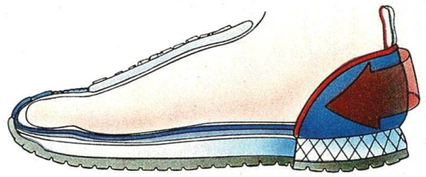
B Dual density rubber sole for greater stability

If you tend to overpronate or oversupinate, adidas Dynamic is the answer. The rubber sole increases in density towards the outer edge and in combination with the concave design, corrects the foot motion as it strikes the ground.

An ideal platform is created for better lift off, lessening the chance of injury and reducing fatigue. Traction is also improved by the unique studded sole configuration.

C The preformed heel counter for extra support

Notice the extended heel counter on the adidas Dynamic. Because the heel is the most important part of any running shoe, it's been preformed from thermo rubber for effective rear



foot control. A firm, comfortable cradle puts an end to excessive heel movement.

D Vario Speed lacing means a perfect fit

Do you have a high arch? A narrow foot? A wide foot? adidas Dynamic Vario Speed lacing solves the problem. The combination of Ghilly lacing and conventional lacing allows you to choose the ideal lacing pattern. The best possible fit, guaranteed.

E Safety reflective heel patch

Run at night with a reflective patch on your heels. This innovation won't help you run any faster but it will help you stay running safely.

F Removable inlay sole soaks up shock and sweat

The adidas Dynamic inlay has been designed to mould itself to your individual foot shape. Easily removed, easily replaced.

G Strategic flex points for improved roll off

The suede upper on the adidas Dynamic is sculptured at the correct flex points. So the adidas Dynamic flexes for improved roll off and weight transfer after the ball of the foot hits the ground.

H Dual nylon mesh toe box breathes easily

It's no secret, your foot generates excessive heat during a run. The nylon mesh upper provides maximum ventilation and releases heat build up from the stress prone metatarsus area.

I Padded nylon tongue eliminates pressure points

This adidas Dynamic feature will make an impression by not making an impression on your instep.

J Toe protector prevents wear out

The additional suede leather reinforcing over the toe area stops premature wear out.

K Ankle collar and heel padding

The vital Achilles tendon is well protected as the heel is comfortably held in place.

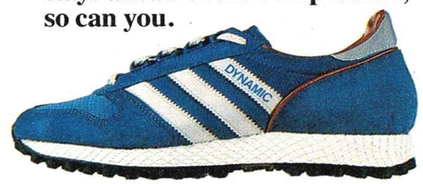
L Suede leather reinforcement at wear out points

adidas Dynamic covers the traditional weak points of shoe construction with extra reinforcing. So you can expect adidas Dynamic to take plenty of punishment without punishing your feet.

There's never been a better running shoe. There won't be, for some time to come.

Try a pair on at your nearest adidas retailer.

Because adidas Dynamic stays ahead of the competition, so can you.



** The figures quoted are based on the average measured impacts – approximately three times total body weight per impact – experienced by a man, running at a rate of 3.125 minutes per km.*

Like to know more about adidas Body Science, running shoe technology and the adidas range of running shoes? Fill in the coupon and we'll send you a copy of 'The adidas Running Guide'.

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High performance running gear that you can mix 'n' match with a great range of colours and styles, all in adult sizes. There is a combination to make you look great.

If you're serious about running in comfort and looking good, then adidas has the ultimate high performance running gear.

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Ladies Duet
Nylon jersey singlet and matching shorts. Available in a great range of complementary colours. Cut specially for the athletic woman. Sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16.

Ladies Self Stripe
Lightweight nylon jersey singlet and matching shorts. Available in many colours with the knitted 'self stripe' feature. Once again, cut specially for the athletic woman. Sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16.

Men's De Castella
Polycotton mesh singlet features nylon jersey chest band. Matching shorts in soft nylon jersey feature inbuilt brief.
Men: XS, S, M, L, XL. Also available in boys sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14.

Men's Deluxe
Singlet features nylon jersey top with polycotton mesh from lower chest to waist. Matching nylon jersey shorts with inbuilt brief. Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL.

Men's Self Stripe
Lightweight nylon jersey singlet and matching shorts with inbuilt brief. Both feature vertical stripes knitted into the material. The ultimate in lightweight comfort and looks. Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL.

Dynamic running shoes available from these stores, or your nearest adidas retailer.

NSW: Just Sport, Grace Bros., David Jones, Adiaction.
Vic: Myer, Sportsworld, Action World, Merrett Hassett, Sportsco Stores.
Qld: Sportstrend, Myer, Bill Browns, Robinsons Sports.
SA: Sportslover, Athletes Foot, Myer, John Martins.
WA: Betts and Betts, Myer, Sportique, Millers Sports.

1956, Melbourne. First games ever held in the southern hemisphere. Betty Cuthbert scored gold for the host country with wins in the 100m and 200m, while Australian Shirley Strickland became the only woman to win the 80m hurdles two Olympics in a row. Dawn Fraser and Murray Rose won their first of four gold medals.

1960, Rome. Cassius Clay became lightweight boxing champ, and while Fraser and Rose were collecting more gold for Australia, countrymen Jon Konrads cleaned up in

Two of the greatest, Cassius Clay and ardent fan Bing Crosby.
Photo: United States Olympic Committee Library.

the 1500m freestyle and David Thiele won the 100m backstroke for the second successive Olympics. Back in the stadium, Herb Elliott scored gold in the 1500m.

1964, Tokyo. Joe Frazier, broken hand and all, won the heavyweight boxing championship. Betty Cuthbert won the last of her four golds when she took out the 400m, and Dawn Fraser hit the headlines with her famous flag-pole climb, as well as pulling off her third successive Olympic win in the 100m freestyle.

1968, Mexico City. In the rarefied atmosphere, Australian Ralph Doubell won the 800m, while at the pool it was Michael Wenden's games, with gold in both the 100m and 200m freestyle.

1972, Munich. Eight Palestinian terrorists broke into Olympic Village and kidnapped a group of Israeli athletes. Twelve people were killed and the games suspended for 34 hours. Shane Gould became the youngest Australian to win gold, and she did it in style, with three firsts.

1976, Montreal. Fierce competition. The Russians were highly favored, but only won two track and field golds. Gymnast Nadia Comaneci and boxer Sugar Ray Leonard starred. An unsuccessful Olympics for Australia with no golds.

1980, Moscow. In protest over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, more than 60 nations boycotted. East Germany and the USSR won 14 gold medals, while Australia's Michelle Ford won the 800m freestyle. The men's 4 x 100m medley relay also went to the Aussies.

MARATHON

Olympic Record
Men: 2:09:55 (1976, Waldemar Cierpinski, East Germany)
Women: new event

Currently the most fashionable and talked-about event on the Olympic track and field agenda (more than a million spectators are anticipated), the marathon traditionally covers just over 42 kilometres of varied terrain. Marathoners wear special spikeless racing flats with heel cushions built up almost two centimetres and soles with built-in "waffles" for traction. Most runners wear white (to reflect the sun) nylon shorts with pockets to carry candy bars and extra shoe laces.

This year's marathoners will be treated to a particularly scenic course, the official starting point being Santa Monica College, while most of the course runs along the cool Pacific Ocean, eventually (and dramatically) ending at the Coliseum in time for the closing ceremonies. The most important marathon strategy consists of sticking to a strictly defined game plan, and being able to step up the pace for the last quarter of the run.

Historical footnote: This is the first time there is an Olympic marathon for women.

Armchair tip: Look for runners who set a three-minute-per-kilometre pace. In this highly talented international field, a runner who lets the lead pack get ahead by more than 200 metres could be in trouble. Look out for Australian hope Rob de Castella, whose secrets of success are a finely tuned racing intelligence and perfectly timed finishing sprints.

20 AND 50-KILOMETRE WALKS

Olympic Records
(Men only)
20km Walk: 1:23:35.5 (1980, Maurizio Damilano, Italy)
50km Walk: 3:49:24 (1980, Hartwig Gauder, East Germany)

The oddest looking of all Olympic track and field events, "race-walking" is an art for the most rugged of athletes. Rules require that all competitors must have a part of one foot on the ground at all times, and that the leg hitting the track be straightened for at least one second. The subjective nature of this call makes the 20 and 50-kilometre walks the hardest events for Olympic officials to judge.

Armchair tip: Watch for walkers who move with precision-like locking of the legs and who show (however strange looking) consistency of form. Walkers prone to "hip sway" often draw a caution for running.

JAVELIN

Olympic Record
Men: 94.58m (1976, Miklos Nemeth, Hungary)
Women: 68.40m (1980, Maria Colon, Cuba)

The lightest implement in weight events, the spear-shaped javelin used in men's competition is 2.7m long and weighs 0.8kg; the women's javelin is 2.3m long and 0.6kg. The shaft of the javelin itself is made of metal alloy or wood.

Rules state the spear must be thrown over the shoulder or upper part of the throwing arm and not slung or hurled sidearm. Each competitor is allowed three qualifying trials and six final tries.

There are four steps to javelin chucking: the run-up (a distance of some 40 metres to build momentum); the carry; the approach and braking; and the throw itself. The spear is whipped forward on the throw behind the strength of the rear leg.

Armchair tip: Follow the flight of the javelin as you would a frisbee. A wobbly javelin indicates a poor throw. Pay careful attention to footwork as the athlete prepares to release the javelin; smoothness usually indicates a good throw.

SHOT PUT

Olympic Record
Men: 21.35m (1980, Vladmir Kiselyov, USSR)
Women: 22.41m (1980, Ilona Slupianek, East Germany)

Perhaps the most disciplined of Olympic field sports, shot putters work within the confines of a sunken two-metre circle.

The shot itself is made of brass, metal or iron, weighs 7¼kg and is 12.7cm around; the women's version is 10.8cm and weighs 4kg.

There are several popular shot putting techniques, all of which are permissible as long as the ball is pushed and not thrown, and as long as no part of the athlete's body leaves the two-metre circle. The shot also has to land in a 45-degree circle for measuring purposes.

Historical footnote: The institution of steroid-testing was said to be responsible for poor showings in the '76 Montreal games.

Armchair tip: Watch the shot putter's face just after the toss. Due to the sheer explosiveness and solitary aspects of the event (and the tight quarters they're confined to work within), shot putters are considered to be highly emotional athletes whose faces often belie how they're feeling.

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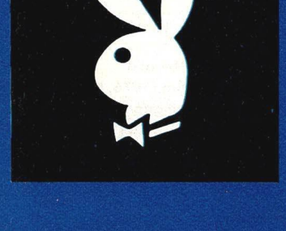

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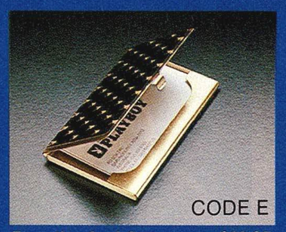

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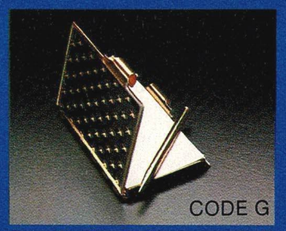

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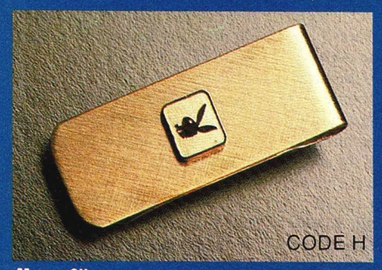

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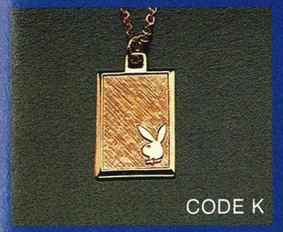

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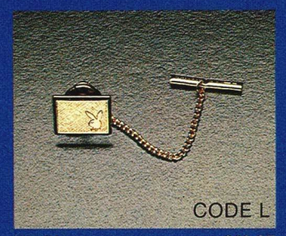

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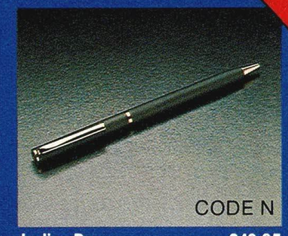

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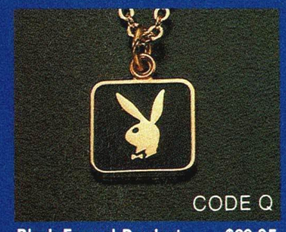

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	R	Her I.D. Bracelet	$39.95	

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DISCUS

Olympic Record
Men: 68.28m (1976, Mac Wilkins, USA)
Women: 69.96m (1980, Evelin Jahl, East Germany)

The discus is a highly technical event which requires skill, talent, balance, timing and strength.

Working within a U-shaped cage (shared by hammer throwers as well) comprising six or more panels of synthetic netting or steel wire, discus throwers hurl through an opening in the cage into a legal-throw sector marked by chalk lines.

The discus itself is made of fibreglass or hardwood and weighs two kilograms (the women's discus weighs one kilogram).

The basic strategy is to make the first throw a good one to compensate for the possibility of drawing fouls for leaving the circle in later throws.

Armchair tip: In an event where concentration is considered first and foremost, a competitor who shows little emotion is often most in control.

HAMMER THROW

Olympic Record
(Men only): 81.80m (1980, Yuriy Syedikh, USSR)

Known in layman's circles as "the ball and chain" event, the hammer consists of a seven-kilogram ball with a wire shaft and a handle measuring just over a metre. The hammer has a head of solid iron or a shell filled with lead. Throwers wear a fingerless leather glove with a reinforced palm.

Standing at the rear of a two-metre circle in a netted cage, the slinger grips the handle with two hands and turns his back to the throwing line. As the final turn is completed, both feet are on the ground and the hammer is ripped from the thrower's hands, with a last-second forearm flick.

HIGH JUMP

Olympic Record
Men: 2.36m (1980, Gerd Wessig, East Germany)
Women: 1.97m (1980, Sara Simeoni, Italy)

The high jump is an event of simplistic charm: you have to go over the bar without knocking it off its supports. Thanks to the invention of "the Fosbury Flop" by American Dick Fosbury in the '68 Mexico City games, the high jump record has been pushed nearly 22cm since the days of the old "straddle" style.

The event's three phases are the approach, the take-off and the clearance of the bar.

The straddle is basically a forward pitch and roll. The chanciest part of it is making sure the trailing leg makes it over the bar.

The flop calls for a faster approach and a belly-up backward thrust over the bar. The key here is a well-arched back.

Jumpers wear special spiked shoes created specifically with the sole of the take-off foot built up for better leverage.

A jumper can pass on the lower heights and enter the competition when he or she feels the height is right. You get three tries at a given height. Miss all three and you're out.

Armchair tip: Watch for the psych-out tricks of competitors who will deliberately pass up turns in an attempt to put pressure on their rivals.

POLE VAULTING

Olympic Record
(Men only): 5.78m (1980, Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, Poland)

In pole vaulting, the athlete attempts to turn linear movement into upward movement by deriving energy from the plant and bend of the pole.

Vaulters grip the pole with both hands and sprint some 45 metres down a synthetic surface. Some three to four strides from the sunken planting area, the vaulter lifts the pole from his waist to directly over his head. Here, the bend of the pole begins, and a second later, the vaulter rocks back as his legs go up to form a handstand in the air.

Until the 1800s and the advent of bamboo, poles were made of hickory or ash. By the 1940s steel had replaced bamboo and after World War II fibreglass came along and radically changed the sport, quickly adding almost half a metre to the existing record.

Once a minimum is established, competitors can skip the lower heights, if they choose, and come back later at a greater height. If there's a tie at a given height, the man with fewer jumps wins.

Armchair tip: While approach speed is important, the planting of the pole is crucial. Top competitors will set marks for their final few steps.

LONG JUMP/TRIPLE JUMP

Olympic Records
Long Jump (Men): 8.90m (1968, Bob Beamon, USA)
Long Jump (Women): 7.06m (1980, Tatyana Kolpakova, USSR)
Triple Jump (Men only): 17.39m (1968, Viktor Saneyev, USSR)

The goal of long jumpers is to convert horizontal force into an upward jump. Body language is employed to gain greater distance. There are four parts to the long jump: the run-up; the take-off (the jumper leaves the leaning position in the last three to four strides, rises erect and shortens the final stride); the flight itself; and the landing (arms thrust forward and rear end arched to get every fraction of distance).

The triple jump is made up of three rhythmic actions: the hop, the step and the jump. After gaining speed on a runway, the jumper must hit a 20cm plasticine take-off board for proper projection and then jump in one continuous flow until reaching the moist sand landing pit. Three qualifying jumps and six final trials are allowed.

Armchair tip: American Carl Lewis wants to execute the first nine-metre long jump, but he may have to settle for just breaking Bob Beamon's 16-year-old long jump record. Carl's sister, Carol Lewis, will be looking to make it a family affair by placing high in the women's long jump.

DECATHLON

Olympic Record
(Men only): 8618 points (1976, Bruce Jenner, USA)

The mystique of the decathlon is unsurpassed in Olympic competition.

Each contestant in the decathlon is required to prove his skill in 10 separate events: the 100 metres, the long jump, the shot put, the high jump, the 400 metres, the discus, the 110-metre hurdles, the pole vault, the javelin and the 1500 metres.

The competition is held over two days, five events per day, with a 30-minute rest period between events.

Much to the chagrin of many track and field purists, the 10 decathlon events do not carry the same point value: speed and leaping ability have greater value than power or endurance.

Chance also plays a role in the decathlon. Running event heats, for example, are drawn by lots, so a decathlete who is last to high jump may be first in the 400-metre sprint.

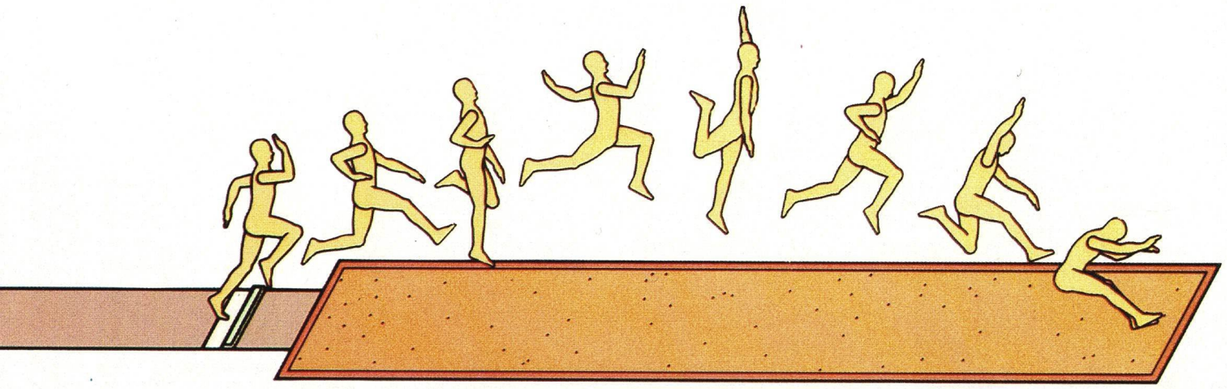
To stand a chance of winning, the decathlon athlete must be heavily muscled, making the pole vault, the 400 metres, the 1500 metres and the javelin throw, traditionally not big men events, nightmarish contests for these large individuals.

Armchair tip: Since most decathletes try to accumulate as many points as possible in their strong suits (as opposed to trying to spread themselves equally over all 10 events), watch to see how they score in their respective strengths.

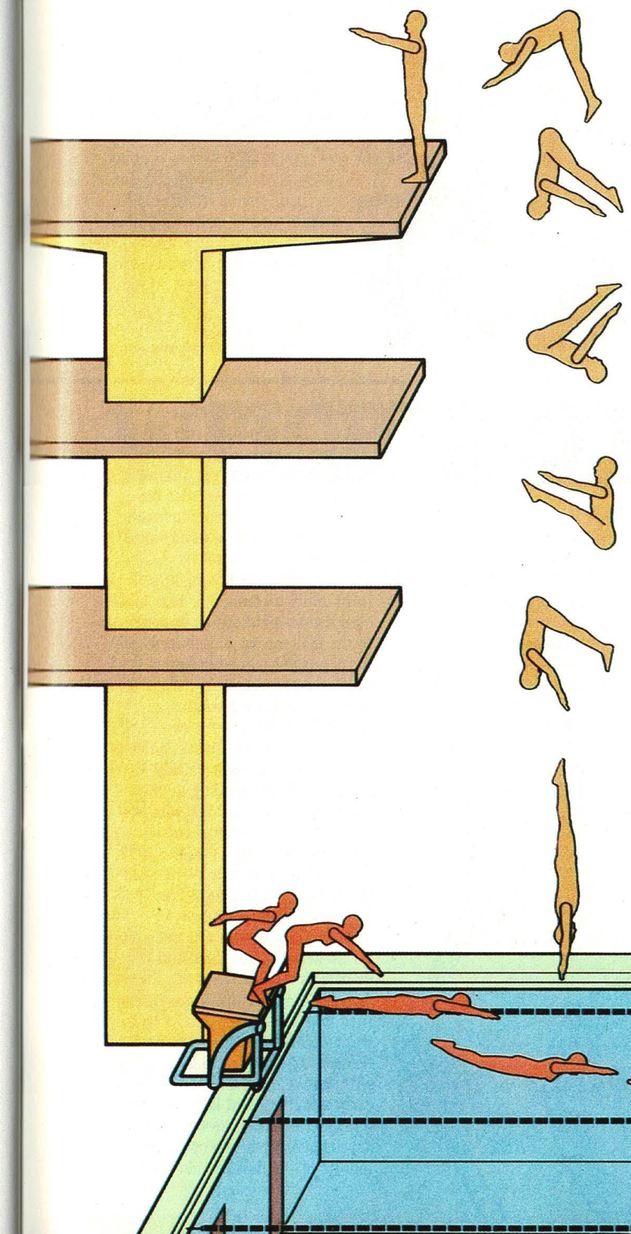
If they do particularly well, their enthusiasm will probably buoy them to do well in the other events.

HEPTATHLON

In 1984, the women's pentathlon will become the seven-sport heptathlon incorporating the 100m hurdles, 800m run, long jump, high jump, shot put, javelin and 200m dash.



SWIMMING AND DIVING



The 1984 swimming schedule is the most wide-ranging in Olympic history, with more than 900 competitors expected.

Men and women will compete in 15 separate events, including 100m freestyle, 200m freestyle, 400m freestyle, 100m backstroke, 200m backstroke, 100m breaststroke, 200m breaststroke, 100m butterfly, 200m butterfly, 400m individual medley, 800m freestyle (women only) and the 1500m freestyle. Men's team relay events include the 4x100m medley relay, the 4x100m freestyle relay, the 4x200m freestyle relay, the 200m medley and the 4x100m relay. Women's team relay events include 4x100m medley relay, 4x100m freestyle relay, the 200m medley and synchronised swimming.

The first Olympic swimming contests were held outdoors in 12C water, but not to worry, the 1984 competition will take place in a $7-million pool with the water heated to 23C. The pool itself is some two metres deep, measuring 50 metres long and 23 metres wide.

Swimmers receive lane assignments for trial heats according to their fastest pre-Olympic competitive times. Centre lanes are reserved for the fastest times, with the next fastest assigned to lanes to the left and right of the centre.

Much like track and field, the real strategy in swimming comes in the longer events. Whereas the shorter sprints are considered tests of strength as swimmers make their rush to the finish, the 800 and 1500-metre races require pacing and strategy. Most important to swimmers is the racing dive, a long on-the-stomach, full-powered push off the starting platform.

There are four major swimming styles: the freestyle (the all-purpose crawl); the backstroke; the breaststroke; and the butterfly (swimmers use scissor-like leg movements with arms pulling and lifting over the surface). In individual medley events, swimmers use all four strokes to compete an equal distance; in team medley swimming, each individual in the four-person team employs, in order, the backstroke, the breaststroke, the butterfly and the freestyle.

Spectators need a scorecard just to keep track of the officials. In addition to the head referee, there is a chief timekeeper, lane timekeepers, a starter, stroke judges, turning judges, finish judges, a recorder and a clerk. Most important are the stroke judges, who enforce the rules regarding each specific style of swimming, and the turning judges, who make sure that turns are executed within Olympic rules (in addition to informing competitors, via lap cards, of the number of remaining laps).

Any swimmer causing a third false start (even if they had nothing to do with the first two) is immediately disqualified. Electronic timing keeps track of each swimmer via a direct hook-up with the starter's gun and the contact pads located against the wall at the pool's end.

The most artistic of the new '84 events promises to be the all-women's synchronised swimming. Swimmers will compete in duets (one duet per nation) in both compulsory (without music) and innovative routines, to be judged by a panel of experts on a nought to 10-point sliding scale. Many duet routines are performed under water upside down and include such aquatic-sounding manoeuvres as the swordfish and the porpoise.

Historical footnote: After being hailed as an innovative breakthrough in the early '60s, the somersault turning manoeuvre (in which swimmers twist around entirely after pushing off the pool wall) was banned in the '64 games, but reinstated for the '68 games.

Armchair tip: West Germany's Michael Gross will be looking for a four-gold sweep which would place him alongside such legends as Mark Spitz and Don Schollander.

DIVING

1980 Olympic Champions
Men's Springboard: Alexsandr Portnov (USSR)

Women's Springboard: Irina Kalinina (USSR)
Men's Platform: Falk Hoffman (East Germany)
Women's Platform: Martina Jaschke (East Germany)

GYMNASTICS

With athletes hurling themselves downward at speeds of up to 80km/h, diving may be the most dangerous of all Olympic events.

In springboard diving, competitors spring off a plank almost five metres long and half a metre wide.

In platform diving, participants push off a solid construction some six metres long, two metres wide and almost three-and-a-half metres above the water.

There are two categories of required dives: voluntary dives with degree-of-difficulty limits; and voluntary dives without degree-of-difficulty limits.

With limits: On springboard, each competitor must complete a forward, a backward, a reverse, an inward and a twisting dive, with the degree of difficulty for each dive not adding up to more than 9.6.

Platform competitors choose four dives (from the six available styles) with a degree of difficulty not exceeding 7.6.

Without limits: On springboard, men make six dives; women, five. From the platform, men perform six dives; women, four.

There are five major groups of dives: forward dives (body faces water, dive forward); reverse dives (body faces forward, rotates back to the board before dive); inward dives (body rotates inward with back to the water); twisting dives (body twists while in the air); and armstand dives from the platform (diver starts from a hand-stand).

After seven judges register their score (from zero for a failed dive to 10 for perfection), the high and low scores are discounted, and the remaining scores are multiplied by a coefficient determined by the degree of difficulty of the attempted dive. According to the Olympic table, difficulty of dives ranges from a high of 3.5 to a low of 1.2.

There are four steps to every successful dive: the start (diver is fully erect); the sprint (diver takes off, gathering maximum spring); in-flight (diver cleanly executes point-gathering manoeuvre); and entry (diver enters the water cleanly).

Historical footnote: Once a sure thing, the US string of 11 straight springboard victories was broken in the 1972 Munich games by Soviet Vladimir Vasin.

Armchair tip: Diving rule of thumb: the less splash upon entering the water, the better the dive.

Much of the real glamor in today's games can be found in the gymnastic events. A lot of credit for the boom belongs to female performers such as Olga Korbut ('72) and Nadia Comaneci ('78). It was their grace under pressure, as well as their sheer sex appeal, that made fans of television watchers everywhere.

In addition to this year's 10 artistic events for men and women, rhythmic gymnastics for women only will be featured for the first time.

Men's artistic gymnastics includes floor exercise, pommel horse, parallel bars, high bar, rings and vaulting.

Women's artistic gymnastics includes floor exercise, balance beam, vaulting and uneven bars.

Rhythmic gymnastics features women working in carefully choreographed team formations. The performances consist of a series of ballet-styled movements, based on a spectrum of steps, jumps and pivots. Individual athletes perform one routine with four different props: a ball, a ribbon, a hoop and a club. Each routine must contain two moves of superior difficulty and six of medium difficulty.

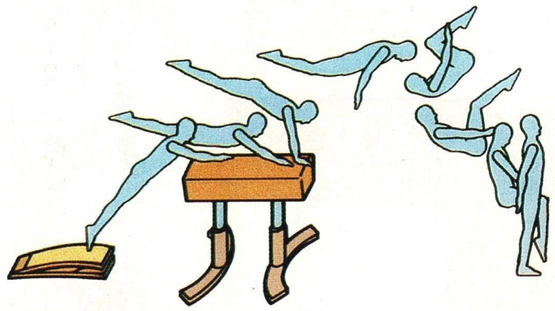
Floor exercises are performed on a soft mat 4.5 centimetres thick and 12 metres square. Judging is based on flexibility, physical strength, skill, flair, grace under pressure, personality, inventiveness and rhythm.

The parallel bars, 42 centimetres apart and 1.6 metres high, are used only in men's competition. In this test of agility and strength, both hands must leave the two oval wooden (sometimes fibreglass) bars together at least once during the exercise. With one continuous movement, the athlete moves from a full stop to a swinging movement and back again.

The uneven parallel bars, 43 centimetres apart, 3.5 metres long, are used only in women's competition. Employing smooth movements, women swing from one bar to another with only two pauses allowed.

Scoring: In each event, four judges score each gymnast independently. Maximum score is 10, with the highest and lowest scores thrown out, and the average of the two remaining scores counting. The four judges look for difficulty and style execution, and inventiveness. Penalty points are subtracted for loss of balance, bent legs or arms, lack of extension in movements and excess swinging for support purposes.

There are three artistic gymnastic competitions: team, all-around and individual apparatus.



WRESTLING

Forget all you know about wrestling, both pro and amateur. Olympic wrestling consists of two sports unto themselves: Greco-Roman and Freestyle. And there are 10 weight divisions (ranging from 47.6 to 54.4 kg) in each style.

As you might expect from the name, Greco-Roman wrestling has its roots in the Greek Olympics, and is therefore considered the purest form of the sport. No holds may be made below the hips and all use of the legs is prohibited. Wrestlers also begin from a standing position and try to take their opponent down for a pin or a fall by using their arms only.

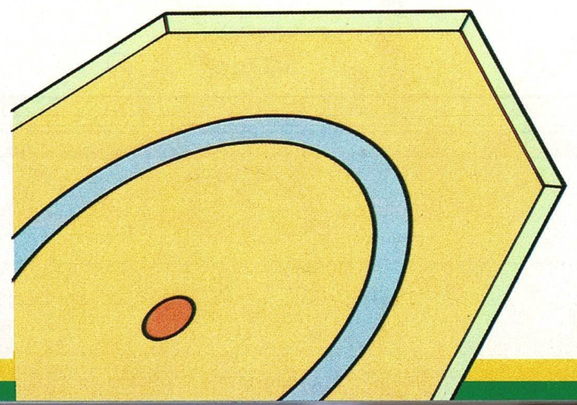
In the far more open Freestyle version of the sport, more standard wrestling rules apply. A wrestler can be victorious in a Freestyle bout by pinning an opponent's shoulders or back to the mat for half a second.

Matches for both styles of wrestling consist of two three-minute rounds. Wrestlers score points during the course of a match with successful holds, superior positions and near-throws. The system of scoring is the same in both Greco-Roman and Freestyle wrestling. If after six minutes neither wrestler has scored a fall, the competitor with the higher number of points wins the match.

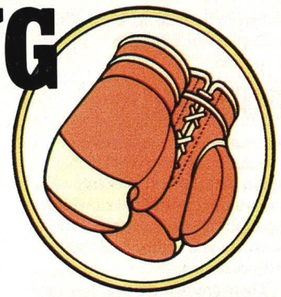
Points are scored for: going from under a competitor to over a competitor, or taking an opponent to the mat and keeping him there for one beat — one point; for putting a competitor in danger of getting pinned or executing a classic lift and throw — two points; for a hold that puts an opponent on his back quickly — three points; for sending a competitor onto his back with his feet in the air — four points.

Historical footnote: In the 1932 Los Angeles games, a 29-year-old Swedish wrestler named Ivar Johansson won the Freestyle middleweight division, then fasted for 24 hours so that he could wrestle as a welterweight in the Greco-Roman competition. After shedding five kilos, he went on to win a second gold medal.

Armchair tip: Watch for wrestlers who are able to take early advantage and keep it. Many wrestling matches are won psychologically in the opening minute of the first round.



BOXING



1980 Heavyweight Champions (over 81kg — 179½ lbs)
1. Teofilo Stevenson (Cuba)
2. Pyotr Zaev (USSR)
3. Jurgen Fanghanel (East Germany)

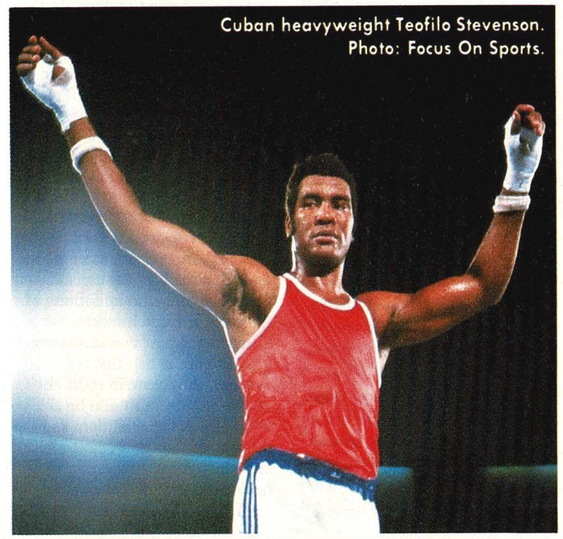
Boxers from 80 nations will be featured in 400 bouts (during 11 days) in 12 weight divisions from 48 kg light flyweights to the 91 kg super-heavyweights.

Olympic boxing is a distant cousin to professional boxing. While winners are determined in the classic ways (through knock-out, a TKO or on points), amateur boxing matches consist of only three three-minute rounds.

In addition, five judges sit around the six-metre square ring and evaluate fighters on a 20-point must system. (In the 20-point must system, the winner of each round is awarded 20 points. The loser gets proportionately less.)

Boxers must adhere to a mandatory eight-count. When a boxer is knocked down, the fighter on the canvas must wait until the count of eight before resuming action. If that fighter gets knocked on the canvas again, the referee, who doesn't take part in scoring, may then count a man out.

There are other amateur judging idiosyncrasies as well. Olympic judges bestow points for clean, crisp punches thrown, so a boxer who scores a sudden knockout will earn points, but may not be rewarded with victory in the same way as a professional counterpart. Judges also are quicker to exclude punches struck with an open glove, or punches that don't exhibit total body control.



Cuban heavyweight Teofilo Stevenson. Photo: Focus On Sports.

In Olympic boxing, if a man is on the canvas at the end of a round, the bell is not sounded and the count continues. (Exceptions are the last round of all final championship matches in each weight division.)

While Olympic boxing often features more defensive strategy (the "peek-a-boo" style, for example, in which a boxer fights from behind two upheld gloves, is an Olympic favorite) than pro bouts, amateurs employ the same age-old styles as their professional counterparts.

Boxers also have to be wary of accumulating "harm fouls", which are warnings issued by the referee for illegalities. Three warnings result in a disqualification. Harm fouls can be issued for everything from butting and holding to verbal assaults on an opponent or referee.

Boxers in the light fly to welter-weight classes wear 226 gm marked gloves; boxers in the light middle through to super-heavyweight classes wear 283 gm gloves. The gloves have a white band at the knuckle. This is considered the legal hitting area. Simply, the white makes a good blow easier for the judges to see and score.

Armchair tip: Watch for boxers who know when to unload a payoff punch and when to go in for the kill with their opponent in trouble.

WEIGHTLIFTING

Olympic Record
(1980 Heavyweight Results)
1. Leonid Taranenko (USSR): 422.5kg
2. Valentin Hristov (Bulgaria): 405.0kg
3. Gyorgy Szalai (Hungary): 390.0kg

The psychological drama that these often gargantuan athletes bring to their performances makes this one of the most popular televised events. Many weightlifters go into a pre-lift trance just before approaching the barbells, and into a post-lift emotional release just afterwards; all of which makes for great television.

Olympic weightlifting features a two-lift program: the two-handed snatch and the clean-and-jerk.

In the two-handed snatch (considered the more difficult event), the athlete lifts the bar from the floor to over his head in one movement, holding it there for two seconds. There are two popular two-handed snatch techniques: the squat and the split (one leg is thrust forward while the other is thrust backward). Whatever the technique, the lifter may not turn his wrists over or extend his arms unevenly.

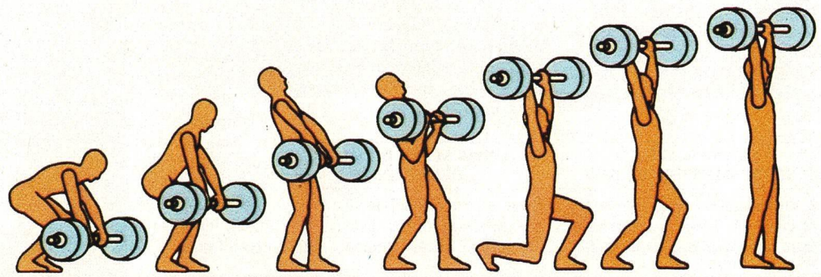
In the clean-and-jerk, the lifter first brings the weight up to his shoulders and then, using the combined strength of his arms and legs, he raises the weight over his head. The "clean" step of the lift requires that the athlete hoist the barbell to a temporary position at the shoulders until he achieves an erect posture; the next step, the "jerk", requires that the bar be lifted in one motion, from the shoulders to over the head, with arms locked at the elbow. The weights must be held over the lifter's head for two seconds.

There are 10 weightlifting weight divisions, ranging from flyweight (51kg) to superheavyweight (110kg and over). A competitor has three chances at each lift, but if he fails a lift he may go to a higher one. Weightlifting order is determined by the weight on the bar; lifters perform when the weight they requested is placed on the bar. Winners are those athletes who lift the most total weight, both snatch and clean-and-jerk.

The barbell itself is about two metres long and almost three centimetres wide, and is made of chrome vanadium. Located on either end of the bar are revolving sleeves where the weight-plates are attached. The weights, called bumper plates, range from half a kilo to 45 kilograms.

To protect their backs, competitors wear an 11cm wide leather lifting belt. To ensure a better grip, they are permitted to apply chalk to their hands. Some also apply talc to their thighs to help the bar slide down their body.

Armchair tip: Since it is sometimes difficult for the laymen to distinguish between a valid and an invalid lift, pay attention to the judges' flashing lights: white light indicates a valid lift, red lights an illegal attempt.



CYCLING

1980 Gold Medal Winners
1000-metre Sprint: Lutz Hesslich, (East Germany)
1000-metre Time Trial: Lothar Thomas, (East Germany)
4000-metre Time Pursuit: USSR
Individual Road Race: Sergei Sukhoruchenkov (USSR)
Team Road Race: USSR

More than 500 racers are expected to compete in the two types of cycling events: road racing and track racing.

In road racing, three contests are scheduled for the streets of Mission Viejo: the 100km team time trial, the 174km individual road race and the women's 70km race.

There are four track racing contests scheduled for Los Angeles' two-year-old $3million open-air Velodrome: the one-kilometre match sprint, the one-kilometre individual time trial, the four-kilometre individual pursuit, the four-kilometre pursuit and the 50km point race.

In pursuit races, two cyclists (or teams of cyclists) start off on opposite sides of the track. If one cyclist, or team, catches the other, the race is over. Otherwise, the winner is the first one to cross the finish line. In team time trials, four-man teams compete as a unit over the two-hour race by pacing each other and creating air-pockets for teammates.

The glamor event of the cycling competition is the one-kilometre match sprint in which riders sometimes exceed speeds of 65km/h. After a string of matches reduces the field to two finalists, all attention focuses on the Velodrome for the final two-man three-lap competition. The race is typically a "peek-a-boo" affair, with both cyclists riding around the track slowly for the first two laps. Somewhere in the final lap, one of the cyclists will sprint for the finish with the other in hot pursuit, hoping to take advantage of the windstream (called "drafting") created by his competitor.

The Velodrome is a 333-metre oval made of buffed concrete. Cyclists wear gloves, hard helmets and cleated shoes that fit into a toeclip-and-strap contraption attached to the bike's pedals.

Track bikes are constructed without brakes and with a single fixed-wheel gearing; road bikes are equipped with gear changers and brake cables. Both track and road bikes can cost upwards of $3000.

Historical footnote: In the 1896 Athens games, cyclists raced from Athens to Marathon to sign their names, before turning around and racing back on the same road.

Armchair tip: Watch for the red and green flashing lights on either side of the track for clues to who is in the lead.

ROWING

Men compete in eight separate categories: single sculls, double sculls, quadruple sculls with coxswain, pair-oared shell without coxswain, four-oared shell with coxswain and eight-oared shell with coxswain.

There are two types of rowing: sweep rowing and sculling. In the former, team members handle one oar with both hands, while in sculling, one oar is used in each hand.

There are also two kinds of competition: coxed events and non-coxed events. Think of the coxswain as the tactician. At about 100kg the coxswain is the one team member facing forward and face to face with the stroke oarsman, the team member who sets the pace. Key to success is precise rhythm and uniformity of the oars. With each race distancing almost two kilometres (the distance is half that for women), the coxswain must not only steer, but must also be able to judge weather conditions and team exhaustion and adjust accordingly (oar strokes can vary from 30 to over 40 per minute).

Of utmost importance in rowing is the stroke. There are four aspects to the stroke cycle: the rower places oars in the water; his body leans low for maximum power, fuelling the craft forward; oars come out of the water; and the rower moves body back to prepare for placing the oars in the water again.

Heats and races are run in lanes with the bows of the boats on the starting lines. Crews that veer out of their lanes and collide with another craft can be disqualified.

The craft themselves generally are made of plastic or carbon fibre. They can be of any dimension, but are usually a little wider than half a metre and range in length from more than eight metres (a one-person crew) to just under 19 metres (an eight-person crew). While a single craft can cost as much as $10,000 to build, they are simple structures, consisting of a washboard (to keep water from splashing into the boat), a fin underneath the boat (to help stabilise the craft in rough weather), a rudder and a bow ball (used to blunt waves).

Oars can be any size and shape, but are always hollow for lightness. In sweep rowing, the oars are often as long as four metres, some half a metre longer than oars used in sculling.

Armchair tip: Look for clean and precise movements. The smaller the splash, the better the crew or sculler.

BASKETBALL

Once upon a time, the US could count on picking up an easy gold medal in men's basketball. No longer. While the Americans are still the odds-on favorites for '84, basketball's increasing popularity elsewhere (as well as the continuing trend of US college basketball standouts to reject the Olympics in favor of turning pro) mean the US can no longer take things for granted.

Olympic basketball is played with a 30-second shot clock and there are two 20-minute halves.

In Olympic "roundball," when a player is fouled in the act of shooting (and the basket is not made), that player is awarded three foul opportunities to make two foul shots. Technical fouls against a player on the court result in two free foul shots. Bench technicals are good for one free throw. Teams are allowed only eight fouls per half; after that two throws are awarded every foul.

Historical footnote: Women's basketball was first introduced to the Olympics in Montreal in 1976. In both the '76 and '80 games the women's competition was dominated by the Soviets; in '80, the USSR team won every game by more than 31 points.

STRANGE MOMENTS

It hasn't all been agony and ecstasy. Some of the best moments in Olympic history have been just plain weird

NEVER MIND

When Argentine flyweight Pasquel Perez learned that he was slightly over the weight limit to qualify for the '48 games, he shaved his head in an effort to lose valuable ounces. Shortly afterward, Olympic officials discovered that the scales had been incorrect and that Perez had been under the weight limit all along.

LAST OF THE AMATEURS

After winning the gold in the 1972 games in Munich, Cuban light heavyweight boxer Teofilo Stevenson turned down a $2-million offer to turn pro. Said Stevenson: "I wouldn't exchange my piece of Cuba for all the money they could give me."

OLYMPIC GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

Spanish boxer Valentin Loren received a lifetime suspension from Olympic competition after punching a referee in the face in the 1964 games.

AND ABOUT YOUR GRANDFATHER

An official questionnaire distributed to all 1900 Olympians queried: Were you reared as an infant naturally or artificially? What is the color of your beard? How strong was your grandfather?

THE MAN WITH THE MIDAS, UH, SILVER TOUCH

American Harold Sakata, winner of a silver medal for weightlifting at the '52 Helsinki games, received his greatest recognition years later when he played the role of Oddjob in the James Bond blockbuster, *Goldfinger*.

A NEW SLANT ON RACE RELATIONS

So scarce were tickets for the 1960 basketball games in Tokyo that American black sprinter Paul Drayton had to sneak his way in by using one of the players' passes. Quipped Drayton: "No sweat. The Japanese think all us Negroes look alike."

TECHNIQUE TIP NUMBER 103

How did Jesse Owens, the American track and field legend who dominated the '36 games in Berlin, account for his ability to run so fast? Said the son of sharecroppers: "I let my feet spend as little time on the ground as possible."

ATTEMPT TO OUTLAW DIVES PROVES A FLOP

When a British diver landed flat on his back after a double somersault in the 1908 London games, Olympic officials almost decided to ban complicated dives from competition. They resisted, however, ruling that "though a diver should know where he is at the end of one somersault, the finish of the second must be a matter of luck."

OTHER EVENTS

Archery
Men shoot two rounds of 36 arrows at each of four distances: 90, 70, 50 and 30 metres. Women shoot a single round of 36 arrows at 70, 60, 50 and 30 metres. Key to an archer's success: a combination of arm strength and steadiness of hand.

Canoeing and Kayaking
Canoeists (men only) propel their open boats by paddling one blade on each side. In kayak events, competitors propel themselves from an enclosed boat with a double-bladed paddle. Key to success in both: co-ordination and clean strokes.

Equestrian Events
Riders and their horses team up to combine strength and courage in a multiple-event program that includes jumping two-metre-high fences and water hazards. Often wrongly perceived as a gentrified sport, the equestrian events are some of the most dangerous on the Olympic venue. Key to success: smoothness in transition between movements.

Hockey
Australia's men's hockey team is ranked number one for this contest between 12 countries divided into two pools of six. The top two teams in each pool go into semi-final and final playoffs to decide the medals. The USA, India, Spain and Pakistan were automatic qualifiers, while Australia won its ranking after the prestigious Champion's Trophy in Karachi, Pakistan, last year. Australia's women's team is ranked number two for the six-team women's event because of its international scores during the past four years.

Soccer
While soccer grossed 38 percent of total Olympic gate-takings at Moscow, it's unlikely the same will occur at Los Angeles. Qualifying rounds began in February '83 to decide the final 16 for the Olympics, and at that time Australia was not deemed eligible.

Fencing
Men use the foil, epee and sabre in separate events; women compete only with foils. Tournaments are run on a round-robin basis and matches are won by the first fencer to score five touches. Key to success: dexterity and aggressiveness.

Team Handball
Team members move a near soccer-sized ball down an indoor court and throw it past a goalkeeper in order to score. Players are only allowed to hold the ball for three seconds at a time. The game is played by six court players and one goalkeeper in two 30-minute (women: 25-minute) halves. Key to success: as in basketball, teams that are quick and in synch are likely to dominate.

Judo (Men only)
A competitor wins a match by holding an opponent immobile on his back for 30 seconds. Scoring is complex.

Modern Pentathlon (Team and individual)
In this event, a man sets out on a horse. His first encounter comes when he's forced off his horse to fight a duel with swords. After he escapes, he is trapped again and forced to shoot his way out with a pistol. After that he swims 300 metres and runs four kilometres. Key to success: incredible athletic prowess and a penchant for the highly unorthodox.

Shooting
Eighty countries will send over 1100 shooters to compete in seven different events ranging from pistol shooting to rifle shooting to game target shooting. For the first time in Olympic history, there will be a women's shooting division.

Water Polo
Seven-member teams try to put a 70cm ball in their opponent's goal while competing in a 30 x 20 metre pool. Only the goalie may handle the ball with two hands.

Volleyball
Matches consist of the best three-out-of-five sets. A team wins at a score of 15 points, but the winning margin has to be two points or over. Six players on each team hit the ball over a net in an attempt to keep it alive.

Yachting
Each of seven yachting classes are required to run seven races over roughly a 20km course. Lowest point total wins. (Sailboarding will make its debut as an Olympic demonstration in Los Angeles for the first time.) Key to success: physical stamina and a keen ability to read weather conditions.

Baseball (Demonstration)
Festivities begin with a round-robin tournament from which six countries will emerge to play in the finals. This demonstration may someday lead to a genuine world series. Strategy will vary with nation: countries with bigger athletes will be looking for home-run power while nations with smaller athletes will rely on speed.

Tennis (Demonstration)
This will be an open competition with professionals allowed to compete. But there's a catch — participants must be 20 years of age or younger.

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WATER TIGHT

Paul Mann reports on The Mean Machine — our swimming supermen

THE TIMEKEEPER'S clock has just passed 6.30 on a winter Thursday evening in the vast steel and glass echo chamber that houses the 50-metre pool at the Australian Institute Of Sport in Canberra. The water looks like a stretch of rapids with every lane churned into foam by the rhythmically flailing limbs of the 19 young men and 12 young women of the Australian Olympic swimming squad doing laps. Coaches and officials prowl the poolside barking instructions, a couple of dozen spectators and assorted camp followers are sprinkled around the bleachers. The soft rock piped in over the speaker system comes from local radio station 2CC. Just at this moment it's The Beatles' *Nowhere Man*.

Most of the lanes are occupied by the women's team and the athletes who will compete in the middle or long-distance events at Los Angeles. The two lanes on the side furthest from the door and the gaze of curious visitors are reserved for the big men. The men of The Mean Machine: Neil Brooks, 22, height 195.5cm (6'5"), weight 96 kilos (15st 2lb); Greg Fasala, 19, height 185.5cm (6'1"), weight 79 kilos (12st 6lb); Mark Stockwell, 21, height 195.5cm (6'5"), weight 87 kilos (13st 10lb) and the "baby" of the team, Michael Delaney, 18, a

mere 183cm (6') and 84 kilos (13st 3lb).

They've been swimming now for more than two hours, the past half hour all sprints. Before that they were hoisting weights on computer-controlled exercise machines in the gymnasium upstairs. It's their second training session of the day.

They are in what is called the "endurance phase" of their Olympic training schedule which is designed to build stamina. It means they swim 15 to 20 kilometres a day and then, when they're almost knackered, they do sprints.

Sprint coach John Rodgers puts them through 11 sessions a week, allowing one-and-a-half days off, although most of their time away from the pool is taken up with lectures, medicals and psychotherapy geared to keep them motivated. Tonight Rodgers is closing the session by racing the four men against each other, turning the Machine on itself. All four swimmers are showing the strain. Usually the atmosphere during training is quiet commitment with the occasional joke to relieve the monotony, but now there's electricity in the air, a web of tension between coach and swimmers. Sprinters have explosive tempers to match their explosive power and Rodgers says sudden flare-ups are not uncommon.

Fasala and Brooks are unusually subdued after their tenth and last sprint against each other. Brooks, who has just been timed at 54.8 seconds over the 100 metres, sits on a starting block, his usual half-smirk replaced by a slightly dazed expression. Fasala is slumped in a chair near the wall gazing morosely at his outstretched legs, alone in the crowd of swimmers and officials. He has just beaten Brooks with a time of 53.11. These aren't bad training times at all, under the circumstances, and both men have been clocked close to two seconds faster sprinting fresh. But when you're thinking gold, even times clocked up during the endurance phase don't seem fast enough. Rodgers is looking to Stockwell and Delaney to produce something faster out of this session.

The two Olympians step up to the blocks for their tenth race, the last race of the night, faces set, deaf to the clamor around them. Rodgers yells, "Set ... go" and they catapult off the blocks into the water.

Rodgers follows briskly at poolside, electronic stopwatch in hand. Everyone in the building is paying attention. Brooks is on his feet, Fasala has found a boogie board and is smacking it loudly against the edge of the pool urging his team-mates on. The two swimmers hit the turn, somersault and torpedo back down the home-stretch. It's the last 15 or 20 metres when the steam starts to run out and Rodgers is there, leaning out over the water yelling "Go" with every stroke. The building reverberates to cheers and piercing whistles.

Stockwell touches first with Delaney a fraction behind. Stockwell is so caught up in the drama of the moment he can't help himself; his right fist shoots up in a victory salute, his streaming face a mask of exhaustion and triumph. They're good times: 52.8 for Stockwell, 53.3 for Delaney. Both have done much faster sprinting fresh, but when you've got a long day and 20 kilometres behind you, 52.8 isn't bad. It isn't bad at all. No one seems to notice in the general clamor, but there's an oddly appropriate tune playing over the speaker system. It's The Eagles and the song says, "Welcome to the Hotel California".

Barely 20 minutes later, the pool area is almost deserted. The big men are unwinding under hot showers in their own private changing room — so private it has a combination lock on the door.

Getting ready to leave, I pass the bulky figure of Terry Buck, head coach of the Olympic swimming team and former finalist in the 100-metre freestyle at the Tokyo Olympics. Buck has a lopsided grin on his big, amiable face and seems to be walking a few centimetres off the ground.

"That is the best training session I have ever seen," he says. "I mean that is probably the best training session that has ever taken place in Australia. Ever. These boys are serious. If the Yanks don't get out of their way, these boys are going to claw right over the top of them." He pauses to take a breath and adds: "You know, there's a real aura about these boys. I mean the whole squad is something special this time around, they're all so bloody serious, but the relay team is awesome, just awesome. They deserve to be called The Mean Machine."

Terry Buck: "If the Yanks don't get out of their way, these boys are going to claw right over the top of them."

●

The name, The Mean Machine, comes from a Burt Reynolds film, *The Longest Yard*. It's the movie in which Burt Reynolds plays a former gridiron football star who gets framed and sent to a state penitentiary where the governor happens to be a gridiron fan who likes to stage an annual football game between the inmates and the guards. Naturally Burt puts together a team of murderous psychopaths and they trample all over the guards. Burt called his boys The Mean Machine.

The story goes that Greg Fasala saw the movie shortly before the '82 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane and liked the name so much he started referring to the relay team as The Mean Machine. Somehow the words found their way into a supporters' chant which was heard by reporters and viewers during telecasts of all the relay events. But what cemented the name into the public consciousness was the appearance of Brooks and Fasala when they turned up for their events. Both had shaved their heads and looked every bit as mean as the name suggested. Again the idea was Fasala's.

"We shave our bodies for swimming," he says, "and I'd heard that shaving your head might help too, maybe take a couple of hundredths of a second off your time. Maybe it doesn't, but if you think it does, then maybe it does, who knows?"

Added Brooks: "I had no intention of shaving my head. In fact I'd just spent $20 on a haircut, then I got into camp and saw Greg had shaved his head and I thought, 'Why not?'. It feels great in the water. People who haven't tried it wouldn't know, but you have a lot of senses concentrated up there and you get a fantastic sensation from the water rushing across your bald head."

Mention The Rolling Stones and people automatically think of Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. The same is true of The Mean Machine. Mention the name and people usually think of Brooks and Fasala. They're the two most visible members of the team and Brooks, especially, has a knack of attracting attention. In fact, The Mean Machine has changed one member since the Commonwealth Games. Graeme Brewer has been replaced by Mark Stockwell, the most improved swimmer and now the fastest man in the Olympic squad.

Michael Delaney was only 16 and still at school when he swam with Brooks and Fasala at Brisbane. "I wasn't too impressed," he says of his reaction to the bald heads. "I had no urge to go and shave my head."

While they have had little choice, both Stockwell and Delaney seem happy enough to be called part of The Mean Machine.

Ironically Stockwell and Delaney are the fastest swimmers in the machine, both ranked ahead of Brooks and Fasala in world standings and both potential medal winners in the individual 100-metre freestyle.

Says Stockwell: "It only bothers me when I think that for the rest of my life, whatever I do, newspaper reporters are going to refer to me as a former Mean Machine member."

Although the probability of that largely depends on what happens in LA. By the time you read this, the Machine will have been on the campus of Stanford University in San Jose near San Francisco for three weeks, acclimatising and undergoing final training. When these young athletes step up to the blocks for their events in the first days of the Olympics, they will have been honed as near to perfection as Australian sports technology can make possible in the five-month period which follows Olympic selection. The world record is 3:19.4 for the 400-metre freestyle relay. Everyone expects it to be beaten. It's an American record and naturally the Americans expect it will be beaten by them. It's a reasonable enough belief considering the stranglehold the Americans have had on swimming events in past Olympics. Only The Mean Machine stands between the Americans and a relay gold medal, though the Americans seem to view the Australian challenge with the same disdain the New York Yacht Club held for Australia II, an attitude which genuinely seems to puzzle Michael Delaney. "We're the team to beat," he shrugs. "Not the Americans."

Indeed, if there is one quality the young Sydneysider is not lacking it's confidence. He appears not the least bit flustered by the thought that when he gets to LA he will be squaring up against formidable swimmers from Olympic superpowers such as the Americans.

"They'll be looking at us with awe," he says. "Not the other way round." While much of his assuredness no doubt springs from the powerful motivation included in Olympic training techniques, part of it is simply the belief that the Australians know something the Americans don't — that we can beat them. It is a view reinforced by a recent pep talk from Australia II skipper John Bertrand who flew in from Perth, waiving his usual lecture fee, to gee up the Olympic squad.

"He told us they won that race by 43 seconds," says Delaney. "After all the years of preparation and training just 43 seconds made the difference between them coming home as heroes or bums. That's the way I see it, a few seconds means the difference between being a hero or a bum. There's no way I'm coming home a bum."

Stockwell's attitude is a little more subtle than the youthful Delaney.

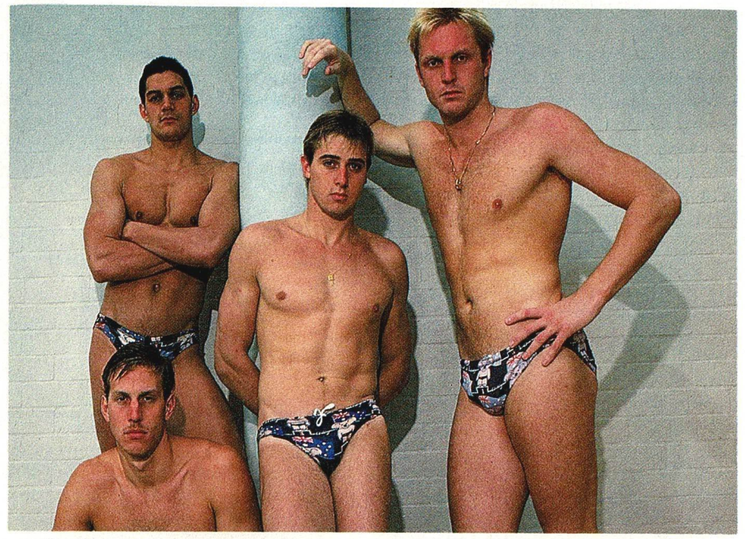
"If we don't win in LA other people may think of us as bums, but we won't think of ourselves as bums. We'll know we've given it everything we can. There's no dishonor in giving your best and losing it to blokes you respect anyway. If we don't win in LA that's not the end of it for me. I know I have the ability to set a world record in the 100-metre freestyle. Whether I do it at the Olympics or somewhere else afterwards isn't really important. But I know, before I give competitive swimming away for good, one night I'm going to go to bed knowing I'm the fastest man in the world. Even if I lose the record the next day, that's okay, but I'll get my record."

The fastest 25 swimmers in the world are separated by one second. That means Olympic victory will be decided by hundredths of a second. Which is why endurance training is so important in the preparation of Olympic swimmers. And The Mean Machine has been getting the most advanced endurance training in the world.

Dr Bob Treffene, lecturer in medical physics at the Queensland Institute Of Technology in Brisbane, has developed a training program even the Americans, Russians and East Germans haven't got yet. Though it's fair to say that if it results in Olympic gold, the superpowers will get interested in Dr Bob in a hurry. He has already used it with spectacular success on Tracey Wickham, though this is the first time he has tried it with sprint swimmers.

It's a program whereby athletes are trained to exert themselves daily to a point just below their burn-out level. When an athlete over-exerts himself, his body produces lactic acid. And it's lactic acid that causes all those aches and pains in muscles after an unusually hard work-out. If your body can't efficiently clear lactic acid from muscle groupings you lose power. In an athlete, that is critical. The swimmer who loses a fraction of his power in those last vital metres will lose the race.

Normally the body clears lactic acid from muscle groupings with a combination of oxygen and certain enzymes. By stressing the swimmers daily, while never over-stressing them, Dr Bob hopes to enhance the body's natural ability to clear lactic acid. It's a form of progress without pain. The swimmers train to a series of gradually and scientifically increased limits without ever actually hitting their failure point.



The Mean Machine. Stockwell is sitting; from left, Fasala, Delaney and Brooks.

If it works, the athletes will stretch their ability to swim at high speed without accumulating that debilitating acid build-up which causes involuntary loss of thrust.

As Dr Bob says: "It's a small component of each swimmer's sprint potential, but for top swimmers, when the difference between coming first and second is a hundredth of a second, it's a major component."

While Dr Bob is responsible for fine tuning the dynamics of The Mean Machine, John Rodgers is responsible for keeping the motor humming. That means discipline in the water, motivation, ego-boosting and giving the Machine a kick when it's needed.

He says discipline hasn't been a problem this year despite the explosive temperament of the sprinters and the undoubted potential for mischief in a livewire like Neil Brooks.

Asked to give brief assessments of each sprinter's personality, Rodgers offers:

Stockwell — "Mark has got his own fixed direction. You've really got to prove what you're doing to Mark to get him to go along. If he thinks his way is right you have to show him otherwise and you have to make sense, you can't just bully him into doing what you want. He'll argue, he'll voice his opinion. You have to listen to his argument, then present a better one of your own if you're going to change his mind. But once he's satisfied with your explanation he's great."

Delaney — "Michael is the youngest, of course, and he can still be led. We keep an eye on him because he's in a team where the other boys have such strong personalities. He might seem quieter compared to the others, but that's just his youth. He has his own ideas and if you talk to him they'll come out. He's a great swimmer for his age, a very strong boy and a real medal prospect in the 100-metre freestyle."

Fasala — "They all suffer downs, but Greg in particular gets downs, mental depressions. Maybe he questions himself too much. The good thing about Greg is you can see it in his face, he shows it and you can go to work getting him up again. They all suffer the same kind of depressions through training, it's inevitable when you're here every day slogging up and down, dog tired. Greg won't keep it to himself though, he lets you know [*laughs*] ... just like a mongrel dog in the corner."

Brooks — "Yeah, Neil is probably the most boisterous. He's the oldest, he's been in the team longest but he'll go along with the discipline, he'll knuckle down and do what's expected. It's afterwards you've got to watch out with Neil. We're in complete control 24 hours a day until after the Olympics, what he does then is great. I

don't think some of the things he did after the Commonwealth Games were good for the image, but people tend to go a bit easier then anyway, they know what sort of training these blokes have been going through."

●

Long before you meet the guys in The Mean Machine you know that they're big men. You read the vital statistics, if you follow swimming you see them on TV, you see them grinning out of the sports pages of newspapers looking sickeningly young, healthy and macho. But nothing prepares you for meeting them in the flesh. En masse they are awesome. I'm just over six feet tall and I got a sore neck talking up to Stockwell and Brooks. Photographer Peter Simons shook his head afterwards. "I came up to Brooksie's armpit," he said.

It isn't only the height of the tallest men. All four blokes were obviously born to be big and powerful, with that genetic potential to be great athletes. But swimming hard day after day, week after week, year after year has refined that potential into reality. Swimming has shaped and delineated their bodies; they have become flying wedges of muscle and bone. Close up, the intimation of power and strength in their collective bulk is quite intimidating. This isn't only a mean machine, it's a big machine.

Watching them train is a lesson in applied physics. Kicking off from the starting block, Stockwell, for instance, uncoils from a half crouch and his legs actually seem to expand like concertinas. He could dive further before cutting the water but he doesn't. He doesn't describe an arc, he makes a straight line. Nevertheless, sheer thrust from the block has carried him five or six metres up the pool before he starts to stroke.

Not one of them appears to swim *in* the water. They all seem to swim *on* it. They move so fast they leave a wake like a power launch and there's a hollow in the water where their backs are, a sort of big dimple in the surface created by their momentum. A man following poolside has to break into a fast walk to keep up.

For all the power and the glory, the men of The Mean Machine are surprisingly unaffected about their success so far, the Commonwealth Games, New Zealand, the knowledge that, whatever happens in LA, they are the fastest relay team Australia has ever had.

Perhaps that's because success even this far has had its price and its pain. Brooks knows how easy it is to achieve notoriety in the popular press; notoriety that sticks. Even Delaney has been hurt by the consequences of success on his family. "My younger brother was invited to some kid's birthday," he says, "and this kid told him the only reason he was invited was because he was my brother. I know they're only in grade five or six, but you can imagine how much that upset him."

All four know what it's like to be besieged by fair-weather friends who want to bathe in the reflected glory of The Mean Machine.

"I was talking to Tracey Wickham about the same thing," adds Delaney. "She told me she has lots of acquaintances but very few real friends. I feel a bit that way myself. I like to know if my friends are for real. Sometimes I ask them, straight out. I noticed it especially when I went back to school after the Commonwealth Games. Suddenly all these girls wanted to know me. That's all right, I can play that game. I can enjoy it while it lasts, but I don't take it too seriously. I won't be rushing into marriage with any of them."

Stockwell laughs in agreement. "You do seem to get a bit of extra attention from women. I consider it a passing fringe benefit."

Brooks, however, has been further down that path and isn't impressed. "I've been through all that," he says. "Models, part-time actresses, all these chicks who suddenly want to get to know you. You take 'em home and fuck 'em and they just lie there. All they want you for is for whatever you can do for them. I don't bother with them anymore. Give me the girl next door every time."

Not one of them appears to swim in the water. They all seem to swim on it. They move so fast they leave a wake like a power launch.

Meanwhile Fasala has been listening to Brooks say this.

"Yeah?" he questions Brooks. "All that happen to you?" Then he wanders away, an expression of pure disbelief on that marvellous crumpled face. "I could probably get used to it," he says, nodding to no one in particular.

Although Fasala was the first to pick up the name, The Mean Machine, the first to shave his head, and although he looks the meanest he's probably one of the most sensitive blokes in the entire Olympic squad.

Coach Rodgers has already described Fasala's depressions and Mark Stockwell adds: "Greg might look mean and he likes that stuff about The Mean Machine, but underneath the guy's a real pussy cat."

Fasala acknowledges his downs and gives the impression that he draws a lot of strength from the Machine and his place in it.

"We come together as individuals at the beginning of hell week — that's the first week of really hard training. You come out of it feeling really drawn, mentally and physically. It's very hard to get up, very hard to sprint, but everyone feels the same and when you've been through it together it sort of bonds everyone. You know each other's strengths and weaknesses, you feel good about each other, you become a team."

The only man in the team who missed hell week was Neil Brooks, who stayed in Perth to train with his own coach "because I've never done anything like hell week and I never would. I don't believe you have to do 100 kilometres in a week to be a fast swimmer."

Brooks is not a man who suffers from self doubts.

When I noted that he had the slowest training time of any man in the Machine, he said: "Training times don't win gold medals. When you stand up to race in Los Angeles you don't have to do ten 100s, you only have to do one."

Brooks openly admits that he loves junk food and takes 15 vitamin pills a day to supplement his diet. He finds it hard to get to sleep until after 11 at night because of his lifestyle in Perth, where he is used to late nights singing and playing guitar with his rock band, Aussie Express. Brooks may just be Australia's first punk Olympian. It's an image he's had since the Commonwealth Games and their aftermath, when he was seen raging around the Gold Coast. One of the most notorious pictures of him letting off steam was taken in a beer garden at Surfers Paradise, showing him happily waving a beer, minus his trousers.

"It's not an image at all," says Brooks. "I'm just trying to be myself. How many people stay up late and party? I mean, a lot of people rage, it's not as if I'm the only person out on the streets at night. Sure I like to have a few drinks and I like having a good time. I'm in a rock 'n' roll band. I'm around that all the time. I wouldn't say that I'm a bigger rager than any other guys on the team. It's just that maybe my personality brings it out a bit more.

Beneath that larrikin veneer, Brooks is actually a staunch team man. He may have the most aggressive personality in a team full of strong personalities, but he speaks for everyone in The Mean Machine when he says: "There have been times, as individuals, when we've been down. We haven't swum well as individuals and we haven't been able to lift ourselves, but when we get together in the relay something happens, we do incredible times, we break records. We always seem to rise to the occasion."

Or, to quote one of the quieter cogs in The Mean Machine, Mark Stockwell: "There are times when I come away from training with these guys and I feel really tired, tired but good and I think we can do . . . anything."

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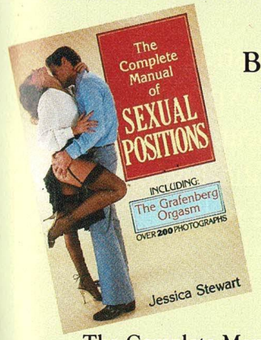

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CELLAR *(continued from page 59)*

Don't fall for the nonsense of wine as an investment. In this regard, wine is like diamonds and paintings.

allowed to buy it in this country), lasts forever. Yet another friend of mine, who is somewhat deft with his hands, constructed a magnificent set of wine bins out of old railway sleepers. These days they are very hard to come by because trendy gardening consultants pay ridiculously inflated prices for the things.

Now I've got over all that rather exhausting and technical nonsense — including the temperature scale, redbacks under the house and the cultural argument about sewer pipes versus surfing horses as wall decorations — it is perhaps about time to talk about what one should put into the construction.

Firstly, we might as well get over what our Edwardian ancestors used to call "fizz". Don't bother to lay down champagne. The champagne houses — both the true French houses and their Australian imitators — do this excellently. The stuff is sold when it is ready to drink. You can, of course, *rest* it for six months or so if you have bought a job lot on special and it won't come to any harm for at least two years (I'm talking about domestic champagne here). But on the other hand, it won't do very much (if anything) in the bottle. If you have got a real cellar and real money, lay up a couple of dozen of this country's more reputable styles. It looks sort of "posh", to once again use an old Edwardian word, and will probably make you feel good.

As to laying down other wines, this is very much a matter of personal taste. There is not much point in laying down a whole batch of vintage port if you detest the stuff. And don't fall for the nonsense of *wine as an investment*. In this regard, wine is very much like diamonds and paintings. Dealers will sell all three to you saying that in *x* number of years you will make your quiet fortune. You just try to sell the bloody things back! All of a sudden there's no market.

Named varieties of vintage port are perhaps an exception to this rule. I don't know how the "sporting stars" series is going to go in years to come (various wineries put out their own groups from time to time, and the stars are not always human), but I have seen various *empty* bottles of commemorative ports bottled within the past 10 years selling as collectors' items in so-called antique shops for more than the damned things cost full in the first place.

Vintage port, if it is from a reputable firm, will mature in the bottle and should be left about 10 years or so to develop. Younger than that it can be rather nasty. On the other hand, traditional tawny ports do sweet bugger-all in the bottle and should be drunk when purchased or at least within a maximum of two years after buying. Even then, don't buy cheap material. In this day and age a decent port is going to cost you at least $6 to $7 a bottle at the time of its release, unless you are buying direct from a winery where it may be slightly less.

Other fortifieds, principally vintage muscats from the Rutherglen region of Victoria, are going to be no less expensive. These vintage muscats are well worth keeping; however, even at release time, they are liable to be $12 to $15 a bottle and that's quite a lot of money to have hanging off the wall if you are buying by the abstemious two dozen.

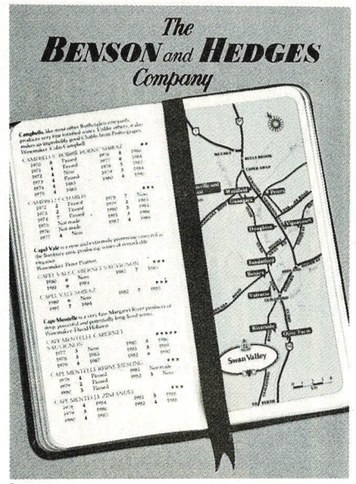
Now on to still reds and still whites. Once again it really is a matter of taste. In the reds, most winemakers these days have come to grips with what the trade calls the "lighter, more modern styles", but there still is no reason to lay down a bunch of Rutherglen "clarets" if you don't like chewing liquid.

The thing is to decide what you would like to drink (and this is the first cellar, remember, tastes *do* change) over a five-year period. Within this time span, apart from laying down a cellar, you would also be buying wine for immediate drinking. In this way you can learn as you lay down, not to mention fall down.

One of the main problems with Australia is the fact that experienced wine merchants are very few and far between. In England when all that claret and hock nonsense was the prerogative of young men who had recently come down from Oxford, a wine merchant would more or less say, "Well, young sir, a man of your means and your tastes might like to take my advice and lay down a cellar of a dozen or so bottles of this claret which is greatly favored at oyster suppers by the chorus line of Covent Garden." It really meant about as much as the wonderful Strine saying of "What dez yez want, sweet or dry?" but it was expressed with slightly more panache.

Added to that, the young Oxford chappie usually did get decent service because one day he was going to become a *lord* and the wine merchant hoped that when that happened, the young swine would at least pay his father's back bills if not his own. No such terrified desire to serve exists in this country. The wine buyer is pretty much on his Pat Malone.

There are exceptions. In all states of Australia these days, certain wine merchants (the operative name in this country being *cellars*) put notices in newspapers from time to time announcing tast-



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Made from Chardonnay grapes. This wine was matured in oak puncheons prior to bottling, which has given it a nice balance of Chardonnay fruit and oak flavour on the palate.

Bronze	1980 Vintage, Chablis/White Burgundy	Melb 1981
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1977

Made from a blend of Traminer and Rhine Riesling grapes.

Gold	Vintage 1977 Chablis/White Burgundy	Brisbane 1977
Gold	Vintage 1977 Chablis/White Burgundy	Brisbane 1978
Silver	Open Class White Burg 1981 & older	Sydney 1983
Silver	Vintage 1977 Dry White full bodied	Perth 1977

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MOUNT PLEASANT

Pinot Noir Hermitage

1978

Made from a blend of Pinot Noir and Hermitage grapes, this wine shows the delicate fruit and softness of the Pinot which complements the firm finish of the Hermitage to give a wine of complexity and excellent balance.

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MOUNT PLEASANT

Cabernet Sauvignon

1979

This wine is made from Cabernet Sauvignon grapes grown in the Lower Hunter River Valley. It is a full bodied robust style with good fruit on the palate and a firm tannin finish.

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ings for new releases. One can go to these affairs, slug back a glass or a dozen, and then decide whether one wants to buy a dozen or not. Don't feel obliged to buy anything. One of the great failures of Australians is they feel if they have been given a fairy's tit (fairy being used in the old-fashioned sense here) of free grog, then they *have* to buy something. The bastards are attempting to flog the stuff and you are under no obligation.

Finally, put down wines from what have come to be known as Australia's great wine regions. You will make mistakes, but so do wine judges who pontificate after every wine show in the nation. The Hunter region of NSW, for instance, has always been known (in good years) for its excellent and subtle dry white wines that, unusually for Australians of this color, last in the bottle and mature extremely well with some ageing.

The boutique wineries of Victoria are coming into their own at last, and some of the Yarra Reds (quite a dreadful term but it is the only way to describe them) may well last more than 10 years. In South Australia, there is the Coonawarra and more recently the Southern Vales; wines of the Clare region and at least some of the Barossa Valley.

Western Australia is perhaps the most interesting area of the continent for those who want to sniff matters out. The Swan Valley area, back of Perth, used to be known for its white burgundies and its somewhat peculiar fortified wines. It was also known for wines that contained what was known in the trade as the "Swan Valley stink". With modern methods of controlled fermentation, this so-called stink has disappeared. And in the mean time, down in the bum of Western Australia, notably in the Margaret River area, where it is much cooler, some very interesting reds indeed are being produced. At the moment, time is against me with these Margaret River wines. I have no idea what they will taste like in a decade and neither has any other wine writer. They *should* last and that is all I can say.

More than a decade ago I managed to get myself into terrible strife with the wine trade by stating that most Australian white wines would not hold for more than five years in the bottle and that most Australian reds went over the hill at 10. I more or less received a banning order for these remarks.

This year I was gratified to hear at least two other people who claim to know something about wine (and put their views in writing) echo my comments. A prophet in his own country?

Just remember all that when you are laying down your first cellar and some fool of a cellar merchant claims that you can sell his box of gunge for about $10,000,000 in a decade. Not only will the remark not wash, but the contents of the washing will probably choke the chooks as well.

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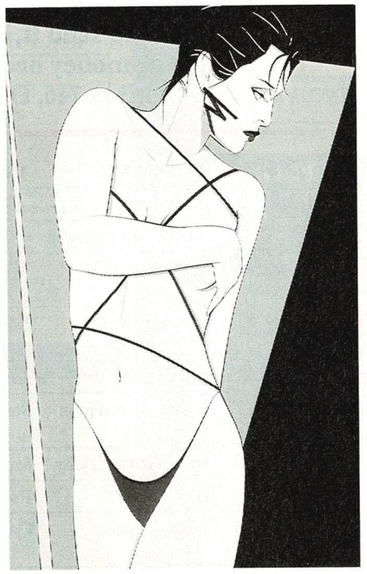
I'm sorry to tease you a little. It's just that your question conjured up images of enormous penises forcing their way into tight little vaginas — just as they do in all the raunchy novels. You know the type: "No, no!" gasps the heroine. "No more! I just can't take any more."

Provided the vagina is treated with care and attention, even the largest of penises usually is welcome inside. When you consider how the vagina manages to expand to allow through babies, it should be obvious that the walls of the vagina are very elastic and able to provide heaps of room for the probing penis.

But I must stress that the vagina is obliging only when it's in the mood for love. Without adequate preparation and tender loving care, even a smallish penis may have trouble entering this moist cavern. For a start, it probably won't be moist unless the woman is aroused. Lubrication is one of the first signs of arousal in a woman and unless the vagina is wet there's little point in proceeding, particularly if you wish the experience to be pleasurable for her. The other thing which happens when a woman is aroused is that the vaginal lips which surround the vagina swell and tend to open (you may still need to separate them with your fingers to avoid pulling loose skin inside). The muscles around the vaginal entrance tend to relax, widening the vaginal opening in preparation for the entry of the penis. Then once the penis enters, provided the vaginal muscles are in good shape, the vaginal walls fit snugly around the penis, expanding sufficiently to allow maximum penetration.

With longer penises, the woman can help make penetration easier by rhythmically flexing and relaxing her vaginal muscles. This widens the vaginal entrance and helps draw the penis inside. The man with the longer penis may have to be careful in certain positions which allow deep penetration such as the male superior positions where the woman has her knees bent and raised, perhaps even over the man's shoulders. In these positions the penis will thrust directly into the cervix, the neck of the womb, and this can be quite painful (although some women do enjoy this sensation). If it is painful, the man can bend one knee slightly and thrust to one side so the penis slips past the cervix and into one of the side pockets of the vagina. The same applies to female superior positions where the woman sits upright. Here too the man can thrust to one side to avoid the cervix.

As I mentioned, we are also well designed to accommodate and respond to



Women are made to respond to all shapes and sizes!

the smaller penis. The gripping quality of the vaginal walls means even the smaller penis can give plenty of sensation to both partners. It's a question of experimenting with positions and thrusting techniques which work best.

In reference to your second question, there is no reliable method of enlarging the penis, despite the claims of manufacturers of the various penis enlargement devices available on the market. Some men have written to me claiming some growth after the use of a vacuum dilator. Vacuum dilators usually consist of hollow glass tubes attached to a rubber hose and bulb. The penis is inserted into the tube and then the bulb is depressed creating a vacuum in the tube. In theory this causes maximum dilation or stretching of the penis's spongy bodies — the tissues which fill with blood to create erection. It is conceivable that this stretching could cause some increase in size but most experts are sceptical as to whether this actually does occur. There are many cases of temporary or even permanent damage to the delicate structures inside the penis through misuse of this type of device and hence they must be used with extreme care.

I have a problem that has been disturbing me for quite some time — premature ejaculation. My problem is only confined to actual vaginal penetration and although I am not as badly off as some poor souls I've read about, it can sometimes be very embarrassing and deflating. My average time during copulation is anywhere from 30 seconds to five minutes, depending on how agitated I happen to be at the time.

I have tried numerous exercise programs and devices, also different methods of intercourse with my very understanding wife, all to no avail. The only thing that seems to work is if I get somewhat drunk before the event. I have concentrated on developing my techniques in other areas and have become quite skilful. This is all very well until a little of the old in-out is called for at which time I usually fail dismally.

To achieve a mutual orgasm with my wife I must first manually stimulate her to the point near her climax and then quickly enter and hope we make it — all a bit hurried and unsatisfactory. I am sure my problem is psychological rather than physical and to this end I am seeking your opinion on the possible use of hypnotherapy to solve the problem. Have you ever heard of this method of therapy being used in such a case? Do you think it has a chance of success?

— K.P., SA

Premature ejaculation is actually one of the simplest problems to overcome, provided you approach it in the right way. I feel the best approach would be to see a sex therapist who could fully investigate all aspects of the problem with you and your wife and then set a "homework" program for you both to follow. Provided your wife is willing to work with you on this ejaculation control program and you are both motivated, it is very likely that you will quickly learn to delay ejaculation. Since the therapy techniques which have been developed to treat premature ejaculation are so effective, it is not necessary to explore other approaches such as hypnotherapy. Hypnosis can have an important role to play in treating sexual dysfunction but it is not usually used with premature ejaculation problems.

SHORTCOMINGS

This is for those males who are a little trigger happy. At the moment, this problem may seem to you like a total disaster, a ghastly disease that you can't control and which threatens to totally destroy your sex life. I constantly hear from males worried sick about their premature ejaculation problems. The first step toward gaining the control you need over ejaculation is to calm down and relax. You don't have a disease, an untreatable disorder of your sexual system. What's far more likely is that you've simply taught yourself to ejaculate quickly by many years of hurried, unrelaxed masturbation sessions. I'm sure you know what I mean: those nerve-racking times in the family bathroom with everyone banging on the door asking, "Haven't you finished *yet?*" Think about it. It's hardly surprising your system hasn't learnt to calm down after that sort of conditioning. And now, whenever you find yourself in a sexual situation, your sexual system is primed to explode before things even get into gear.

A change of thinking is required. The problem is simply a minor shortcoming. You have learned some bad habits. Now's the time to learn some good ones.

So here is a plan designed to teach you to last longer. It takes time and patience. You'll have occasional set-backs, but eventually you'll find you do last longer.

This is the sort of homework no one could complain about. It starts with masturbation. Use self-stimulation to teach yourself to *focus on your arousal cycle.* When you are anxious about sex and worrying about coming too quickly, there's usually no time to learn about the sensations associated with your normal arousal cycle.What you must do now is practise stimulating yourself in relaxing, private circumstances, focusing on the sensations you feel as you become more excited and particularly learning to *identify* the *warning signals* that you feel just before climax.

When you are touching yourself, close your eyes and concentrate on *what you feel* at that "point of no return" (sometimes called the point of "ejaculatory inevitability"). Do you feel heightened sensations in the penis? A contraction around the prostate? Get to know those warning signals for they are crucial to ejaculation control. As you stroke in different ways you can find out what particular stimulation takes you rapidly over the top. Many men, for instance, find the head or glans of the penis most sensitive and will avoid that area until they are ready to climax.

Learn to play with your sensations, taking yourself to the point you feel those warning signals and then *stop* stroking. Just hold your penis until the sensations die down, then start again. You should practise this stop-start technique until you can masturbate for about 15 minutes

Some handy hints for more staying power

with a dry hand. Then try using a lubricant like body oil and practise until you can last about 15 minutes with slippery sensations. Slippery is sexier and you need to prepare yourself for that slippery vagina.

Next, if you have a willing partner, you can try practising this stop-start technique during intercourse. Thrust until you feel the warning signals, then stop for a few minutes until the sensations die down.

Don't feel embarrassed about talking to your lady. Most women are happy to help their men learn to gain this control; after all, we're the ones who benefit in the end! Don't worry if you lose your erection during this learning process. It may come back with gentle thrusting, or just pull out and use the time for mutual pleasuring until you become aroused again. If you keep relaxed and calm, this type of practice session can be lots of fun for you both.

For the male who isn't in a steady relationship, it may not be so easy to practise this type of program. But there are still ways to help control your ejaculations.

Avoid the male-superior missionary positions. In order to keep your weight off the woman's body when on top, you usually have to support yourself on your knees or elbows. This simply increases your tension and makes it harder to relax and focus on your own sensations. Side-to-side positions are far better for learning ejaculation control: positions where you both face the same way or face each other with legs intertwined.

Try to avoid deep-thrusting, in-out movements. Thrusting applies maximum stimulation to the most sensitive part of your penis, the head, and makes it hard to keep focusing on the delicate changes in your arousal. Insert your penis and then try side-to-side rocking, or circular movements, which most women really enjoy. If you are worried about coming quickly, the worst thing you can do is thrust madly hoping to bring her to orgasm. Slow down, change pace and explore different sensations.

Deep breathing can help increase relaxation and reduce anxiety. Try to relax your stomach, buttock and anal muscles.

Finally, don't forget those scrotal pulls I mentioned in December last year. Grasp the scrotum between your testicles with your thumb and forefinger, and when you are near orgasm pull down (gently!) for a few seconds. Since the testicles rise just before you climax, this scrotal pull prevents that final build-up of arousal and gives you a chance to regain control.

There are plenty more ideas you can try, such as focusing on something non-sexual — say the cricket scene or the weather — when those warning signals appear.

Don't be too hard on yourself or your penis if you make a few mistakes along the way. Remember, practice makes perfect.

•

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, *P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.*

PPE 2

LOOKING GOOD

Don't kill yourself getting fit or proving how fit you are this winter.

In the next few months, thousands of people all around Australia will injure, maim or even kill themselves, all for the sake of fitness. It happens every year. It's ironic that people who seek better health or longevity through fitness end up killing or harming themselves. But it happens.

So please try not to become another statistic. Like the guy I met on the beach last summer. He was walking on crutches and had a full-length plaster-cast on one leg. He'd snapped his Achilles tendon playing squash.

Only 42, this man typifies many who enjoy being fit and playing competitive sport, and feel great about both. He told me he couldn't understand how it had happened. He'd even been jogging that morning. It just happened without warning. When he heard the loud cracking sound which the Achilles tendon usually makes when it snaps under tension, he thought maybe a floor-board of the squash court had collapsed and that was why he'd fallen to the ground.

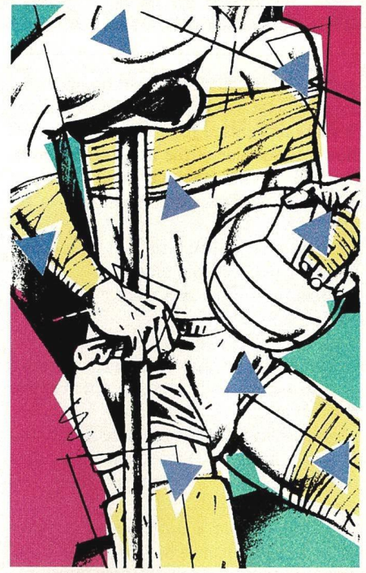
There had been no pain, at least not immediately. It was only when he tried to get up and continue playing that he found he couldn't walk. His foot just hung loose, flapping like a dead seagull washed by the tide. It meant hospitalisation, six weeks in plaster (missing much of the summer holiday activities), and another few weeks of rehabilitation before he was even able to walk properly again, much less jog, run or play squash.

That story is typical of many. And not just Achilles tendons but pulled muscles, slipped discs, sore necks, tennis elbows and a whole range of painful and limiting injuries which occur to the majority of people who don't realise that they are middle-aged and thus need to act sensibly.

Middle-age begins, for most, somewhere between 23 and 35 years of age. Forget the chronological aspect. I'm talking about the physical age, which is what really counts. Studies in the USA and Europe indicate that for some middle-age begins even in the teens —physically, that is. When there is early evidence of coronary heart disease, where significant obesity is present, blood pressure is above normal, and muscle tone and flexibility are lost, then middle-age has already begun.

To be more specific, we can put middle-age at that point where you've left school, have been out in the world for several years, and have not done any significant exercise, such as serious competitive sports and games, for more than two years.

In the Australian context, this often happens in the mid-twenties. That's the point where people begin building their



Middle age begins. . . between 23 and 35

essential wealth, as well as establishing careers, building homes and starting families. All of these take precedence over sports and games, unless you're a professional athlete of some kind, and personal fitness usually suffers.

By the time you're 10 years older, but still perhaps looking and feeling as fit and as young as in your school days, your body has altered and become essentially what the exercise physiologists would call "middle-aged".

This is often the point — somewhere in the mid-thirties to early forties — when many men begin to seek to regain that youthful fitness and vitality. It is also the time when the risks of injury and even of sudden death will be the highest.

My friend with the snapped Achilles tendon just hadn't been listening to his own body, even if he'd been enjoying himself. He told me he'd had mild soreness around the point where the Achilles tendon joins the ankle, but nothing to really worry him. When I felt his calf muscles, on the good leg, they were as tight as bongo drums at various points, meaning that the other Achilles tendon was also under severe constant strain and that it, too, might eventually snap. More so now that he had to carry that extra burden on the one good leg. In fact such injuries often do occur in succession.

Heart attacks during or after exercise among physically middle-aged men are more common than most of us would like to believe. In the majority of instances the sufferer has had few, if any, warning signals. Or if he *has* had them, then he has either failed to take notice or didn't recognise the warnings.

That is why it could be wise, before embarking on a get-fit, become-younger and feel-better training program, to have a proper medical checkup. Your local general practitioner isn't usually qualified to provide this service. It needs to be done either under hospital conditions or in a clinic that has appropriate medical staff and facilities.

What they do is firstly take a brief history, then do a resting electrocardiogram (ECG) which gives a tracing of the electrical signals your heart gives out as it beats. If the resting ECG is all right, they get you on to a treadmill. You begin by walking at a slow but steady pace. Every few minutes the treadmill inclines and also goes a bit faster so that you will eventually be jogging and then running.

All the time you're exercising, your ECG is being traced and monitored by a doctor or medically-trained person. They try to get you to exercise to the point of near exhaustion, and you'd be wise to push as hard as you can because you're in relatively safe hands. This test will tell you just how fit your heart is to tolerate whatever physical activity you may wish to indulge in, for whatever resaon.

Once passed fit then you can, and really should, engage in a consistent training program to maintain heart and lung fitness. But you'll also have to listen to your body's aches and pains to avoid muscular and skeletal problems, like the snapped Achilles tendon my friend suffered. Preventive and remedial exercises can help avoid such exercise "accidents" which can usually be predicted.

I advised my friend to have an exercise ECG using the unexpected snapped tendon as an indication of how accidents can happen. I hope he heeds my advice.

Even if your major exertion is in making love, which can be excellent exercise, you run the risk of injury and sudden death from a heart attack which might be preventable with proper testing and regular fitness training.

You may not be so fortunate as to snap the love-making tendon to bring you to your senses about the possibility of being physically middle-aged, even though you may feel young. You could collapse and go just as you're coming! Either way, you could scare the life and love out of both yourself and your lover!

— MIKE AGOSTINI

NEXT MONTH

JANET STREET-PORTER WRITES ABOUT AUSSIE SEXUALITY, REPRESSED HUSBANDS AND WIVES AND THE IMPORTANCE OF MALE STRIPPERS.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SUPERCOACH RON BARASSI OPENS UP AS YOU'VE NEVER HEARD HIM BEFORE ON THE BIG BUSINESS SIDE OF FOOTY, PLAYER PAYMENT AND CLUB LOYALTY.

PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH: SMASHING SUSAN DEAN FROM PERTH SHOWS THE BEST OF THE WEST.

WAR ON THE HOME FRONT — WHY OUR VIETNAM VETS CAN'T LEAVE THE WAR BEHIND.

SEX AND MONEY: YOU CAN CHEAT ON YOUR WOMAN, LIE TO HER, INSULT HER AND ABUSE HER — BUT DON'T STUFF AROUND WITH HER CREDIT CARDS. WE TELL YOU WHY.

DEATH *(continued from page 102)*

Wallace reached into John's mouth and drew out phlegm which puddled on the sheet in a thick stain.

gathered in a tight foetal position under the covers, with his head under a pillow. Wallace recognised John's form. He walked slowly to the side of the bed, reached over, touched John's shoulder and shook it gently. "John," he said, "it's time to get up."

There was no response — no groan, no pulling back from the touch.

"John," Wallace said again, "time to get up."

Nothing. Wallace pulled the pillow away carefully. John's lips were purple and his tongue was partially hanging out. He was not moving.

Something like a flame ignited in Wallace. He had taught CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) at Memphis State and recognised the signs.

He flipped John's nude, heavy body over on to its back. The right side, where blood had apparently settled, was dark and ghastly. Wallace, his heart leaping and racing, reached into John's mouth with trembling fingers and drew out phlegm, which spilled and puddled on the bed sheet in a thick stain. There was a rancid odor. With one near-involuntary motion, he clamped his own mouth down on to John's and began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He tried for several minutes — straining and horror in each motion. The body was cold, and John's eyes contained nothing. There was no movement, not the stirring of a response, a breath, a nerve, a moan. John was dead, gone. But there was an irrational hope and a requirement — the requirement that John not be dead. Tears flooded Wallace's face. He was disoriented.

The room was quiet. A glass of wine stood on the dresser. A script for *The Joy of Sex* lay on the upholstered bar stool near the bed. Other things cluttered the room: an advance copy of the April PLAYBOY, a belt speckled with silvery punk cleats; some powder on the table; John's red jogging shoes on the floor.

Wallace jabbed at the body, tried some more mouth-to-mouth. He wailed, *"You dumb son of a bitch! You dumb son of a bitch! You dumb son of a bitch!"*

●

Dr Ronald Kornblum, who performed the autopsy, found traces of both heroin and cocaine at the injection points on Belushi's left arm. He ruled that, in his opinion, "John Belushi, a 33-year-old white male, died of acute toxicity from cocaine and heroin."

Two days later, about 1000 family members and friends attended a memorial service at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York. Taking a small tape recorder from his blue knapsack and holding it up to a microphone, Aykroyd, as he had promised John six months earlier, played a tape of the Ventures' *The 2000-Pound Bee*. At first, everyone seemed stunned, but soon people were laughing.

●

Cathy Smith fled to Canada and granted an interview to the *National Enquirer* (for $15,000) in which she was quoted as saying, "I killed John Belushi." The article and Judy Belushi's call for a thorough investigation led to the convening of the Los Angeles grand jury in late September. Smith denied the *Enquirer* quote later, but on March 15 1983 she was indicted by the grand jury and was charged with murder in the second degree — killing with malice — and with 13 counts of furnishing and administering heroin and cocaine.

●

In three long interviews six months after Belushi's death, Dan Aykroyd said, "Heroin is such an enjoyable stone . . . I can tell you first-hand, right now, from my three or four experiences with it, that's the best stone on earth.

"And when [John] would ask me for money . . . I'd usually give it to him, even though knowing he might go out and buy something with it. And it was like, I would warn him and say, "You shouldn't do it,' whatever, 'but I'm not going to refuse you money. Here it is, you take it. You go.'

"And had I been with him that night with Cathy Smith and everything, and he said, 'I want you to come on and try this stuff,' I probably would have been right there alongside him. . . . I liked the guy so much, I would have done anything for or with him . . ."

●

Robin Williams voluntarily testified before the grand jury investigating Belushi's death under an agreement that he would not be asked about his own drug use. Although he hadn't been that close to Belushi, he said he had never been so near a death and that it had scared him — not just the drugs but the fast-lane lifestyle.

Of Hollywood, Williams said, "The danger of the place is that if you don't have people there who can ground you down, you just start whirling. There are people there who will support any mood you want."

●

Three months after Belushi's death, in the summer of 1982, someone left a sign on his grave in Martha's Vineyard. It read: HE COULD HAVE GIVEN US A LOT MORE LAUGHS, BUT . . . NOOOOOOOO.

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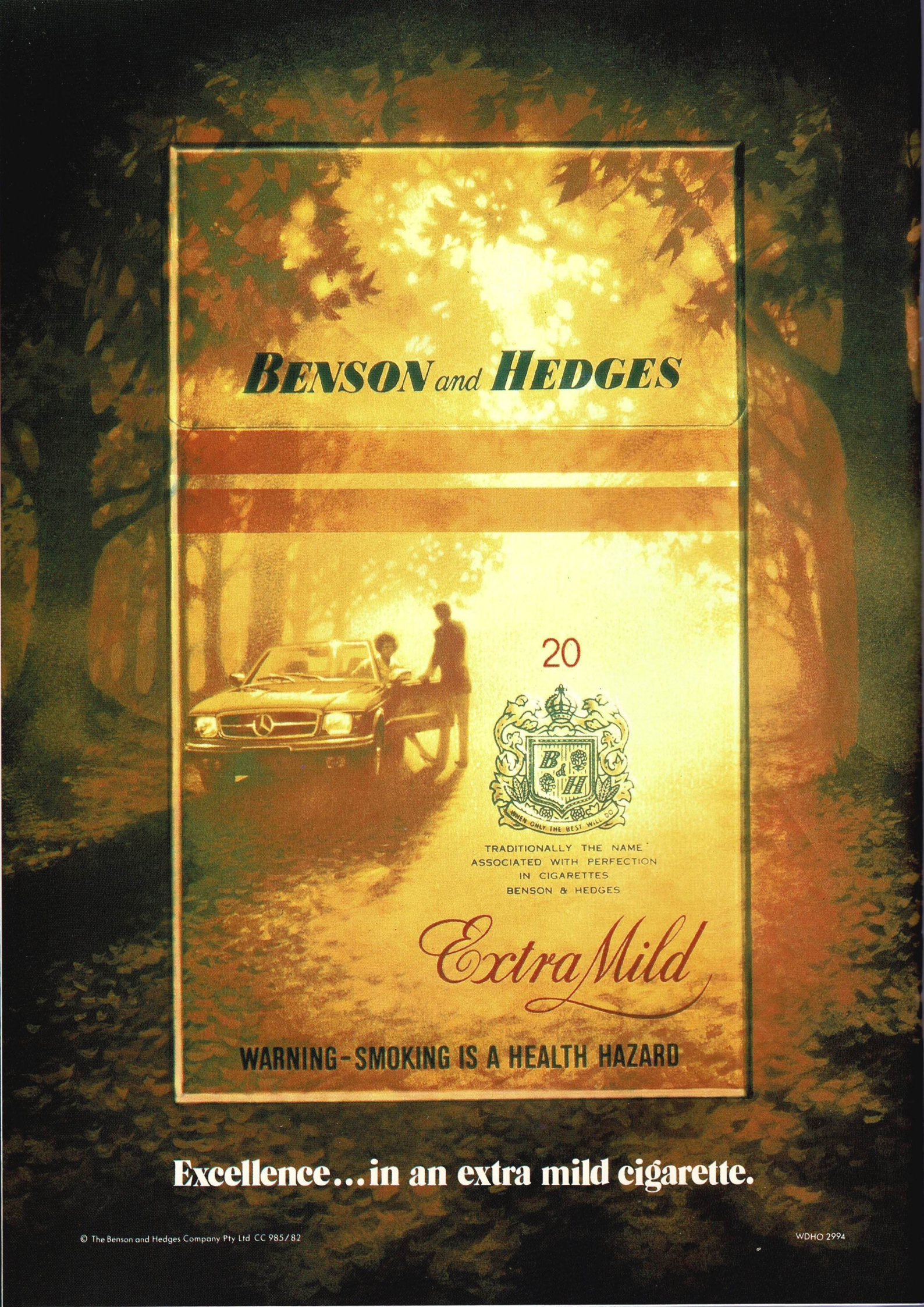

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